Kristoff Kent:
NYC
Psycho

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A Novel by

Michael Prime

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This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, incidents, and dialogue, except for incidental references to public figures, products, or services, are imaginary and are not intended to refer to any living persons or to disparage any company's products or services.

To my brother Ralph:
You died much too soon big brother;
Much too soon.

Special thanks to Brett Easton Ellis
for his literary works

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Cab Ride

“I hate this fucking city.” We’re stuck in traffic between Lexington and 50th st, though traffic isn’t as bad as it used to be. Less people coming into and out of the city than before. To my left I see a woman with purple hair walking and carrying a poodle in her hands. I look to my right and count four out of five businesses boarded up in case some ‘protestors’ decide to riot and do a smash and grab. There’s two queers holding hands at the corner, waiting for the ‘Don’t Walk’ sign to change. Fucking disgrace what this city has become.
“What’d you say, mon?” asks the cab driver.
No use repeating myself to this guy. Cab driver sounds Jamaican, looks Jamaican. His cologne reeks and fills whatever air is in here with it. It’s August, almost 100 degrees outside. No A/C (of course), so I roll the windows down. He gives me a quick look of disdain, as if he wants to sit in a foul-smelling sweatbox. Why would you want the windows up? Answer: Because you’re a fucking moron. The city smells like shit. I look at the homeless huddled together under an awning. The heat is sweltering outside but most of them are wearing jackets. Probably to cover up the track marks on their arms. They’re homeless. Who cares about track marks on their arms? Do they think anyone does? Are they feeling shameful for what they are? Better question I ask myself is ‘why do I care about any of this?’
“I said can you stop at the corner here. Picking someone up. The white guy with slicked back dark hair.”
“You mean this corner here, mon?
“Yes and the guy standing right there,” I say, pointing in the direction of him. We stop at Lexington and 45th st and Preston Hutley enters the cab, wearing a Paul Smith navy wool double-breasted suit, with a Balmain white cotton button down shirt, a Pal Zileri dark blue silk tie, and Berluti Alessandro Galet Scritto brown leather Oxford shoes. His watch is a IWC Schaffhausen Portofino. He opens his Smythson black leather briefcase, flipping through papers. Preston works at Morgan.
“Kent, what the fuck? Couldn’t find a cab with some air conditioning? We’re gonna sweat like a bunch of fucking jungle monkeys,” Preston annoyingly says.
“It’s not like it’s a pick and choose-”
“This city stinks, Kent. I mean. It really fucking smells, doesn’t it? You know I’ve flown all over the US, and it’s only this city that smells like shit.”

“I’m more than aware of the stench in-”
“You been hitting the weights, Kent? Arms are a bit tighter in that suit. I mean, seriously, you see the deficit? That’s what you get when the blues take over. Spend, spend, spend, like there’s no end to the money. My hair has that wet look going, Kent. You should try it sometime. Girls eat it right up,” Preston says, looking around. “What’s happened to the girls in this city? Their voices screech like a chalkboard. I mean, I don’t want to fuck a chalkboard. And what’s with the fake eyelashes? That’s been out of style for what, two years now?” Preston says as he closes his briefcase. “Hey, can you make a right up here?” he asks.
“No can do, mon. No more right here,” cab driver says, shaking his head.
“Ah, yeah, rules and rules but who cares about those dirty immigrants coming here, right? I mean, there’s one on every fucking corner now, like the homeless.”
“Or stashed away in a luxury hotel or cruise ship.” Me.
“Yeah, I mean, seriously Kent. Give them a free phone and let them cast a fucking blue vote, right? Look at that asshole wearing a fucking visor over his face. What a fucking moron!” Preston leans his head out the window and yells, “Hey asshole! Where’s your fucking windshield wipers?”
Hearing Preston say that makes me laugh.
“Kent, how many five star restaurants are in this city anymore? It’s a fucking disgrace, is what it is. I took out a Zagat from 1992. I can count on the palm of my hand how many Michelin rated restaurants are still in business. The palm of my fucking hand, Kent.” Preston says, his hand outstretched.
“1992 is going back some years, Preston.” Me.
“If you pull out a Zagat from 2015, same thing Kent. Trust me. Hey, what’s with all the fags holding hands in public? It was better when they were still ‘in the closet’. Know what I’m saying? They were where they belonged. That’s the problem with this city, Kent. No one understands where they belong anymore. Everyone thinks they can walk into any fucking place, any restaurant they like, dressed any fucking way they like. And you know what? They’ll let those people walk right on in. Fucking disgrace,” Preston says, shaking his head.
“Unfortunately, things have changed, Preston.” Me.
“You telling me, Kent? Hey, you gotta check out my chest. My fucking pecs are solid, know what I’m saying? Abs are a washboard, Kent. A fucking washboard.” Preston starts pounding on his stomach with his hands. Cars are honking their horns with nowhere to go as a bus blocks traffic from moving across 38th st.
“Dark circles, Kent. Dark circles under every girl’s eyes in this city. Staying out till 4am at some shit bar and heading off to work at 8am will do that to you. They start at twenty three and within a year, they look like they’re forty five fucking

years old. Baggage claim under their eyes, Kent. Fucking baggage claim on Nicole. Baggage claim on Danielle. Baggage claim on her, her, and her," he says, pointing out the window.
"I've noticed." Me.
"Who wants to come here anymore? You gotta be a fucking idiot to want to fly your family over here, Kent. Go see a play on Broadway, soon as you walk outside, little Bobby and Jenny see some bum pissing on the wall."
"Or wiping his ass with a newspaper." Me.
"That's what I'm saying, Kent. How about shooting up dope on the fucking streets, right? I mean, little Jenny says,'Mommy, what's that?' as some piece of shit has a needle sticking out of his arm sitting outside of The Lion King. Only in this fucking city, Kent. It only happens here. Hey, can you drive faster? I got an appointment at noon," Preston says, as the cab driver eyes him.
"No more, Kent. Bought me a house out in Palm Springs. I'll be there next summer. I suggest you do the same. Fucking blues ruinied this city. Fucking disgrace is what it is."
"You're leaving Morgan?" I ask, seeing a bum stagger in a shredded trench coat.
"Fuck no. Work from home, fly a bit here and there. I'm so high up in the company now, I make the rules, Kent. My own fucking rules. You should see my thighs, Kent. Fucking ripped, they are. Fucking ripped."
"I've been going to the-" Me.
"Look at my face, Kent. My skin looks like a fucking porcelain doll, right? Smooth as silk, it is. Smooth as silk. Not like these people out here. Look at them. They look like fucking shit, Kent. All of them. Not us, Kent. They literally look like the color of shit. All of them. Seriously, how high does the murder rate have to go for people to take notice? Maybe one out of three people? You think that'd be enough? Probably not, right? Fucking morons here, Kent. They're all fucking morons."
"People believe what they want, Preston. And what they want to believe is not the truth." Me.
"Hey! Here's good," Preston yells, his hand in the air.
"Right here, mon?"
"Yeah." Preston gets out of the cab and leans his head inside.
"Get the fuck out of here while you can, Kent. Best advice I can give you. And keep hitting the weights. Looking good, Kent," he says, tapping the door while stiffing me on putting any money towards the fare.
"That your friend, mon?"
"Not really. Just an acquaintance," I respond.

“You know the medallion ain’t worth shit now, mon. Used to be worth almost a million dollars, Can you believe that? A million dollars. Ain’t even worth two hundred thousand anymore.” He’s shaking his head in disbelief, as if saying this for the first time, though I’m sure it’s probably the thousandth. He’s right, though. That cab medallion used to be worth close to a million to get. Not anymore.
“Well, you can thank your mayor and governor for that. Their liberal policies brought all those outside driving services in. Cut you guys right out from under.” There’s more homeless lurking under a coffee shop on 31st and 5th, holding signs that read ‘Please help, Please give’. They’re so unnoticeable that they’re noticeable, though people just walk by them like they don’t exist. Even with less traffic than usual it’s taking thirty-five minutes just to move nineteen blocks.
“Yeah mon, you got that right.” Cab driver looks away from me, starts staring in the distance, as if he’s already in Jamaica. We’re only a few minutes away from the steakhouse. Better to walk than sit in here with this putrid smell.
“This is good. You can stop here.”
“You sure, mon?”
“Yes. The steakhouse is just around the corner.” I open my Ferragamo wallet, black palette with leather embroidered stitching. Total comes to $45.38. I hand him $60 and tell him to keep the rest for a tip. Before I close the door, I see a woman running in high heels towards me. Definitely wearing Manolo Blahnik shoes. I can tell by the way she is running. She’s holding a straw Philip Treacy hat on her head, waving her arms to get the cabbie to notice her. She’s ran past four homeless people before she gets near the cab. The homeless dregs stare at the pavement, lost in their own world of shit. Before I walk away, the woman sees me and says, “It’s murder to get a cab in the afternoon out here.” I barely grin. She gets in the cab and I think to myself she must be wearing three thousand dollars worth of accessories (not counting her Seraphine pastel dress), yet she doesn’t call a personal cab service? Rolls the dice, takes a chance there’s A/C working inside. Just another thing added to the many that doesn’t make sense in this city. Cab drives off, blending back into the afternoon traffic like a mixed painting. As I walk by the four homeless vagrants, I flip a quarter at each of them. One of them looks up and says ‘Thank you, sir.’ Preston is right: this city smells like shit.

Steakhouse

I walk into the steakhouse and immediately hear Peterson's loud, obnoxious laugh. I'm wearing a black Giorgio Armani wool pinstripe suit, with a white Givenchy cotton button down shirt, a Giorgio Armani dark anthracite grey silk tie, a Berluti Volute black leather belt, and Christian Louboutin black Greggo calfskin leather Oxford shoes. I'm carrying my Brunello Cucinelli black calfskin briefcase. The maitre d' greets me. I point to the loudest table and she nods with a fake smile. I grin at her with some contempt. As I walk over, I notice a man in a Napoli dark blue wool suit wearing a Rolex Cosmograph Daytona watch. I personally prefer the Patek Philippe 5270-G-014 Blue Perpetual Calendar Chronograph watch I'm wearing, but I admit to myself the Cosmograph has a flaring style of its own, one that I'm quite sure Peterson or Anderson could not pull off.
"Hey, it's Kent," Peterson says, drink in hand.
"Gentlemen," I say, as I bow my head.
"Take a seat, Kent. We've taken the liberty of ordering your appetizer," says Anderson.
"Really?" I ask, seating myself.
"Yes. Mesclun salad," replies Peterson. He's wearing a navy Burberry plaid suit with a Burberry vintage sherwood contrast-reverse sport button down shirt and a Burberry Manston check silk tie. This goes perfectly with his Burberry dark brown leather lace-up shoes. A waitress (or is it server?) comes over, half smiling, and drops the salads in front of us. I look at her and notice lipstick smeared on her front teeth. Her face looks pale and distraught.
"Thanks, babe," says Anderson.
There are three Tito's vodka sodas on the table. Each with one of those faggot umbrella twists. I take mine out and throw it on the table.
"You can't say 'babe' anymore, Anderson," says Peterson.
"Why the fuck not?" Anderson says, as he straightens the knot on his Pierre Cardin silk blue tie. Anderson is wearing a Stefano Ricci navy pinstripe wool suit, with a light blue button down Sylvain shirt by Theory, and dark brown Emeralda Zegna leather lace-up shoes.
"Because it's not politically correct," Peterson says chuckling. I look away and notice the maitre d' has different colored ankles then her legs.
"That's bullshit. Women like to be called babe," Anderson says, as he stares at his fork as if it had mud stuck on it.

“Either way, have any of you noticed the maitre d’s ankles?” I ask.
“Kent, she’s a host, not a maitre d’. And no, we’re not looking at her ankles,” Peterson intwines.
“It’s just that her ankles are a deep orange, and her legs aren’t. Her legs look tan, but in actuality they’re not. It’s fake. Her tan is fake,” I say, pleased with myself. Peterson and Anderson turn towards the direction of the host, seemingly noticing what I have just uncovered.
“It’s that fake tan shit, Kent. Makes the ankles and elbows darker than the rest of your body,” Anderson says, sipping his vodka soda. I drink mine. Definitely Tito’s vodka, not watered down. Anderson starts flicking the extra umbrella sticks off the table.
“But do you think she knows?” I ask, as I notice the man with the Rolex Cosmograph Daytona watch has just left his table.
“Kent, who cares? You want to fuck her or something?” Peterson asks, as he stares at the host’s legs. Peterson is wearing a Ballon Bleu De Cartier watch.
“No, not at all. She sounded Russian, which means she’s one of those ‘my work/school visa has expired and I need to get married to stay in NY’ bitches.” I say this and gulp down the remainder of my Tito’s soda.
“Check out my new wallet.” Anderson pulls out a Valentino Garavani black leather wallet and throws it on the table.
“Bifold, eight card slots, two slip pockets, made in Italy. Feel it. Don’t be afraid.” Peterson and I smirk at his comment.
“Nice wallet, Anderson. Now see what a real work of art looks like.” Peterson throws his Burberry check leather wallet near Anderson’s.
“Bifold, eight card slots, two slip pockets, made in England.” Anderson looks at it and shakes his head.
“Impressed, but mine looks better Peterson,” he says.
“You two have fine wallets but I honestly believe this wallet, in my hand, is a masterpiece unto itself.” I toss my Ferragamo black palette leather wallet with embroidered stitching on top of theirs.
“Black palette, leather embroidered stitching, bifold, four card slots, one slip pocket, made in Italy. Feel it if you dare.” I nod my head in approval. Anderson and Peterson look at each other.
“Kent. Your wallet only had four card slots. Ours have eight and you only have one slip pocket,” Anderson says.
“I don’t use many cards, Anderson. Why would I carry a bulky wallet if I don’t use many cards? My platinum AmEx is enough for me.”
“But what if you decide to get more, Kent?” Peterson asks.

“I don’t think I’ll need eight slots, Peterson. No, I definitely will not need eight slots.” I grab my wallet and open it. I have five one hundred dollar bills in it. I need to get more. I feel better if I have eight hundred dollars in my wallet. Just in case of I need ot for……..*something*.
“Sure, Kent,” Peterson says, chuckling to himself.
“Did you happen to see my briefcase, gentlemen?” I ask, pulling mine up for them to see.
“Nice briefcase, Kent. But check mine out.” Peterson shows me a black Burberry leather check trim briefcase, which he had placed on the seat next to him. I smirk.
“Is that supposed to impress me, Peterson?” I ask.
“It’s got-”
“Nothing on my Brunello Cuchinelli calfskin briefcase, Peterson.” I pick it up and smoothly rub my hands on the fine calfskin leather.
“Yeah? You guys see mine? Pratesi Italian Lorenzo black leather briefcase. Finest Italian leather you’ll ever feel,” Anderson says, rubbing his hands on the exterior of the briefcase.
“Finest Italian leather, Anderson?” I ask, nodding smiling, nodding my head.
“Trust me, Kent. Feel it for yourself.” He lunges forward with the briefcase but I decline to touch it.
The waitress comes by and asks for our order.
“Filet Mignon, well done.” Me.
“T-bone steak, medium rare.” Anderson.
“Prime rib medium, King’s cut.” Peterson.
“Will that be medium rare or medium well, sir?” she asks.
“That will be medium as in medium.” Peterson.
She grabs our menus with a disengaged look and walks away.
“Kent, why do you prefer the Filet Mignon over Prime or T-bone? Heck, even center cut you get more for your meal.” Anderson.
“With the Filet Mignon, what you see is what you get: all meat, gentlemen. No need to cut around various fat or bone, unlike you two will shortly see. Why waste time with that when there is no need to?” I say, admiring my steak knife and thinking of a few ways to carve Peterson up.
“The fat in the Prime rib gives the meat flavor, Kent. Not to mention the fact any way you cut it, pun intended (he puts two fingers up on each hand as a comical gesture), your Filet will be smaller than the Prime or T-bone.” Peterson.
“Peterson’s got a point, Kent.” Anderson.

“Yes, that’s true but as I’ve already said, why cut around the fat or bone if not needed? More importantly Peterson, is that with the Filet Mignon, you get the best cut. It’s moist, juicy, and it’s the cut that comes from the most tender part of the cow. You have to cut around bone to get to the main serving, Peterson. Not I.”

The main course arrives. Peterson’s steak is a bit more on the rare side, with blood showing through the meat as he cuts into it. It always amazes me when someone eats one of these rare. Blood coursing from the person’s mouth, dripping down the chin. I have the lemon garlic shrimp as a side dish, Peterson has the creamed spinach, and Anderson has sauteed broccoli. The waitress leaves and comes back and reloads our Tito’s sodas. She still has that fake smile, showing the lipstick on her front teeth. None of us smile back. I sometimes think the waitresses are as nonexistent as the homeless we pass daily on the streets.

“This is exactly as described, Peterson. A steak cooked well done should have no pink in the center or around, as this does not. It still contains some juice and yet it’s tender and not too dry. Perfectly cooked. Whereas Anderson’s medium rare steak will have some pink, some blood perhaps, around it and in the center. As for you Peterson, since you didn’t indicate whether you wished the steak was medium rare or medium well, you’ve got a bit of blood inside and outside of it, which I’m wagering you did not want,” I say, smiling while cutting into my steak.

“Makes little difference to me, Kent,” Peterson says, eyeing me.

“Sure Peterson, sure,” I reply, smirking.

“Kent, where do you get all this shit about steaks from?” Anderson.

“Years of reading and eating, Anderson.”

“Hey Anderson. Look over at the third table from the vanity clock,” Peterson says, as he chews. As Anderson turns, I notice he is wearing a Vacheron Constantin watch. Looks…… *vintage*.

“Yeah, what about it?” Anderson.

“That guy wearing the blue Stuart Hughes suit? He’s one of Wellker’s main accountants,” Peterson says, smiling from ear to ear.

Lex Wellker. The word ‘rich’ doesn't begin to describe him. Ruthless, arrogant, conceited. Biggest stock trader in the market, though I’ve heard he dabbles in more things than just stocks.

“Why don’t you go introduce yourself to him, Peterson?” I ask.

I down my vodka soda and shake my glass, holding it in the air, for the lipstick waitress to see.

“Not my style, Kent. He’ll know who I am after I bag the Dufferson account.”

I highly doubt Peterson will, but I still ask,”And when will that be?”

“Soon, Kent, Soon.”
The waitress comes by, replaces my vodka soda. I’m starting to think that’s blood smeared on her front teeth and not lipstick.
“Anderson. That’s an interesting watch you have.”
“It’s a Vacheron Constantin, Kent.”
“I know, Anderson. But is it…..*authentic*?”
“It’s real, Kent. Just look at it.” Anderson waves his wrist around a few times.
“I know it’s real, Anderson. I’m looking straight at it. That means it’s a real, solid object. But is it…..*authentic*?” At this point, Peterson begins to laugh, knowing what I’m getting at.
“Yes, Kent. It’s authentic. What are you, a fucking steak and watch expert now?”
“Whoa, whoa big boy. Relax. Just asking.” Anderson gets riled up quite easily, much to my amusement
“I fucked this model last night. Met her at that new glam club, over on 38th st.” Anderson.
“By using the term ‘model’, I assume you mean someone that goes on photoshoots unpaid, of course, and says she is a model?” I ask, staring at Anderson’s steak. There’s a spot of blood in the center.
“I didn’t ask her for her life story, Kent.” Anderson.
“Most girls here are ‘actresses’ or ‘models’. Girls dumb enough to believe going on a photoshoot or doing some gig unpaid will lead to a better life,” Peterson says, while drinking his vodka.
“Look, it’s a rat race for these bitches here. I mean, do any of us really care?” Anderson asks, arms wide in the air. Peterson and I shake our heads.
“Why should any of us care, Anderson? They do it to themselves. Their own vanity is their ruin.” Me.
“True, Kent.” Anderson.
“Girls in this city have dirty, filthy, grimy skin. Ever notice? It looks like there’s an extra layer of dirt on them. Girls of all races have it. Like the smog and shit in the air is attracted to their bodies and sticks to them.” Me.
“Vanssa doesn’t,” Peterson says, perhaps trying to antagonize me.
“No, she doesn’t, but that’s because she consistently wears a skin cream from ReVive to destroy free radicals in the air. Or should I rephrase that and say to destroy the free shit particles that are flying around? But then she goes to one of those defunct tanning salons on 2nd ave. I tell her it isn’t healthy to do that. But she doesn’t listen. She never listens.” Me.
“What woman does?” Peterson.
Anderson looks at his nails and he and I nod in agreement.

“Time for your bi-weekly mani/pedi, Anderson?” Peterson asks, smiling.
“I don’t go every two weeks, Peterson.”
“Come now, Anderson. I have it on good authority that you are a regular at Unisan’s over on Lexington,” I chuckle, drinking.
“Who told you that?”
“No need to get defensive. Just a confirmed rumor.”
“Yeah well, it’s not true, Kent. And looking at your nails, you’re due for one, too.”
I glance at my nails and say,“True, Anderson, true.” I look over at Peterson, who is now inspecting his nails.
“Bit of a strong cologne today, Peterson. Paco, is it?” Me.
“No, Kent. It’s Versace.”
“I’m surprised you’re not wearing a softer scent today, like Burberry Touch,” I assess.
“I have that one, Kent. I wear it on occasion.”
I’m just rattling Peterson a bit because I enjoy unnerving him, as well as Anderson. The nobody waitress comes by and asks us if we’d like to order anything else.
“No, babe. Just the check,” says Anderson.
“You seem to be a bit opinionated today, Kent. Well, more so than normal. Are you planning to run for office?”
“No, Peterson. Never. I’ll wipe my own ass and no one else’s, thank you.”
“Kent, if you were running for office, what would you change?” Anderson asks.
“Change? In this city?”
“In this city and country.”
“Well Anderson, let’s see. How about lowering interest rates and reducing inflation, and opening up that pipe line between us and that communist country Canada, thereby increasing jobs by the thousands and can someone do something about that dictator up there? We need to have a fixed APR on all credit cards to help ensure the average American get get out of debt, not pile a higher debt, and fix the process and paperwork to make it more doable to allow illegal immigrants into this country who want to come in here the right way, through said process but deport those that do not belong here and fortify our borders to ensure no more of them will come over here. There should be a nation wide gas tax which will lead to the same gas price in every state, and child support should end in every state at the age of eighteen, no more, no less, and we need to verify that women who are receiving child support show proof that the money is indeed going towards the child via a card from the state that tracks their purchases, which would then create thousands of jobs in every single state for this

verification system and as hard as it may be for some to admit, we need to be able to stop women from having children that cannot support those children and use those children for free welfare checks and state support. For example: a woman without a husband already has five children, lives in poverty, on welfare, and continues to have children. Those kids she has will grow up to become criminals because that is the environment in which they were born into: a poor environment without a father to support them nor look up to. We should-"
"What do you suggest, Kent? Tie their tubes?"
"Something like that, Peterson. Onto equal rights for women as per the workforce environment. If a man and woman are both starting out in the workforce at the same job, same position, they should both be paid the same wage with a bonus structure in place when certain goals are met. Abortion should be met with privy and understanding of both parties, male and female, involved. If the female decides she wants to have an abortion and her boyfriend or husband….wait, no one has children after marriage anymore, anyway if he, the man involved, decides he will take care of the child, then under a new law the woman must carry to full term and give birth to the child and sign over all rights of said child to the father. After all, she only has to carry the baby for nine and a half months. The man will then take full custody of the child and the mother shall never see the child again. What I'm saying, gentlemen, is that since the man is responsible for child support regardless if he's involved with the woman and child, then we need a law that enacts that the man has the right to see his child born and take full custody, even if the woman wishes to abort the child. We must-"
"What about world peace and hunger?" Peterson interrupts.
"Impossible, Peterson. And please don't interrupt me. We must educate, and this is difficult, people to elect the correct individual in office, removing the blinds from their eyes and we should not put forth an individual based on race, color, creed, ethnicity, nor gender. If ten White men are more qualified for ten positions than ten Black men, then hire the White men. Same goes for the Black men and let's stop placing, without merit, a Black or White female in a high ranking position just because she's a woman. Place the proper individual in that position. Remember, the Constitution states 'We the people', meaning we, as individuals and as a collective person, are the ones who should elect our leaders, not vice versa. For example: when the speaker of the house position arises, we the people, not those in Congress, should elect that individual. The Constitution states the government should be working for us, not the other way around, gentlemen. For reasons unknown to me, people seem to have forgotten that. We have to protest peacefully to take back our rights, and when that does not work,

we need to take more drastic measures to ensure they, the hypocrites in Washington, will listen to us."
"Drastic? How?" Anderson.
"Perhaps a proper assassination is due, Anderson. And let's put a two year term limit on members of Congress and the Senate, to deduce the amount of backstabbing and treachery they do to ensure they keep their positions for what seems to be a hundred or more years. Remember: they all drink the same champagne, gentlemen. They laugh at those that think they're actually fighting for your rights while they promote their own agenda. It's sickening to see how we have allowed these individuals to do whatever they want, promote their own agenda, while others, mainly their own constituents, suffer because of it. We also need to have the SEC hold members of Congress, the Senate, and those in Washington abroad, accountable for insider trading. We need to punish those individuals who are cheating the system. All of them." Peterson and Anderson both spit out their vodka on the table as I say this.
"You can't be serious, Kent. Everyone?"
"You're right, Peterson. I'd be a hypocrite to say everyone. No, just those schmucks up in Washington. We need a free health care system for our veterans and the elderly and increase social security for the elderly and when our veterans come back from doing service for their country, they should have a job waiting for them and if they need to speak to a psychologist about what they saw or did during duty, then they should be able to do so free of charge. Too many of our veterans suffer from PTSD and we as a country do nothing about this and can we stop sending billions of dollars to other countries that do absolutely nothing for us while our very own people suffer in the streets, and not just the homeless suffer, but everyday Americans that work to put food on the table and work their butts off, men and women alike, while hoping for something better in the future, which we could provide instead of sending some thug leader of a country a hundred billion dollars. We all know we're printing money without the gold to back it, which essentially makes it worthless, so let's give some to our hard working citizens. There is no regret in doing that. Am I right?" At this point, Peterson and Anderson are staring at me with a look of almost, I'd say, astonishment. Or maybe they're just a bit drunk. "Let's revamp our justice system with tougher laws on criminals, thereby stopping them from being released a hundred times and committing the same crimes. For those that oppose this and state there aren't enough prisons, well build them. We have the land and we can create thousands of jobs from architecture to construction to prison guards, by building more prisons to house these vile vagrants. And if anyone opposes this

and thinks these people are reformed members of society, I say invite them into your home for one week and see the results. I guarantee they'll think twice about releasing these scumbags so quickly. Stop teaching young children about sex at the age of five and fire and prosecute the sick pedofilers that do so and get rid of the 'no child left behind' policy. This policy has dumbed down our children and has created an atmosphere for failure. Teachers should not pass off a child who is not intelligent enough to adapt to the next grade level. Is there any wonder, gentlemen, that other countries are so far ahead of us in education? Hold teachers responsible and fire them accordingly. Create TV shows that are educational and beneficial to all races, not just Black and Hispanic. Remember What's Happening?, Diff'rnt Strokes, Family Ties, Happy Days, Sanford and Son, Silver Spoons, and yes, the Brady Bunch? These shows taught about racial diversity and other educational aspects without causing the division the liberals do now. They had a prominent message for every show while still being family oriented. And can we have a White History month? Every race has a month but Whites. Let's teach our children about the many, many accomplishments Whites have had over the past years. Seriously. Stop dividing the nation with the sick agenda these liberals have. And if the reds don't agree? Vote them out. That's the only way to change things back to the way they were with them. The new group of reds are cowards. And can we change the laws so that all pharmaceutical companies are held responsible for deaths related to their vaccines and medication? Murder, gentlemen, and possible genocide. It's insane they get away with this so let's change it so they don't and then hang them in public when they are convicted of these heinous crimes. Change the mail-in ballot voting system so both parties will have to abide by it. No ballots should be counted after the day of election, thereby preventing fraud mainly by the libs and let's change the voting computer systems themselves. We all know what has gone on with them. And yes, you should be allowed to vote only if you are a citizen of the United States, not an illegal alien. There's more but I'm thirsty." I down my Tito's soda.
"That waitress over there has a great ass," Anderson says as he stares at some ditz's body.
She drops the check in the middle of the table. Total is $238.92. Not bad for the steaks and drinks,
"I've got it this time," says Peterson.
None of us argue with him.
"You going to Ravin later, Kent?" Peterson asks, as he grabs his card back (does he have a platinum AmEx, too?) from the waitress.
Ravin is a club on 32nd st, between 10th and 11th ave.

“No. Got a date tonight with Vanessa,” I say.
“You met her at the Health Club on Park, right?” Anderson.
“Yes.”
I’ve been ‘seeing’ Vanessa for quite awhile, with really no enjoyment other than the fact I like to stare at her breasts as we eat. She usually wears those push-up bras, though she doesn’t need to. Her breasts look to be a 34C, maybe D. There’s not much we have in common. No, we don’t have anything in common now that I think about it. As we leave the steakhouse, the first odor that hits me is that of a man walking smoking a joint. It’s a disgusting smell. If you really want to get high, why not do some coke? At least coke doesn’t smell like a walking garbage can.

Date

I arrive at the sushi place before Vanessa. She’s ten minutes late. No surprise there. She’s a woman. It’s expected. There’s an aquarium near a small Buddah statue. Three Koi fish swim aimlessly close to the glass. I’m seated by the host (is it a man or female?) and I stare at the couple across from my table. Giggling, holding hands. Do they really care about each other or is it all bullshit? I look around and do not see anyone wearing a watch of interest. Vanessa arrives fifteen minutes late, and as she pulls her chair out, I stand. Out of respect, of course.
“Nice suit, Kristoff” she exclaims.
“Brioni. It’s a Brioni midnight blue Ventiquattro wool suit, with a Brioni dark blue jacquard tie, a white Christian Dior button-down shirt, and black Giorgio Armani leather lace-up shoes.”
She glances at the menu. Her manicure is French. She’s wearing a black Givenchy dress, with matching slingbacks, diamond stud earrings from Tiffany, and a silver tennis bracelet from Cartier. She places her Christian Louboutin Carasky black leather clutch on the seat beside her. Her breasts look inviting.
“Hmmmm, I think I’ll have-”
“I’ve taken the liberty of ordering our appetizers for us, Vanessa. You are receiving the Mushroom soup, and I am receiving the Clear soup. I’ve also taken the liberty of ordering dinner for us. You are receiving the Tataki tuna with Tosazu and I am receiving the Nashi salmon with grain rice. For drinks, you will receive the Matsuhisa martini and I am receiving a Jack, neat, in a rocks glass.”

She stares at me with this blank look on her face.
“But I never said I wanted the Tuna Tataki, Kristoff.”
“See, that’s the problem, Vanessa. Communication. We do not have communication between us.”
“Kristoff, what are you talking about?”
“Did you see the host?” I ask, looking its way.
“What about him?” she replies.
“Him? Are you sure it’s a ‘him’?” I say this shaking my head.
“I mean, I think so. What does it matter?”
“Oh, it matters, Vanessa. It matters because nothing is definable anymore in this fucking city.” I lean my head closer towards hers. She backs her head away slightly, as her long black, shiny hair flows past her shoulders.
“You don’t even know what you’re looking at anymore. Nothing is black. Nothing is white. Everything is a blur, Vanessa. A blur.”
The waitress brings us our drinks. My whiskey has one cube in it. There should be no ice in my drink.
“Excuse me. My Jack has an ice cube in it. I ordered it neat, in a rocks glass.” As I say this, the waitress turns and looks at me as if I put a dagger in her heart. I’d very much enjoy to.
“I’m sorry, sir. I thought you said Jack on the rocks.” She leans over and takes my glass to replace it. She’ll probably spit in the next drink.
“See? That’s what I mean, Vanessa. Everything is a blur. No one listens. There is no discipline anymore. People hear what they want to hear, and do what they want to do, without regard to anyone else.”
Vanessa is eyeing me now. The waitress brings me my Jack neat. I do not acknowledge her. Vanessa is a trust fund baby. She’s never had to work a day in her life. I don’t think she’s ever had a job. Her brownstone apartment between Park and Lexington is bought and paid for by her parents.
“Seriously Kristoff, what’s your problem?” she asks.
“My ‘problem’ is what this city has become. Have you even noticed? Probably not. I mean, what do you do daily anyway?” I ask, drinking half my Jack.
“Well, there’s the usual mani/pedi at Yuki’s. I get my massage at Wushan’s. Then there’s the Health Club and occasional wine tasting events. Oh, shopping at Bergdorf’s or on Madison Ave, of course. Speaking of that, I didn’t see you at the Health Club today.” She says this while stirring her drink, her dark brown eyes on it. Vanessa’s eyelashes are naturally long.
“We go at different times now, Vanessa. Communication. That’s the problem,” I say. At this point, I know Vanessa has no idea as to what I am saying. I look

around and see the couple that were holding hands both texting on their phones, oblivious to one another. Our entrees arrive. My salmon has some swirling sauce on it. Looks like a piece of art, a painting.
“Did you hear about that new play on Broadway? The one about-”
“I don’t care about any play on Broadway, Vanessa,” I interrupt. I look around at the other patrons, each amusing themselves in some form or another. The couple across from us are still texting. Vanessa is slowly chewing her Tataki tuna.
“I just thought maybe we could-”
“See, that’s the problem. You just ‘think’. You don’t ‘say’, thereby not communicating. You are proving my point.” I say this while looking away, staring at the host.
“Did you hear about the new actor in Wicked? She’s-”
“You mean ‘actress’. A male is called an actor and a female is called an actress, Vanessa. And we’ve seen Wicked twice already.”
“We have?” Vanessa asks, as her eyes widen.
“Yes, we have. Once by ourselves and another time with two nitwit friends of yours.”
“Kristoff, why don’t you ever buy me chocolates? You know, a box of Godiva? That would be very sweet of you to do.” Vanessa says, while drinking her martini.
“That’s because if you eat a box of chocolates, Godiva or whatever stupid brand, you’ll get fat, Vanessa. And if you get fat, you’ll get ugly, Vanessa. And if you’re fat and ugly, I will not be seen in public with you.” My salmon is cooked almost perfectly. Every cut I take is moist and the flavor is quite delightful.
“Did you see that diamond ring Henry bought Jennifer? Absolutely gorgeous.” Vanessa’s mouth gapes open as she says this.
“I hear it’s from Harry Winston. Maybe two and a half, three carats. It’s the oval shape on the princess cut band. Breathtaking, Kristoff. Did you see it?” she asks.
“No. I did not see it.” I look away from Vanessa as she continues to talk.
“I thought you were with me when I saw the ring.”
“You thought wrong, Vanessa. I don’t remember seeing it.”
“But we went to the engagement party together. Don’t you remember?”
“No.”
The waitress arrives and asks if we would like dessert. I decline with a wave of my hand. Vanessa orders the fresh fruit (strawberries and pear). I remember one cube of ice. There was one cube of ice in my first drink.
“No cake tonight, Vanessa?” I ask.
“No, Kristoff. You know I have to watch my figure. Didn’t you see Patty Verliken at the engagement party?”

“No, I didn’t. But I’m not sure I even know who she is, Vanessa.”
“She was with Davidson from that new firm, what was the name of it again?” she asks, as her fresh fruit dish arrives.
“What about Patty?” I ask, looking around for anything that would interest me. Nothing does.
“She put on over eight pounds in two months, Kristoff. Can you believe it? When I saw her, I almost dropped-” as Vanessa rambles on I wish that I had a gun, perhaps a Glock or Smith and Wesson 38 Special so I could blow a hole in her head and finish my drink in silence. That would be sufficient.
“And Becky said she couldn’t understand why she wore that dress after putting on those extra eig-” or maybe a 44 Magnum Smith and Wesson. That would blow a huge hole in her head.
“It was just awful, Kristoff. I can’t believe you don’t remember it.”
“Neither can I, Vanessa. Neither can I.”
I signal for the waitress to bring the bill. Total is $232.88. Lower than expected.
“Will that be a split payment or all on one card?” she asks.
“What?” I respond.
“Your payment, sir. Will it be on one card or will it be split on two separate cards with your partner?”
“My what?”
“Your partner, sir.”
I shake my head and control the urge to stab this cunt in her throat.
“I don’t have sex with my partner. I make business deals with my partner or partners. I’m not gay or obviously, lesbian. They have partners. Straight guys and straight women have girlfriends and boyfriends. Not partners.”
“I’m sorry, sir. Well, would you like the payment to be on one card or two separate cards?”
“You mean does she (I point to Vanessa) want to split the bill? I get it, women’s equal rights. You really fucked up that one. Let’s ask her.” The waitress gives me a dumb look.
“Go on. Ask her if she’d like to split the bill.” The waitress hesitates then finds her not-so-inner strength and asks, “Would you like the bill to be put on two cards, miss?
“No! And I’m not a ‘miss’.” Vanessa is texting one of her moronic friends.
“See? So much for equality with men. Put it on this.” I throw my platinum AmEx card on the table and tell the idiot to add $8.00 for a tip. There’s already fifteen percent gratuity unfortunately included.
“Why don’t you have a black AmEx card, Kristoff?”

“Why pay initiation and annual fees if you don’t have to, Vanessa?”
Vanessa does not think. She just assumes.
“So, where are we off to now, Kristoff?” Vanessa asks, grabbing her clutch.
She hasn’t heard a word I’ve said all evening and I’ve done my best not to listen to anything she has said.
“We? ‘We’ are going nowhere. ‘I’ am going back to my apartment. I have an early appointment tomorrow morning.” The host opens the door for us and wishes us a nice evening. I still cannot tell if it’s a he or she by the sound of the voice.
“How early is your appointment?” she asks.
“6am.”
“Wow, that is early.” She looks away, and I begin to wonder if she has possibly just realized that I am lying, that there is no appointment, that I do not wish to see her again anytime soon. Doubtful. I hail a cab and politely open the door for her.
“Thanks for dinner ton-”
I close the car door and walk away.

Apartment

I go back to my apartment on Park ave. My phone buzzes. It’s a text message from Vanessa that reads ‘Thanks for the lovely evening’. The doorman nods as I enter the elevator. I rarely check the front desk for packages because I rarely order anything and every piece of mail I generate is electronic. As I enter my apartment, a thought keeps racing through my mind: how much is enough? This city dictates you must make at least six figures to live comfortably, as long as those six figures are closer to a million than not. I look around and realize that almost everything I have is meaningless, yet I still own it. Words like substance, meaning, have all but lost their luster. I stare at my Herend Falcon vase. Six figures. Beautiful, but quite meaningless to me. The painting hanging above my Sony Bravia XR X90K 4K HDR 70” TV is a Monet painting. A reproduction. I still don’t understand it. Where did I get that? Oh, Denise from the Galleria. My laptop computer, which I mostly purchased as a write-off (part of that work from home fiasco awhile back) is an HP ZBook Power G8 Mobile Workstation with Intel Core i7 11850H, Windows 10 Pro 64-bit T1200 32 GB RAM and 512GB SSD M.2 2280 PCIe 3.0x4 NVM Express triple-level cell. The screen is 15.6”, and operates at 1920x1080 Full HD, with a speed of 4.8GHz. The chip set is the Intel WM590 and

its speed measures at 3200 MHz. The graphics processor is the NVIDIA T1200/Intel UHD. The video memory is 4GB GDDR6 SDRAM4, but the resolution only runs at 720p.The battery is a 6-cell lithium polymer, with a capacity of 83Whl, and runs for up to 12 hours. Its casing is mostly aluminum, which looks cool. It has a fingerprint security system and comes with alot of other cool features. Simply put, it's cool for browsing porn and whatever else I wish to. I think of material items now in a much different way than before. We will all die and we cannot take anything of material with us. Nothing. The word meaningless doesn't begin to describe personal possessions, though there are a few that hold sentimental value. Take for instance my Kenwood Stereo System KD-22R Vinyl Player, with KR-820 Receiver, KX-55C Cassette Deck, and LSK4000 Twin Speakers, in original cabinet. Priceless for the memories. Thoughts, memories. These we take with us in death. My original vinyl collection, which ranges from artists from the seventies and eighties, has sentimental merit to it. I have a sterling silver Beaker set from George Jensen, which I never use. There's Baccarat wine and rocks glasses from Harrods on my Caracole dining table. Next to my dark grey Orren Ellis Modular Corner Sectional couch are two Safavieh glass end tables from Perigold. On each end table lays a copy of The Art Of The Deal by Donald Trump. There is a Winter Palace table lamp, antique silver with icicle lead crystals, on each end table. I have silverware from Laguiole En Aubrac, set perfectly in my drawer. There's a Baccarat Harcourt champagne bucket that I rarely use, on my marble counter. I have a Liebherr fridge and freezer. It's stainless steel with a duo cooling system, automatic ice maker, LED lighting on the columns between the glass shelves, and a super frost system that drops to -26F. I have a Breville smart oven air fryer (1800 watts, stainless steel) that I rarely use. I do not own a microwave or toaster oven. A Howard Miller Grandfather Clock sits in my living room. Exquisite. In my bathroom I have a Mesa 608A Steam Shower, with blue tinted glass and whirlpool tub. It has 10 acupuncture body jets, 10 whirlpool jets, a foot massager, FM radio, and a 3KW Steam Generator. The 608P high efficiency steam engine is enough to satisfy my needs for power and substance in water. There is overhead LED lighting, a ventilation fan, an ozone sterilization system and digital timer with temperature control. I had a 12 inch LCD TV installed so I can watch reruns of the Tic Tac Dough as I shower. My bed has Italian leather on the backdrop, a mattress 80 x 76, Linen sheets that are 185 grams per square meter, and a steel frame. It's a contemporary design, with soft, round velvet around the outer mattress. I usually sit on the velvet rest as I watch the Rowdy Morton show. My thoughts though, turn to this city. I remember when I first arrived in this city. The homeless were

being rounded up off the streets, immigration wasn't as widespread as now, and the crime rate was feasible. Now, the homeless are everywhere, under every embankment, walking in Penn Station, Grand Central Station, the subway, like it's their home. Illegal immigration is widely accepted. The murder rate is at an all time high, as well as the overall crime rate. No one seems to notice or care. They go about their putrid lives living a lie, defying reality. My blood rises when I think of this. Things should be the way they were. The Zagat rated and Michelin star restaurants are all but nonexistent now. Everything has changed for the worse and it should not be accepted. But I can make a difference. I know I can. One at a time. I can make a difference and bring the city back some integrity, if only through a microscope. One at a time.

Office

I'm at my office by 10am. I'm wearing a black wool Balmain suit with notch lapels, with a Ferragamo white cotton button down shirt, Versace black silk patterned tie, and Ferragamo Angiolo Tramezza whole-cut dark brown leather lace-up shoes. Played racquetball with Sebastian today at the Health Club. Sebastian graduated from Oxford and has been working at Benjamin Craine for nine years. As I sit at my Vimercati Empire Luxury desk, twirling my keys, I look over at copies of Forbes, Financial Times, and Barron's magazines I have laid across my desk just for show. I rarely indulge them. Peterson walks in. He's wearing a Sid Mashburn kincaid No.2 dark grey wool suit, with a Kiton double stripe beige/light blue silk tie, Paul Smith light pink cotton 'artist type' cuff button down shirt, Michael Tosch casanova calfskin black lace-up shoes, and sterling silver Cartier cufflinks, which match his Ballon Bleu De Cartier watch. His blonde hair is slicked back and looks perfect.
"You hear about Washington?" he asks.
"No, Peterson. What about him?"
"He gave Craine his sixty day notice today."
Washington has been with the company longer than anyone has. More than twenty five years. Craine brought him aboard when he was in his mid-twenties. He worked his way up from the typical desk trader to Vice President of International Trading.
"I'm sure he has his reasons," I say, pretending to show some interest.

“How’d the date go last night? Vanessa, right?” he asks, smirking.
“Yes, Vanessa,” I say, while spinning in my Penn Leather Executive chair.
“Did you ever notice the stench in the city, Peterson? It smells like shit wherever you go,” I say, placing my keys on my desk.
“Sure. Must be all those immigrants, Kent.”
My secretary Julie (or is it administrative assistant?) walks in. Today she is wearing a black matching top and skirt from Lysse, black high heel shoes are from Badgley Mischka, and small knot diamond earrings from Nordstrom. The top of her brown hair is in a bun, while the rest flows to her shoulders. She always wears a skin tight skirt, which at times, exposes the outside of her buttocks and her tops are usually tight on her breasts. I’m convinced she does this to arouse me and for me to take notice of her. I pretend neither happens. Peterson’s eyes however, do not leave her ass.
“Dennis called. Said he’d like to talk about the Gening account at noon, at Ken’s over on 39th st,” she says, leaning over the front of my desk, her breasts within eye view. Julie’s voice bothers me. She speaks with an almost obnoxious tone, curling her lip with her last word (or am I just imagining that?). I’ve often thought about taking a pen (any pen will do), and stabbing her in her neck, watching blood spurt from the side of it, as her eyes widen, and her lip curls. I’d then lean on my desk and say,”How ya feeling today, Julie?”
“Dennis?” I ask.
“Yes. The guy with the bushy mustache and stringy hair? From Leighman Associates?” she replies, smirking. Her lipstick is a bright red.
“Yes, I remember Dennis. Tell him no. And can you get me two bottles of Essentia water? I need the 9.5Ph ionized water for hydration, Julie.” She leaves and comes back within one minute with two bottles of water.
“Thanks,” I say, smirking at her. I hand the other bottle to Peterson.
She turns, straddling her butt, almost out the door, as I say, “And Julie? Please don’t touch my desk again.”

Bistro

Sebastian invited me to a bistro over on 44th st, between Madison and Fifth. I counted thirteen homeless people on the ride here after leaving the office. I pay the taxi. Amount is $35.45. I give him $43.00. Nothing special about this driver. There's that stench again. I used to think it was just the homeless. Peterson says it's the immigrants. Probably both, but it's also as if it's entwined deep within the city now. Like a filthy rag. Even in September when the heat drops, the smell of feces reigns supreme.
"Hello, how may I assist you today?" asks the host. Probably early-20's, definitely French. Her dress is a gaudy green, and her voice screeches.
"How may you assist me?" I ask, smiling. I turn and see Sebastian waving me over.
"How about putting your head in a fucking vise grip, so I can squeeze your eyeballs out, all the while masturbating in the holes after they pop?" I say with a grin.
"I'm sorry, sir. I couldn't hear what you said. Your head was turned away from me."
"Oh, I said I'm with that crew right over there."
I point to the table where Sebastian is sitting. Anderson and Peterson are both there. It's surprisingly quiet inside. I'm wearing a Tom Ford dark grey wool suit, with a Ferragamo white cotton button-down shirt, a Tom Ford grey silk tie, and Ferragamo black leather lace-up shoes and my Patek Philippe watch.
"Well, well, well, gentlemen. Kent has arrived," Anderson says.
"Kent. What's your take on American sports now?" asks Sebastian.
Sebastian was a member of the Oxford rowing team. He sat in the 5th seat. Beating Cambridge is embedded in his veins for life.
Anderson, who attended Dartmouth, of course, interrupts.
"I say they're the best athletes in the world, Kent. We can kick any countries' ass any day of the week in any sport," Anderson says, smiling from ear to ear.
"Well, that's not saying much now, is it?" I answer, looking around the room to find a watch, any watch, of interest. I find none.
"Wimps. They're all wimps in all sports now," Peterson says. Peterson, like myself, attended Harvard.
"Yes, I agree with that," nodding my head. "They're definitely not as strong and fast as the athletes from past years. And they're dumb, gentlemen. Very dumb. At

least, most of them are. I'm sure most coaches would tell you the same thing if they attached their testicles to themselves to speak openly."
"What's your take on that whole Oxford boating scandal, Sebastian? When was it, 86', 87'?" asks Anderson, smiling. He's trying to antagonize Sebastian.
"That 'scandal' was because you Yanks wanted to come and take over the whole boat crew. In the end, we English boys stuck together and kicked them out," Sebastian says demandingly.
"But only till the following year, right? A few of those 'Yanks' were allowed to compete on the team the following year and Oxford beat Cambridge again, right?" Anderson quips.
"Sure Anderson, but we beat Cambridge time and time again. Anyway, it's not like that anymore. Even the ol' boat race isn't what it used to be. American and Foreign sports aren't." As Sebastian says this, I feel the urge to speak about overseas sports.
"Gentlemen, I feel that it's important for me to intercede in this conversation. As for foreign sports, I believe F-1 racing is still the premier sport. Take for example the undefeated 1998 Ferrari Formula 1 F300, also known as chassis number 187. Powered by a 3.0-litre V-10 engine, it was the only Ferrari to ever go undefeated. It produced 800 horsepower at a maximum engine speed of 17,500 rpm. It had speed, style, and a sleekness that will unequivocally go unmatched. A truly remarkable race car. The series itself began in 1946 and was successfully established in 1947. The designer of the car's desire was for increased downforce and grip on each car to achieve higher cornering. The Italian Alfa Romeo and Mercedes were the first cars to make an impact on the racing scene. They were followed by the Brits and Lotus. The French came later with their team, Renault. Ferrari, however, is the oldest and most successful Formula One team, being established in 1947 and racing by 1950. They hold the most Grand Prix victories, and have won races at the World Sportscar Championship, 24 Hours of Le Mans, 24 Hours of Spa, 24 Hours of Daytona, 12 Hours of Sebring, and the Bathurst 12 Hour race. As for the F-1 series itself, the overall revenue now exceeds $2.1 billion annually. Did you know that each driver has to have what is identified as a Super License? How cool is that?" I pause and wait for response.
"You see the tits on that brunette sitting at the bar?" asks Anderson.
"Breasts, Anderson. They're called breasts," I reply.
"What's with you Yanks and tits?" Sebastian asks. "And can we get a waitress so we can order our drinks?" he yells.
"You Brits don't fancy tits?" Peterson.
"We do, but you Yanks talk about them like they're your everyday meal."

Sebastian is wearing a navy blue Brunello Cucinelli wool suit, a Celine black lambskin tie, a Eton signature white button down shirt, and A. Testoni brown leather loafers. No socks. His watch is a Breitling Navitimer B03 Chronograph Rattrapante 45 Limited Edition RB0311. It accentuates his suit. His hair is blonde, wavy, while Peterson's blonde hair is always slicked back. Both have blue eyes. Anderson's hairline is receding. It's dark brown, always oil slicked, like he's trying to pass off as Italian. His hair line, if looking face to face, is shaped like an M. From behind, it looks like a W. He's wearing his *vintage* Vacheron Constantin watch, with a Aragona blue squared wool suit, a Ferragamo interlocking Gancini silk print tie, a light blue Rodd and Gunn Coromandel woven shirt with black Emerald Zegna leather lace-up shoes.

"Well, us 'Yanks" fancy a woman with big tits. And she's got big tits," says Anderson, still staring.

"I prefer the huge fake ones. You know, the ones that are a bit solid but jiggle when you play with them?" Peterson.

"What about you, Kent? You fancy a woman's tits like these two?" asks Sebastian.

Peterson is wearing a dark brown pin-striped Stefano Ricci wool suit, a Barba Napoli light blue cotton button down shirt, a Charvet brown silk textured tie, and Stefano Ricci leather brown lace-up shoes. His watch is his Ballon Bleu De Cartier.

"Yes, I enjoy breasts, Sebastian. What red-blooded male doesn't? Have any of you noticed the napkins?" I ask.

The waitress finally shows herself. She's no one.

"Are you ready to order your drinks?" she asks. She's wearing nothing notable. Just another unnoticeable black outfit; matching top and slacks. Or perhaps it's just that she looks unnoticeable, without interest.

"The napkins. When did you change from the seamless cloth napkins to the 2-ply paper napkins?" I ask.

"Um, I'm not sure. I just started-"

"Of course. Last week, right?" I ask as she nods, looking at me with a blank stare.

"Yes, everyone started last week. Right. I'd ask you to question the manager, or what passes as the 'manager' in today's world, but I'm quite sure he'd either lie or wouldn't know the answer, or both."

At this point, she's starting to look away, perhaps for one of her fellow losers to come and rescue her from the dark clutches of knowledge.

"Um, I'm sorry but-"

“No, you’re not sorry. It doesn’t really matter. Things keep changing in this city for the worse.”
“Kent. I’d like to order a fucking drink sometime today,” Sebastian irritatingly says.
“Tito’s soda, rocks,” I say.
Her hand is shaking as she writes the order.
“Remy Martin, straight.” Sebastian.
“Bourbon, rocks.” Anderson.
“Stoli, rocks.” Peterson.
“What kind of bourbon would you like, sir?” she asks, her face nodding towards her notepad.
“Bulleit.” Anderson.
She turns and walks away befuddled, shaking her head.
“I had sex with this Spanish girl last. She had hair in more places than not,” Anderson says, shaking his head.
“What did you expect? A clean slate?” Peterson asks.
“No, but she had hair on her ass, her arms, even under her arms. Never again,” Anderson.
“Disgusting, Anderson. Absolutely disgusting. Where do you find these girls?” Me.
“C’mon, Kent. You never banged a girl with hair on her ass?” Anderson.
“Can’t say I have, Anderson. You know I like my women smooth. As near perfect as can be.”
“Yeah, well sometimes you don’t know till you know, right?” Anderson.
“Right,” Peterson smirks.
“Spanish girls equal more hair than not gentlemen, so yes, you do know ahead of time. You’re rolling the dice, Anderson. Risky.” Me.
Anderson looks away and then back at me.
“You know how you get that girl at the bar?” Anderson asks.
“By buying her a drink?” asks Sebastian, smiling.
“No, no. You Brits think inward too much, like these girls here want something more than money. Just tell her that you make a quarter of a million dollars. She’ll think you’re a millionaire or close to it,” Anderson says, leaning back in his chair.
“Anderson, a quarter of a million dollars is just that: a quarter of a million. Two hundred and fifty thousand. It’s not a million.” Peterson.
“Yes, I know that. We all know that, but she won’t know the difference. She’ll only hear a million dollars. Trust me. They’re all the same.” Anderson.
“You make more than that, Anderson. We all do.” Me.

“Sure, Kent. But why divulge information when you don’t have to? Trust me on this.” Anderson.
Sebastian and Peterson turn and look at the woman with the big breasts sitting at the bar. She’s wearing a dark red dress, high heels, and two (I’m sure of this) gold plated bracelets. Looks foreign. Probably Ukrainian. Maybe Russian. They really do all look alike.
“Watch. I’ll strike up a conversation,” says Anderson as he stands and straightens his Ferragamo tie.
The waitress brings our drinks, and Anderson walks towards the bar. We then order our appetizers and entrees. I order the soup de poisson. Peterson orders the classic onion soup gratinee. Sebastian orders the warm cauliflower soup with white truffle oil. For our entrees, I am receiving the salmon tartare, Peterson the ahi tuna tartare, and Sebastian the grilled octopus with pommes rissolees. We each demand another round of drinks. As the waitress leaves, seemingly acting a bit too condescending, Anderson turns and gives the thumbs up to us. He then snaps his fingers for the waitress bitch to take his order.
“Guess that quarter of a million shit works for you Yanks,” says Sebastian.
Anderson arrives half-cocked, with an amusing smile on his face.
“See? Works every time. Her name’s Anya. Says she’s going to a club tonight. Called Tasan or some shit like that. Invited the group of us,” he says, smirking.
“No thanks, mate. Seeing Dolores tonight. We’re going to that new Thai restaurant over on Madison and 52nd.” Sebastian.
“Her and her friends are probably all here illegally,” I say, drinking my Tito’s soda.
“What difference does that make, Kent? I just want to fuck her, not marry her.” Anderson.
“It does make a difference, Anderson. As long as you entertain these bitches, they believe they belong here. You’re adding to the problem,” I say, looking over at her.
“She probably smells,” I add.
Our entrees arrive. Anderson ordered the grilled shrimp cocktail and the foie gras maison. My salmon tartare has a warm, sticky sauce placed adamantly over it. Reminds me of blood. Unsurprisingly, no one has come around to ask if we are satisfied with our meal.
“C’mon, Kent. It’ll be fun. Peterson, you too,” Anderson states.
I think over my options for tonight: Vanessa? No. Too soon. There’s a Rowdy Morton rerun special that I wanted to watch. It’s called ‘Liberals are destroying America’. Then there’s the new galleria show opening in Soho that Denise invited me to. No, too boring. Both her and the galleria.

“Sure, Anderson. I’ll make sure to brush up on my Russian lingo,” I say sarcastically.
We finish our entrees and decline dessert. Bill comes to $339.54.
“I’ve got it today, mates,”says Sebastian.
Anderson walks back towards the Russki and whispers something in her ear. Probably promising to get her some coke or other drug for tonight. I’ve noticed I’ve been a bit too preoccupied with looking at the homeless while in cabs. Almost daily there is talk about cleaning up this city, but it’s all lies. Nothing ever comes from it. No one cares that promises anything. They just lie. It’s in their nature. It’s who they are. To be frank, no one gives a shit, nor will they ever.

Walking

The cab drops me off two blocks from my apartment. I wanted to walk the distance to clear my thoughts, but then I turn and see a panhandler across the street approaching a young couple. The couple stupidly engage him. Even on Park Ave the filth rises. I walk by a store advertising TV’s in their display window. One has on the afternoon news. Three black men kill a bodega owner for cash, $129.88. Normally, that would get you twenty to life in prison. However, with new enacting laws helping those ‘less privileged’, they’ll probably get probation, somehow explaining they were acting in self defense of a hate crime, even though the bodega owner was from Pakistan. Doesn’t matter. Nothing matters in this shithole city anymore. I glance at a magazine stand and see a woman, lurking around 250 pounds easily, on the cover of a swimsuit magazine. Fat and ugly. Those are the only words I can find to digest what I am looking at. Pig will do, as well. She isn’t even smiling. It’s almost as if she knows she doesn’t belong on that cover. The blues try and pass this off as if it’s healthy when clearly it is not. Utterly disgusting. I’m thankful that I do not associate with women like that. What’s her dry cleaning bill for all the excess shit she wears? They do, of course, charge by the pound. They advertise obesity as if it’s normal, as if it’s acceptable. It’s not. Obesity leads to diabetes which sometimes leads to amputation, to blindness, and to death. But they flaunt it as if it’s beautiful. It’s the exact opposite of beautiful. Continuing to walk, I see a poster on a newspaper stand from a nearby clinic advertising ‘We treat cancer’. This country’s idea of treating cancer is to push a sixty-five year old through chemotherapy and radiation, thus

killing that individual more than not with the radiation treatment. But we as a country look the other way, as if it does not matter. Maybe it doesn't? Maybe that's what I'm missing. No one cares. If you walk Downtown, you see graffiti sprayed promoting terrorist groups. Trash lingers on the sidewalk, even on weekends now. It's rolls into the streets as its stench rises in the air. People walk by texting on their phones as if it isn't there, as if they have become immune to the smell of filth that infiltrates their lives daily. Disgusting. They accept the horrid conditions they live in because they are as filthy and disgusting as the trash that litters the city. Utterly insane what this city has become. There's no self-awareness anymore. Self-awareness. Understanding where you belong, where you 'fit' in. This city definitely needs a cleansing.

Shower

Before I shower, I call Julie and tell her to cancel my afternoon appointment with 'I don't remember nor care whose name it is.' She starts to ramble on about it being a bit important, about stock dividends or some other crap. But before I hang up, I interrupt her and say, "Julie, you're my secretary. Not my fucking advisor." I take off my clothes, fold them, and put them in the used pile I have inside my Pinetti leather laundry chest. It's from Italy. As I enter the shower, I turn on the 12 inch TV, and go to my videos. I watch the Tic Tac Dough show with Wink Martindale. This one is from 1980. The man, wearing a United States Navy uniform, has won five straight times and is now playing heads up against a man from Arkansas. There's something I notice though. Something I will mention to Sebastian next time I see him at the Health Club or lunch. Watching this show relaxes me. I shower for approximately fifty minutes. There's a timer I have installed on the side of the TV, in case I go over the designated time. I use Le Labo soap. This bar is the Rose 31 scented. It consists of Centifolia Rose, Cumin, Olbanium, Gaiac Wood, Cedar, and Cistus. It weighs 225g. It is hand wrapped in Mississippi. Isn't Washington from there? It is perfect for soothing and moisturizing my skin. I rub my left arm (my biceps are big and defined) and the left side of my chest (which is solid, just like my washboard abs), as well as the left side of my neck in a 45 degree angle, rotating my turns. I do this for 5 minutes. I then do the same for my right side, for 5 minutes. The Le Labo soap

gently washes off my skin, removing any dead cells there are. It is not an exfoliating bar, but in my opinion, it does just enough to be considered one. I rub my back and behind my neck in 45 degree turns, first the left side for 5 minutes, then repeat the same on my right side for 5 minutes. I then gently massage my face with a quarter size of the bar for 5 minutes, rotating from my left cheek, to my right cheek, then to my forehead. The water pressure from the Mesa 608A steam shower is just enough to give my skin and body a smooth-feeling massage. The steam that rises from the 3KW Steam Generator, opens any clogged pores I may have. I then gently rub my scalp using Aveda pure abundance volumizing shampoo. It contains Kaolin Clay and Acacia Gum, which builds volume.The Bixa Orellana Seed Extract it contains is also good for volume and cleansing hair follicles. I do this for 5 minutes, using both hands to get the proper amount of nourishment for my hair. I then rub my penis (which is huge) and testicles, (which are huge) left to right, for 2 minutes and 30 seconds. I make sure I gently tug each testicle, so there is no 'drooping effect' after I finish showering. As for my penis (which is huge), I gently massage soap into it, making sure to clean the urinary meatus as well. For my anus, I massage the left and right side, equal amounts, and the interior from left cheek to right cheek, for 2 minutes and 30 seconds. For my left leg, (my legs are ripping with thickness and definition), I take the soap and massage around, from top to bottom, then my feet, between my toes, in 45 degree intervals, left to right, for 5 minutes. I then repeat the same measure for my right side. As I reach 45 minutes, I then wash off any remaining soap there may be on me, and lower my head to think, to meditate. This afternoon I think of taking a pencil and stabbing Julie in the eye for having the audacity to be so bold as to tell me what is and is not important for me. I smile at this. The man in the United States Navy uniform beat the Dragon and won his sixth straight match. Afterwards, the Dragon was shown to be hiding under square five. The bath towels I use are by Luxome. They are over-sized to accommodate my 6'2" frame. A thought occurs to me: Peterson, Sebastian and I are around the same height, while Anderson is not, though his mouth more than makes up for his 5'9" body. After showering, I use the Naturopathica Oat Cleansing Facial Polish (the 5oz one), to exfoliate my skin. It contains Jojoba Beads, which will exfoliate my skin gently while the Oat Beta Glucan will eliminate the possibility of redness and irritation afterwards. My toothbrush is a Philips Sonicare Diamondclean Smart 9700 Series. This brush is especially important because it does not strip enamel away from your teeth. It is also very smooth on the gums as is the toothpaste I use, the Theodent 300 with crystal mint. My teeth

are white, glistening, perfect. The word refreshing comes to mind when I apply it and use it at a 45 degree angle, circular motions, frontwards 10 seconds, then backwards 10 seconds, for the left side of my mouth for one minute, then repeat for the right side of my mouth for one minute. When shaving, I use the SV 1945 Galileo Galilei Straight Razor by Thiers-Issard, with the Antica Barbieria Colla shaving cream, which contains almond oil and coconut oil, to ensure a shave that leaves my skin smooth with no redness afterwards. The Saponificio Varesino Italian Olive Wood Lathering Bowl is used during the shaving. For the actual shave, I prefer to shave with and against the grain, first the left side of my face and neck, repeating strokes till no hair is noticeable, which is two minutes and thirty seconds, then on the right side of my face and neck, repeating strokes till no hair is noticeable, for two minutes and thirty seconds. The process takes five minutes to complete. No aftershave cream or oil is needed. I use, only when needed, Niegeloh Solingen toolbox stainless steel scissors on nose hair and ear hair, though very little grows. I use the scissors on my nose hair for two reasons: excessive hair inside your nostrils can cause an outside blemish, and when I am receiving oral sex and lift my head upwards, if the woman performing this looks up, she will see the inside of my nose. I do not wish for her to see any hair. As for my penis, anus, legs, arms, underarms, and chest, I've been gifted with genetics and very little, if any, hair grows on these areas, so I only have small maintenance on these areas as far as trimming goes. My eyebrows? Perfect. I enter my bedroom and see that Anderson has text the club address. Some club over on 10th ave called Tasin. Sounds foreign. For tonight, I'll wear a Canali two-piece dark blue wool suit, with Canali navy double monk strap shoes in calfskin leather. My shirt will be a Luca Faloni white Siena Pique shirt, with a Turnbull and Asser seven-fold navy and white blazer stripe repp silk tie. I use the V76 Vaughn molding paste for my hair. It's easy to use to slick back my dark brown (almost black) hair and doesn't leave any excess residue on it. The strong flexible hold formula suits me best. I grab my Ferragamo leather with embroidered stitching black palette wallet. I have enough hundred dollar bills in it for an evening out. The doorman nods as I leave. It's the Armenian guy tonight. I noticed from late nights that the doormen change shifts at midnight. I catalog this thought for later.

Club Tasin

Approaching the club, I see there is a small line forming outside. I count eleven people in the line. Peterson is just getting out of a cab ahead of mine. He's wearing a dark brown single-breasted Burberry wool suit, with a Bolvaint Tabit blue/white silk tie, a Dries Van Norton cotton white button down shirt, with Burberry dark brown leather lace-up shoes. On his wrist he wears his Ballon Bleu De Cartier watch. Cab fare comes to $38.45. I give him two twenties. Peterson is walking towards me as I step out of the cab.
"Fucking cab. $39.45 just to go 5 blocks," Peterson says, smiling. "There's a line here?" he asks.
"Yes, but we don't wait in lines, do we Peterson?" I state, with a smirk.
We each put a $50 bill in our hand, and shake each (2 of them) bouncer's hands. They unhook the rope line to let us through. I make a mental note to tell Anderson to fuck off later. He didn't tell me there was a possibility of a line. I like to know of possibilities before occasions surface. As we enter the club, the first thing I notice is the bar to my left. There's a tattooed girl working it. I don't like tattoos on women. It makes them look dirty, and most women in this city look dirty enough without them. There's a huge aquarium in the center near the dance floor. I count eight fish swimming aimlessly. They look like they could be Acara.
"Kent! Peterson! Check out the babe behind the bar," says Anderson, as he walks towards us holding his drink. He's wearing an Emporio Armani two-piece black wool suit with matching black leather lace-up shoes, and his *authentic* Vacheron Constantin watch. His shirt is a Canali light blue dress shirt with a Elizabetta navy blue Ducale tie.
"Where's your Russian friend?" asks Peterson
"Sitting over at the table in the corner, right over there." Anderson points to a spot where it is dimly lit. In fact, the whole place is dimly lit with EDM music blasting. There's only three people on the dance floor. One couple, and a man dancing by himself. Looks to be high as a kite from the way he's moving. I think about the eleven people waiting in line outside for no reason.
"Anyway, she brought a couple of her friends along. C'mon, I'll introduce you guys."
"Nice of her to bring along her Commie friends," I sneer.

We walk over to the table and a waiter arrives immediately. I sit next to a girl wearing a pink dress with pink heels, from Century 21. She has small perky breasts, and a flat stomach.
“Jack on the rocks,” I yell.
“Ketel One, rocks.” Peterson.
“Cosmopolitan.” Girl in pink dress.
“Refill.” Anderson. Probably bourbon.
“I’ll have a Cosmo, too.” Girl in blue dress, blue heels, also from Century 21, next to Peterson.
“I’d like a Hurricane, but not too much orange juice in it. A dab of grenadine. No wait, more grenadine and rum. Thanks,” says Anya, who is wearing a dark blue dress with dark blue heels, both from Forever 21. Anderson is staring at me to make conversation with the girl in the pink dress. I think she said her name, but I don’t remember it. He must want to get laid tonight, thinking if Anya is impressed with his friends, that will help further things along for him. He thinks backwards.
“You and your friends are rich, right?” Anya asks Anderson.
“Yeah, sure.”
“Are you happy?” she asks him.
“What do you mean?”
“I mean, are you happy? I’ve gone on dates with a lot of rich guys and they have money but nothing else. They’re really all just miserable.”
“Yeah well, that isn’t me and that isn’t them. We’re as happy as a fucking smiley face t-shirt,” Anderson replies with a big smile. The ditz sitting next to me looks like she wants to make conversation. Peterson is talking about fashion trends to the wench sitting next to him.
“So, you come here often?” she asks me, sipping her drink.
“No,” I reply, and grab my drink and walk towards the bar.
The bartender comes by and I show her my half full drink, then I turn to face the dance floor. She walks away, looks at me twice, and grimaces. Bitch. The couple left the dance floor, but the man on whatever-it-is-he’s-on, is still moving around, arms slightly in the air, eyes closed, head looking downward.
“Kent. You see those three Arab girls that just walked in?” Peterson asks.
I look over and notice them.
“What about them?”
“How about we go and strike up a conversation with them?” asks Peterson, drink in hand.

“No thanks, Peterson. See those girls to our left (I point towards the Russian girls). They’re cheap, Peterson. Cheap. Those Arabian girls are probably from Dubai, which means they’re expensive, Peterson. Very expensive.”
Peterson drinks his whiskey and says, “So what? We can afford them.”
“Yes probably, but do we want to? Trust me when I tell you there’s money and then there’s Dubai money, Peterson. And those girls are Dubai money.” As I say this, Anderson walks towards us.
“Why did you come up to the bar? Already bored with Anderson’s Russki friends?”
“Hey Kent, Peterson. Let’s go see Hans,” says Anderson.
“He’s here?”
“Yeah, he just messaged me, Peterson. He’s downstairs.”
Hans is a German pimp and drug dealer that still believes the year is 1942 and the Germans are making super soldiers, and he is one of them. But to Hans, as he says, he’s a ‘merchant’ that supplies his customer’s needs. He’s sitting below the spiral staircase that leads down to the third floor. Anderson and I begin walking down the staircase. Peterson quickly follows us. The music, which is not EDM anymore, but Pet Shop Boys song ‘West End Girls,’ seems less loud down here.
“So, yeah, I think I’m gonna bang that Russian chick, Kent. But you were right about that whole visa-school thing. It’s expired and she’s just wasting away in the city, looking for Mr. Right to marry or take care of her. Amazing what a few drinks does to a girl. She already started with some sob story about having a poor mother back home in Russia, blah blah blah. Good thing I’m not Mr. Right,” he says pointing towards Hans, like they’re childhood friends. Hans is dressed smoothly, as always. He’s wearing a Hugo Boss dark blue single-breasted wool two-piece suit, no tie, and a WW2 white German Officer’s shirt with Marsell Pallottola black leather lace-up boots. His watch is a 1944 vintage German Hanhart Luftwaffe Fly Back Chronograph. Hans usually wears WW2 German memorabilia on his jackets. None tonight.
“Anderson! Peterson! Kent! How are you fine gentlemen this evening?” he asks, holding a woman in each arm. Hans once told me he thought the Fuhrer would have made an exception for me, not being German, for his ‘super soldier’ program. He said my face, jawline, body, and frame were perfect for it. That’s Han’s idea of a compliment. The interesting thing about Hans is what you see is what you get: a German man who idolizes the Nazi party. Can’t say that about most people. Many people live a lie and cater to others based on that other person’s views on life, politics, etc. They’re deceitful little bastards. With Hans,

you know exactly who you're dealing with. I should ask him what gel he uses for his blonde hair. It's always perfectly spiked.
"Ah, you got any white sugar, Hans? You know, a couple grams maybe?" asks Anderson.
"Sure, sure. Anything for a friend of mine. Come with me to the boys room." Anderson and Peterson follow him. Hans turns to me and says,"What about you, Kent? You don't want anything?"
"No. I'm fine," I say.
"Okay. But maybe you want a woman tonight? I've got the finest thoroughbreds in the city," he says, pointing to the blonde and brunette sitting on the plush sofa seat. Both are wearing black leather skirts and black pumps. The blonde is wearing just a blue bra and the brunette is wearing a yellow one. The leather skirts are from Shein. The bras look to be from Dita Von Teese, and the black pumps are from Asos.
"No. I told you I was fine."
"Alright, Kent. Maybe one day," he says smirking, an arm each around Anderson and Peterson. Hans does have fine 'thoroughbreds', as he calls them, but as the strobe lights passes their faces, you can see the dark circles under their eyes. Probably from lack of sleep, drugs, and getting passed around for hours at a time. Makes no difference to me. It's their lives, not mine. Hans, Peterson, and Anderson enter the men's room and I make my way up the stairs to the bar, and get the bartender's attention by looking at the mirror and holding my drink up.
"What'll it be?" she asks. She's thin. Too thin.
"Jack, rocks."
I turn and see the three Russian girls looking over at me.
"Price?" I ask.
"Twenty dollars," she replies, with a forced smile on her putrid face.
I pull out a twenty, throw it on the counter, take my drink, and walk away. I hear her shouting something or another, but the music is too loud for me to hear what it is. She doesn't deserve a tip. She's a bitch. 'Opportunities' from the Pet Shop Boys. That's the song glaring from the speakers now. Just seems to continue on and on. The three Russian girls look annoyed. One is stirring her drink. The other two are on their phones. Probably looking at porn. I'll take a wild guess and assume all three are here illegally, which means if I associate with filth like them, I'm turning a blind eye to the problems that infiltrate this city. The Arabian girls are looking my way. They're checking me out because I'm hot. I remember what I told Peterson and decide it's time to leave.

“Kent! Yo, Kent! Where ya goin’?” Peterson asks, walking a bit sheepishly. Sounds sluggish. Probably wasted from the alcohol and coke. Eyes are widening. Pupils dilated.
“I’ve got somewhere else I have to be, Peterson. No can do for tonight,” I lie.
“Alright. Well, one more babe for me then, Kent,” he says, as he walks towards the illegal alien table.
I look around for Anderson, but do not see him. He’s either passed out in the stall or he took Hans’ offer up on one of his horses. I finish my drink and hand it to the busboy as he scrambles by me. He’s non-existent. As I walk outside, there are two guys to my left smoking and talking about some escort service. They’re each wearing a black leather jacket with black slacks, both from John Varvatos. One guy has on a high collar white Van Heusen shirt, no tie. The other is wearing a grey Scully high collar shirt, no tie. On each shirt the top button is undone. Both are wearing black leather motorcycle boots from Xelement.
“No shit? Madame Ling’s?” White shirt guy asks.
“Yeah. Best escorts around, man. I’m telling you,” Grey shirt guy says.
I pretend not to listen, that I’m not interested, but I am. I look up at the night sky, as if I’m observing some cosmic event.
“How much? I mean. They charge by the hour, right?” White shirt guy asks.
“Yeah. Just call this number and tell her what you want. I mean, literally man, it’s like a fucking catalog of women.” Grey shirt guy hands White shirt guy a card.
I quickly grab my phone and look for Madame Ling’s escorts and find a number. The address is between Park and Lexington, not too far from my apartment. Must be a lot of sex going on to afford an escort service in that area. I hail a cab, and tell the driver,”No haste” to my apartment. He nods his head and drives off. Too slow for me but I’m guessing this is his fast speed.

Escort

I enter the apartment complex after midnight, and see the Albanian doorman present. I tell him I’ll be expecting a guest later. Entering my apartment, I quickly throw my suit jacket on my Orren Ellis Modular Corner Sectional couch and call Madame Ling’s. The phone rings once and a woman with a screechy Asian voice answers.
“Ello?’

“Ah yes, I’d like to place an order.”
“Your name and address pleeeeease?”
“Kent. My address is on Park Ave. It’s 34-”
“I know which one. The big building with the silver glass top, no?”
“What? Yes, good guess. That’s my building. I’m on the 32nd floor.” She knows the building which means one of my neighbors orders a prostitute. Who? Maybe Thompson? He looks like a sneaky bastard.
“Ello?”
“Yes, I’m here.”
“What wud ewe you like to order?”
“I’d like a girl with blonde hair, blue eyes, no wait, make that green eyes (I’m pacing back and forth like a maniac) and, wait, no, blue eyes. Yes, blue eyes and fake breasts. Preferably 34D. No, wait. 34DD and a 24 inch waist.”
“Ah, ewe like big boobies.”
“Yes, that is correct. I enjoy fondling large, big boobies, I mean, breasts.”
“Age range?”
“Blonde hair, blue eyes, 34DD fake breasts, and a 24 inch waist. Oh, age 21-25. Preferably no lines underneath her eyes.”
“Ah, ewe want young, pretty girl.” Of course I do, you stupid bitch.
“Okay, I have just the girl for ewe. Now, I need a card for deposit.”
“Deposit? I can pay cash.”
“The deposit is for insurance, ewe must understand.”
“Yes, of course. Deposit for insurance (insurance to fuck). I’ll give you my AmEx card. it’s platinum.” I give her the credit card number and hang up. I don’t have time to shower. She said the girl will be here within the hour. I could watch part of the Rowdy Morton show, but then I’d have to go back to it at a later time. I like to finish things I start, so I’ll watch it later. I pour a glass of Jack, straight. I debate whether to use a condom or not. I have Lelo Hex condoms here, but I never use them. She could be dirty, but how dirty? And what woman isn’t dirty in some way? I’ll know when I see her. I finish the Jack straight and pour myself another one. There’s a knock at the door. As I open it, my smile fades away.
“Hi! I’m Jasmine from Ling’s.”
She extends her hand for me to shake, and I close the door. I hear her knock again, and I yell, “Leave! Just leave!” I’m pacing back and forth, angry at myself for not reading the reviews on Madame Ling’s escorts, nor doing more research. Sweating, I pick up my phone (an Android), and call Madame Ling’s.
“Ello?” her squeaky voice says.

“Yes, this is Mr. Kent. I ordered a girl from you, and I am highly dissatisfied. I’d like a refund on my deposit.”
“Sir, I gave you what ewe asked for. She-” I interrupt.
“No, you did not! I asked for a blonde, blue eyes, 34DD breasts, 24 inch waist!(my fist is clenched) I did not get what I ordered! And she was wearing a cheap dress, too.”
“Sir, please. You received what-”
“No I did not! What I received was a girl with bleach blonde hair, blue contacts in her eyes, and a push up bra that barely makes her register 34C! (what was her waist size again?) Oh, and she was Asian. I didn’t ask for a fucking Asian girl!” I’m shouting now, but it seems no one hears me.
“Sir, please. This is Madame Ling’s. What did you expect? A White girl?” she asks, and I know she is smiling. If I could, I’d reach through the phone and strangle her with the cord, then slice each eyelid off, and slowly peel off the skin on her face with a can opener, while asking her,”Is this what you expected?”
“Yes, that’s exactly what-, you know what? Fuck you, you fucking slant-eyed chink!” I throw my phone on my bed, and run my hand through my hair. I like things a certain way. I expect things to be a certain way. When I ask for something, I expect to receive exactly what I asked for. There is a lack of communication in this city. I need to fix this. I’ll call AmEx in the morning and dispute the charge. I decide to sit down and watch the Rowdy Morton show.

Dealership

I wake up to a voicemail from my personal trainer at the Health Club, Ralph. He said he quit his job and left the city for a place he called ‘Paradise.’ This makes me pause for thought. I thoroughly enjoyed our sessions together. I’ll have to order a rowing machine now for my shoulders and endurance, which also increases stamina. The Waterrower S4 Classic Rowing Machine comes to mind. Sebastian may know if there is one better, but no need to ask. This one will do. I call Julie and tell her I won’t be in the office till this afternoon and to cancel any appointments I had this morning. She agrees this time without any resistance. There’s a car I’ve been eyeing for some time. Since I do plan to leave this rat infested city, I’ll need one for where I intend to go. I skip the Health Club and walk

into the Ferrari dealership at 9am. I counted nine homeless people on the walk here. I'm wearing a Cornelli dark blue micro-houndstooth suit, a Bugatchi cotton light blue button down shirt, a Ferragamo Elisir blue silk tie, my Patek Philippe watch, and A. Testoni dark brown calfskin leather lace-up shoes. I'm also carrying my Brunello Cucinelli black calfskin leather briefcase. A woman in a very tight Oscar de Renta floral embroidered long sleeve cocktail dress greets me, wearing Sarah Flint black high heel shoes. She's wearing bright red lipstick. Her hair is long, dark, and wavy. Breast size looks to be a natural 34C. Looks Columbian. I can see a little bit of hair on her arms. Her lips are thick and voluptuous. I'm already picturing them blowing my penis.

"Hello. My name is Corrine. What brings you in today?" she asks, with a pearl white smile. She's had some dental work done. Definitely Columbian. Her voice betrays her.

"I thought you may be able to assist me with finding a particular car," I reply.

"Well, that's what I'm here for." And to obviously blow me tonight.

"The car I'm looking for is a black 1972 Ferrari 365 GTS/4 Daytona Spyder. Preferably new, in mint condition with no miles or very, (I turn to her and look her straight in her eyes) very low miles. I'm not looking for a C3 Corvette. I'm looking for that type of Ferrari, and that type only."

She starts tapping the side of her face with her long, red nails, then turns and walks towards her desk.

"Um, that's definitely vintage. I can check and see if any shows up in our database. We often purchase cars across the country, and they will show up here." She leans over, and points at the computer screen. I stare at her nice, round anus, and think about tonguing it tonight, in 45 degree circles.

"I'm sorry. Doesn't look like there's anything here. If you give me your number, I can call you if one pops up." She says this with a hint of mischief in her eyes. I pull my business card from my breast pocket, and write (with my silver Cartier pen), my cellular number on the back of it.

"Kristoff Kent. You work at Benjamin Craine?" she asks, bemusingly.

"Yes. That would be quite obvious, as my name is on the card," I say, not smiling.

"Well then, if anything comes up, I'll be sure to call." She holds out her finely manicured hand to shake mine. My nails are as equally refined as hers. I leave the dealership disappointed that they do not have the Ferrari I am looking for, but amused at the woman who works there. Vanessa messaged me that she wants to go to a new American Bistro restaurant over on 43rd and 2nd ave tonight. She's bringing her friend Becky and her boyfriend, Thomas. I think about the girl at the Ferrari dealership but then I know it's too soon to walk back in there and

say,"Hello, I'd like to have sex with you tonight. Be at my apartment at 11pm sharp" so I decide to go to the new restaurant and meet Vanessa and her friends there. I also decide I will have sex with Vanessa tonight. Peterson is at Schmidt's having drinks over on 33rd st. I hail a cab and tell the driver to go to Schmidt's. He nods his head. It's obvious he doesn't speak English. How do these people continue to work in the city when they don't even speak the fucking language?

Schmidt's

I enter the bar and see Peterson talking to a man I do not recognize. Whoever the man is, he's definitely a fag with a big nose and curly hair. Only a man who is a fag drinks a Pina Colada. I sit down and am not amused.
"Kent! Meet Klein. He's from-"
"I don't care where he's from, Peterson. I don't talk to faggots. A man who drinks a Pina Colada is a faggot." I say this looking Peterson directly in his eyes, while ignoring 'Klein'. Peterson whispers something in Klein's ear, and Klein does the right thing: he gets up and leaves the table. Peterson is wearing a Gieves and Hawkes Fielding blue sharkskin single-breasted suit with notched lapel, a David Donahue blue silk tie, a Tretford white Bennet cotton button down shirt, and Cadet brown leather cap toe boots, and his Ballon Bleu De Cartier watch.
"Busy morning, Kent?" asks Peterson.
"Yes." The waitress comes around and takes our order. She's nothing special. Tito's soda for me. Glenlivet rocks for Peterson.
"Klein is a-"
"Faggot, Peterson. And I don't sit at tables with faggots that drink Pina Coladas."
"He's not gay, Kent."
"I didn't say he was, Peterson. I said he's a faggot. There's a slight difference."
Peterson nods his head, his face stern and unassuming.
"Did you know that there are over 100,000 homeless people in this city, Peterson? I counted nineteen on my way over here," I say.
"I overheard Craine saying he's giving you the chance at the Wellker account. Something about setting up a meeting between Wellker and you," Peterson says, a bit straight-faced. This makes me think, no, it makes me know, he's a bit jealous of this. Fuck him.

“No, I wasn’t aware of that,” I say, pretending not to care. The Lex Wellker account is worth more than any account active in this city. But it’s not on my mind, nor has it been. I’m thinking of ways to cleanse this disgusting city. I’ve come up with a few. The waitress brins our drinks and I chug down my Tito’s soda in three gulps.
“Peterson, did you know that the amount of documented illegal immigrants in this city is just over one million? That means the true number is over three million. That’s why this city smells, Peterson. Add them with the homeless and the libs, and you have one big stinking shithole.” I hold up my drink for the waitress to refill. I shake it two times before she notices.
“Can’t argue with that, Kent. Heck, the surplus debt has risen more than 60 billion in the last 10 years or so and the crime rate is the highest it’s ever been,” Peterson chimes.
“Is it any real surprise? Look at the uneducated scum in office. Look at the uneducated scum that vote them back in.”
I drink a third of my Tito’s soda. I look around the bar and see faces that are faceless. People who go about their daily lives pretending not to see how far this city has fallen. How far down the shithole it’s gone.
“Did you fuck one of those Russian girls the other night, Peterson?” I ask, eyeing him.
“Yeah I did. The one you left alone. Went rather well, I might say.” He says this while leaning back on his chair, smiling like he did the world a favor.
“Then you’re part of the problem, too.”
“C’mon, Kent. Sex is one thing. Dating and actually having them in your life is another,” Peterson says.
I turn my glare from him and see, I believe it’s Baxter, no wait, it’s Reynolds from Morgan, approaching us. He sits down next to me, drinking Grey Goose vodka.
“Well, well well. What have we here? Two of the finest gentlemen on this side of town,” says Reynolds. He’s wearing a Missoni grey wool suit with lapel collar, a Barry Wang white silk button down shirt, no tie, and Cole Haan brown leather wingtip shoes. His watch is a Hublot Classic Fusion Alligator Blue with Sapphire Crystal. He signals the waitress over and orders another Grey Goose vodka.
“Topic for today’s conversation?” Reynolds asks.
“The advancing smell of shit in the city on a daily basis.” Me.
“Kent, you’re marvelously in a detrimental mood today. How about babes beyond babes? Blonde hair, blue eyes number one for me.” Reynolds.
“Ditto.” Peterson.
“No argument there, but brunette and brown eyes is a close second.” Me.

“C’mon, Kent. Really? Pamela Anderson.” Reynolds.
“Heather Locklear.” Peterson.
“Yes, there’s that other Heather you two aren’t mentioning, but how about Jami Gertz? Phoebe Cates?” I ask, drinking my Tito’s.
“Now or then?” Peterson.
“Does it matter?” Me.
“Olivia Newton John.” Reynolds.
“Total babe, but so is Carmen Electra.” Me.
“Megan Fox. Sebastian would agree with blonde hair, blue eyes. I’m sure of that. Peterson.
“Remember gents, this is from an era when women were women. They dressed seductively, smelled delicious, looked sexy, and their voices actually sounded like a female voice. Hutley is definitely right about voices screeching now. Shame what they’ve let themselves become.” Me.
“Hutley’s a maniac, Kent.”
“Perhaps he is or isn’t, but he’s correct about a lot of the things he says, Reynolds.”
“You two notice the hottie behind the bar?” Reynolds.
Peterson and I look over, then glance at each other.
“Too many tattoos, Reynolds,” I say. “Makes her look filthier than she already is.”
“Agreed.” Peterson.
“You guys seriously don’t think tattoos are sexy on a girl? C’mon!”
“Maybe a small one, Reynolds. On the ankle or the back but nothing like the amount that girl has,” says Peterson, sipping his Glenlivet.
“Not for me, Peterson. One tattoo is one tattoo too many.”
“You never fucked a girl with a tattoo, Kent? What are you, Mr. Cub Scout?”
“Reynolds, I’m answering your question in a fair and honest manner. As far having sex with a tattooed girl, I’ll say this: if it did happen, I wasn’t aware at the time she had a tattoo. Get my drift, Reynolds? And no, I’m not a fucking cub scout but what do you have against cub scouts anyway?”
“Alright, Kent. Alright.”
“I’m seeing Vanessa tonight. Some new bistro. She’s meeting two of her friends. Should be less than entertaining to say the least.”
“You gotta admit, Kent. Vanessa has great tits.” Reynolds.
“A bit sexist, aren’t we Reynolds? Breasts, Reynolds. They’re called breasts and yes, she does have a great pair. Too bad her mouth doesn’t shut when I snap my fingers.”

Reynolds downs another vodka and signals to the busboy (who is he? No one) to get another drink.
“Kent. I’m going to this wedding down in the Keys. What sho-”
“Is it indoor or outdoor?” I ask.
“What?” Reynolds asks.
“The wedding. And is it black tie?” I ask, drinking my Tito’s.
“Indoor, not black tie. Never know the weather these days. Anyhow, what should I wear so I don’t upstage the groom? No tux, of course, but I don’t want the whole congregation looking at me,” he says, looking at Peterson, as if to say he thinks I cannot answer his question definitively.
“You could start by rustling your hair a bit. You know, don’t slick it back. Have the sides stick out like chicken wings,” I say, smiling at him. “Seriously though, you should wear a dark grey suit, not black, from Valentino couture or Dior, no cumberbund or belt, just suspenders. A shirt, preferably cotton, not silk. You do want your skin to breathe, don’t you Reynolds? A cotton shirt, white, from Armani, and dark grey silk tie from Ferragamo. You can wear a patterned paisley silk tie from Ferragamo if you want to dress, shall we say, a bit light-hearted, which will make you blend in with the crowd more than if you wore solid grey. Your shoes should be brown or black leather lace-ups from A. Testoni. As for your pocket square, I’d choose a grey silk Ferragamo.” I drink my vodka, look away from Reynolds and at Peterson and say, “Does that answer your question?” with a smirk.
“Actually, yes it does. Thank you, Kent. And thank you both for a splendid afternoon.” Reynolds puts down his drink and walks away, stiffing us on his bill.
“He always was a cheap bastard,” Peterson murmurs to himself. I stand and finish my drink, then throw a fifty on the table to settle my part of the tab. I leave without acknowledging anyone.

Date Night

The topic of tonight’s Rowdy Morton show is, ‘Help! I was abducted by an alien!’. It’s a rerun. Does abducted by an alien mean they were abducted in this city? I enter the restaurant, Randy Wyn’s Bistro, and Vanessa and her friends are already there. Apparently the restaurant got rave reviews in a few magazines and that’s why Vanessa chose it. The decor is modern. A few abstract paintings hang

in the dimly lit room. The music does not fit the atmosphere, though. It's dance music, with a low sustaining beat. This bothers me. I would think classical would be more appropriate.
"Kristoff! This is Thomas and Becky." Vanessa is wearing a black Nicholas K rhine dress with Roger Vivier black leather pumps, a diamond Cartier bracelet and earrings, and is carrying a Valentino Garavani black leather clutch bag. Her lipstick and nails are blood red. I ignore the handshake that Thomas extends to me. I do not shake hands with men I do not know. He's wearing a Bonobos Jetsetter black stretch wool suit with a Bonobos grey stretch shirt, Brooks Brothers black solid rep tie, and Mezlan black leather ornament loafers. No socks. His watch is a Longines quartz, stainless steel, with brown leather band. His date Becky is wearing a blue Veronica Beard Casela Ruched dress, with Alexander Wang blue pumps, and diamond earrings and bracelet from Ross-Simons.
"Vanessa tells me you work for Benjamin Craine?" Thomas asks with a fake grin.
"No, Thomas. I do not work 'for' Benjamin Craine. I work 'at' Benjamin Craine." I say this scanning the room for a waitress to order my drink.
"Oh, just saying, it's definitely a nice place to work at, am I right?" His fake grin gets more annoying by the second.
"Do you drink Pina Coladas, Thomas?" I ask, tapping my fingers on the table.
"No, not really. I may have a fruity drink on a special-" I interrupt.
"Is your last name 'Klein'?" I ask.
"What, no it's-"
"I'm only asking because I think you're a fa-" The waiter comes around finally and gets my attention. He's nobody.
"Would you like to order your drinks?" he asks, pen and pad in hand, looking at no one.
"Jack, rocks." Me.
"Cosmopolitan." Vanessa.
"Stoli on the rocks," Thomas.
"Martini, gin, dry." Becky.
I browse the menu. Not impressed.
"Well, I think we're all ready to order our appetizers and entree," I say.
"Kristoff, I need a bit more time," Vanessa says.
"Of course you do, Vanessa. Time seems to slip through your fingers like sand through an hourglass." The waiter looks at us for a few seconds, then disappears. Becky has been staring at the menu the whole time I've been here.

I notice a man a few tables down staring at me. He's sitting alone and seems to be perspiring, though the restaurant is well air-conditioned. Is that drool coming out of his mouth?
"Kristoff? Kristoff! I said I think I know what I want to order," Vanessa says, mouth open.
"Have you noticed that man over there? The one with sweat on his forehead, sitting alone? He's been staring at me since I came in," I say.
"What? Kristoff, you must be seeing things. Oh, I definitely know what I want," Vanessa says, bouncing up and down two times. The waiter comes around with our drinks and routinely asks if we are ready to order.
"The Broccolini," me.
"Chilled Corn soup, with roasted chilis and cashew cream." Thomas.
"Mushroom salad." Vanessa.
"Cherry Tomatoes with spiced coconut and herbs." Becky.
He finishes writing. He's no one.
"And for your entree?" No one asks.
"Dover Sole with……..*lemon.*" Me.
"Trout with lemon." Thomas.
"Sauteed Branzino." Vanessa.
" Roasted Lamb chops." Becky.
No one finishes writing on his pad and leaves. I look over and the man staring at me is definitely drooling.
"Kristoff? Kristoff! Are you staring at that man over there again?" Vanessa asks.
"No Vanesssa, he's staring at me," I reply. And he is staring at me.
"Kent, where did you attend school?" Thomas asks.
"Harvard," I reply, knowing already he's a Yale guy.
"Harvard? Excellent school. Me? Went to Yale, myself. Doesn't get any better than that, am I right?" He says this like we have some unforeseen bond between us, leaning over, eyeing me. I dislike him because of this, and because I think he really does drink Pina Coladas.
"You ordered the Trout, Thomas. Why did you order the Trout?" I ask.
"I like Trout, Kent. Why do you ask?" I've noticed Becky has been texting someone on her phone since ordering. Probably another lover.
"Oh, only because a few thousand of them have been poisoned in the last few weeks in Utah, New Zealand, and Wyoming. I figured since you were from Yale, you'd already know this." I turn and see that old man, sweating profusely, still staring at me.

“Can only wish the trout you ordered isn’t, right Thomas?” I hold my glass up and chug my drink. The waiter comes around with a waitress (she’s no one) and brings us our appetizers, followed by our entrees a few minute later. Thomas is eyeing his Trout. He whispered something in the waiter’s ear. Probably asked him where they get the Trout from.
“Thomas, being a Yale graduate, what’s your take on the overall crime rate in this city?” I ask, cutting into my Dover Sole.
“Well Kent, I can tell you it’s a shame how bad it’s become. Worst ever, I hear. I think perhaps enacting stricter laws to keep those harmful imprisoned would be a start,” Thomas answers.
“That’s a start, Thomas,” I say, while Vanessa plays with her Sauteed Branzino.
“But that’s not enough. You see, those people don’t change, Thomas. A 72 year old lady was raped and killed in Central Park last week by a Black man that was released after committing three prior sexual assault acts. What would you do with that man?” I ask, cutting my fish in squares.
“Well, I’d put him away and throw away the key,” he replies.
“Typical Yale answer, Thomas. How about after the third time he’s released, as he looks up at the clear, blue sky sensing freedom for a third straight time, putting a gun under his chin and blowing his brains out? Or perhaps maybe doing that after the first or second time he’s released?” My Dover Sole tastes sweet. A bit flaky, but sweet.
“A bit drastic, don’t you think?” Thomas asks, eyes widening.
“Drastic? Tell that to the old lady he raped and killed. Oh, wait. You can’t because she’s dead.” I say this while looking Thomas directly in the eyes, and he looks away, cutting at his Trout.
“Doesn’t Kristoff say the most thoughtful things?” Vanessa asks, clearly not listening to the conversation.
“My point is this, Thomas: we need to thin the field out of the filth in this city. What’s the advantage of having a million dollars in your apartment if you wish to live here and as soon as you walk out on the street, you smell shit in the air? We’re surrounded by filth and shit.”
A man wearing a black Jil Sander single-breasted wool suit with notched lapels, a white Cettire cotton button down shirt with a black Hugo Boss silk tie, and Marsell black leather Zucca Zeppa Derby shoes approaches our table. His watch is a Bulova Precisionist Propriety. His black hair is slicked back. He has a pointy nose and small, thin eyebrows.
“Vanessa?” he asks, no drink in hand.
“Beau!” Vanessa stands and Beau hugs her across the table.

“Fancy meeting you here. It’s been ages. You look ravishing.”
“Oh, Beau. You always did say the sweetest things to me. Oh. This is Thomas and Becky.” They both wave to Beau.
“And this is Kristoff.” I rise and shake Beau’s hand. He squeezes mine, so I squeeze back. I see his forehead start to perspire and mine does, as well. I’m holding a smile, as he is too, and my teeth are clenched and I begin to shake. He tries to tighten his grip but to no avail. My grip is stronger and he breaks away, shaking his hand to his side, trying to hide it so Vanessa does not see. Schmuck.
“Um, are you two done holding hands?” Vanessa asks.
“Yes, Vanessa. Beau, how is it you know Vanessa?” I ask, still sweating.
“We used to date a few years back.”
“Oh, I see.” I’m still standing and Thomas says something to Becky.
“Beau and I are old friends, Kristoff.”
“Old friends. Yes, I’m sure you are, Vanessa.”
“What’s your last name, Kristoff?” He asks.
“I don’t see what telling you my last name has to do with anything, but it’s Kent. Would you like me to spell it for you?”
“Well, I think introductions are finished, don’t you?” asks Vanessa, rising from her seat.
“What’s your last name, Beau? Schmuck?” He doesn’t say anything.
“Um, It was nice seeing you again, Beau.”
“Sure was, Vanessa.” Beau nods at me and says, “Kent.”
Vanessa puts her arm across the table.
“Kristoff, really. Beau was just trying to be nice.”
“Beau is a schmuck, Vanessa. And he has thin eyebrows.”
“We dated a few years ago, Kristoff. It wasn’t anything serious.”
“I never asked if it was. He’s a schmuck. I could care less that you dated him.”
The waiter finally comes around to take another drink order. We all order refills. Becky is text messaging on her phone again. The waiter arrives with our drinks and we order dessert. I order the Bougatsa. Vanessa orders the Caramel Apple Tart. No surprise there. Thomas and Becky both order the Strawberry Shortcake Parfait. A Mexican busboy (he’s nobody) takes the plates off our table.
“Kristoff, look! It’s Pamela Anderson!” Vanessa says, pointing to some blonde woman with big breasts.
“No, Vanessa. That’s not her. That’s just a blonde woman with big, fake breasts,” I say, noticing the man that had been staring at me has his elbows on the table, hands over his face.
“Are you sure, Kristoff?” asks Vanessa.

“Yes, I’m sure. Not every blonde with big, fake breasts is Pamela Anderson. And Pamela Anderson is hotter than that woman.”
The desserts arrive and as I stare at Vanessa’s syrup dripping from her apple, I think of blood dripping from Thomas’ face, then Beau’s. Not just because he’s from Yale and not because Beau dated Vanessa, but because Thomas thinks he understands what I’ve been speaking to him about, and he clearly does not, and Beau is just a schmuck. My Bougatsa is sweet and savory. Becky is still messaging on her phone. Vanessa doesn’t say much for the remainder of dessert, which is a good thing. The waiter arrives with the bill, smirking. Total is $489.54. I offer to pay then Thomas intercedes and says he will pay. I insist and Thomas, being a Yale graduate, humbly recedes his offer. I put the bill on my platinum AmEx card. As we leave the restaurant, I begin to pass the table the man whom was staring at me is sitting at. He looks up and reaches out towards me. I quickly look through him, and if I could, I’d shred his face with lasers from my eyes. He lowers his arm and begins to speak.
“I’m sorry. It’s just-it’s just…..is that a Patek Philippe watch you’re wearing?” he asks.
“Yes it is,” I reply.
“It’s so beautiful. I had one like that years ago, and then I sold it because I lost my job. You know you can’t ever get time back? That’s why I’ve been staring at you. Because I will never get time back. I’ll never get my watch back. Time just slips through all our fingers, like sand through an hourglass.” He’s drinking his whiskey now, staring at the table, drool coming out of his mouth. He looks up at me and says,”Don’t let time outrace you like it did me.”
I lean close to him and say, “I’d enjoy taking a steak knife and plunging it into your fat stomach, you crazy piece of shit.”
I leave the crazy old man and the restaurant and Thomas and Becky have already gotten a cab or maybe they went on the subway (joking to myself). Vanessa is standing alone, waving a cab.
“Let’s go back to my apartment, Vanessa. I’m wearing white Emporio Armani Big Eagle trunk underwear tonight (it’s the only thing from Emporio Armani I own).”
“I love it when you talk dirty, Kristoff,” she says as we get into a yellow cab. On the way to my apartment Vanessa talks about some banquet or another in the Hamptons she was invited to by Becky and I tell her to just go on her own, or with someone else and she doesn’t listen and rambles on about this person and that person is going to be there and I think about strangling her in the cab but I also want to have sex with her so I think which is more beneficial to do, so I decide to hold off on strangling her till possibly after we fuck, as difficult as that may be.

The taxi fare comes to $32.80. I hand the driver two twenties and step out of the taxi. As we walk into the elevator, the Armenian doorman nods his head and Vanessa won't stop talking about this party or whatever it is at the Hamptons next month.
"Seriously Kristoff, you need to get out more, meet more people." She says this as she takes her shoes off and throws them on the floor.
"Vanessa, do not throw your shoes on the floor. Pick them up and place them, preferably, on the left side near the door." I point to the door. She has her arms folded, staring at me. After a few seconds, she walks over, picks up the shoes, and does as she was told.
"I mean, I need to attend this gathering, Kristoff. It'll only boost my already rising social status." She puts her arms around me.
"Then go, Vanessa."
"But I want you to go with me, honey," she says this while kissing my lips softly.
"You have the most wonderful blue eyes, Kristoff."
"My eyes aren't blue, Vanessa."
"Then you have the most wonderful green eyes," she says, still kissing my lips.
"Dark brown. My eyes are dark brown, Vanessa. The same color as yours. Can't you see that?" I ask.
"About that party," she says, licking my lips.
I have an urge to throw her on the floor and choke her, because she has become increasingly annoying with this gathering, party, whatever the fuck it is, and she doesn't hear a thing I've been saying about it. But instead, I decide to fuck her. I take her gown off, drop to my knees, and pull her panties (which are already soaking) to the floor. I start to undress, and she goes to touch my Cornelli dark blue micro-houndstooth jacket, and I push her arms away.
"Don't touch the jacket, Vanessa."
She turns and lays on my bed naked. I remove my clothes, fold them, and put them in their proper place. She crawls towards me, and grabs my penis, stroking it. She then puts it in her mouth, performing orally, licking around the rim, then sucking it in and out of her mouth. I close my eyes and picture that blonde from the restaurant with the fake breasts. Vanessa does do a fine job of performing oral sex. She even has a bit of saliva dripping from her mouth, which does turn me on. I'm fully erect and before I perform orally on her, I rush to the bathroom, grab my Philips Sonicare Diamondclean Smart 9700 Series Toothbrush and Theodent 300 Toothpaste (mint flavor), and quickly brush my teeth for thirty seconds, 15 seconds on each side. I brush quickly because I have an erection and do not want to lose it. The reason I'm brushing my teeth is because when

performing oral sex on a woman's vagina, there are at times, a taste of urine. This is because women sometimes do not properly wipe their labia after urinating. I've never had a problem with Vanessa regarding this, but I do not take a chance, so even if she did not wipe properly, the toothpaste will eliminate any excess residue taste of urine on her labia, or inside her vagina. I rush back to my bedroom and begin to lick around the folds of her labia. I slowly finger inside her vagina with my right hand. First, with one finger, then with two. I use my left hand to masturbate to keep my erection. Once I pull back on her 'lips', I begin to lick her clitoris while fingering her vagina. I finish stroking my rock hard penis. Vanessa squirms and quickly comes to an orgasm. She digs her nails into my head, which I am not fond of. My first thought is to rip them off her hand slowly, but I wish to have intercourse. She grabs me, pulls me forwards, and begins tonguing the inside of my mouth as I thrust my penis inside her. As I push her away, I grab her legs wide and begin to thrust harder and harder. I look at her legs and they are perfect. Vanessa never has a spot of pigmentation or any scrapes or marks on her legs. They're always shaved and always smooth. I begin sucking her toes as I thrust into her vagina. Her toes are perfect, as well. They do not smell and her nails are always done. I don't quite know why, perhaps it's a blood lust that is building inside me, perhaps it's because Vanessa never listens to what I say, but either way, I begin to put my left hand around her throat, choking her lightly. She starts saying," Yes, Kristoff, yes!" and I begin to tighten my grip, squeezing her neck. My face contours with a grimace, but something inside stops me from killing her here. Maybe it's because her friends know the acquaintances in my life, or because she is 'arm candy' to be viewed when I am out in the city. I'm not sure, but I lighten my grip and Vanessa screams and comes to another orgasm. I pull my penis out, huge and erect, and stand over her, masterbating. I close my eyes and think of the woman with the blonde hair and fake breasts again, and come to an orgasm, making sure to shoot the semen (twice the load of an ordinary man) in Vanessa's mouth. I pant three times, then lay down as she quickly hurries to the bathroom. I hear a sound, like spitting or splurging. She enters the bedroom wiping her mouth.

"What were you doing in the bathroom?" I ask.

"I spit out your cum in the sink," she replies, laying next to me. I sit up and look directly at her.

"You what? Vanessa, that's a part of me inside you. You should be proud to swallow and have a bit of me inside of you. And it's semen, Vanessa. That's the proper term."

"I don't like the taste, Kristoff."

“Vanessa, you don’t seem to understand. As usual, there’s a lack of communication with you.”
“Kristoff, please. It’s nothing personal.”
“I think you should leave now, Vanessa.”
“Kristoff, don’t act like this. Seriously, it’s really nothing.”
“Vanessa, I wanted to strangle you when my hand was around your throat,” I say, staring at the wall.
“What are you going to wear at the Hamptons party?” she asks.
“Haven’t you heard a thing I’ve been saying?” I ask.
“Of course I have. I think I may go with the beaded Dior gown. You know, the one that shows my thighs.”
I turn my head away from her, then get out of the bed and grab her clothes.
“Put these on now and leave.” I throw her clothes next to her.
“What? But I wanted to use your shower and stay the night.”
“No Vanessa, you are not using my Mesa 608A Steam Shower. Now dress yourself and leave. I have an early appointment tomorrow.”
She begins dressing herself, staring at me.
“Again? What time is your appointment this time? 5am?”
“Something like that. The doorman will get you a cab,” I say as she walks towards the door.
“Well, good night and don’t forget to wear one of your finer suits for the par-” I shut the door. Tonight’s topic on the Rowdy Morton show is ‘Nazis living amongst us’. It’s a rerun. I’m sure Hans will be watching.

Washington

“Fuck you, Anderson!” I’m sitting at my office desk and hear these words echoing from the hallway. As I get up off my chair, Julie enters with a folder. She’s wearing an Akris Punto black stretch dress, black Natalia Pearl platform heels, Angara brown leverback drop earrings, with a bit of heavy mascara and plum eye shadow, and a new hairstyle for her dark brown hair. I pretend not to notice.
“Here’s the Lex Wellker file Craine wants you to read,” she says, putting it on my desk, while waving a hand through her hair.

“You look different today, Julie. Did you-?” She interrupts me and a smile comes across her face.
“Yes, I did. I got a-”
“Weight. You look like you put a few pounds on. Better watch out for that fast food,” I say, pointing to her stomach with my Cartier silver pen. She turns around and exits my office. On last night’s Tic Tac Dough show, a man with blonde hair from Wisconsin beat a woman with light brown hair from Kentucky. He lost in the bonus round to the Dragon. After he had found the word Tic and $350 on the game board, he picked the 5th square. The Dragon was behind it. He then started another game against a man from Toledo as time ran out. I walk towards Washington’s office and see Anderson leaning against his door. Anderson is wearing a Ermenegildo Zegna black checked wool and silk blend suit, dark blue Pal Zileri silk tie with a Peserico navy stretch-cotton poplin shirt, and black Moreschi leather Derby shoes. His watch is his *vintage* Vacheron Constantin.
“Hey, Kent. I was just telling Washington that since he’s retiring, he’s gonna fuck up Craine’s quota with Blacks in the workplace. You know, since Washington is the only Black working here.” Washington is wearing a DSquared2 double-breasted black suit, a Bottega Veneta dark grey silk shirt, Hermes black silk tie, and Belvedere Batta Ostrich leg cap toe black shoes. His watch is a Bremont Limited Edition Longitude.
“What the fuck are you hanging around with assholes like Anderson for, Kent?” Washington asks.
“He’s an acquaintance more or less,” I respond.
“Well you should make it less,” he says.
“Hey Washington, I’m just busting your balls.” Anderson.
“Busting my balls? Listen here, you oily head Italian wannabe motherfucker. I’m getting the fuck out of this shithole city end of this month. I smell shit when I leave my apartment. I smell shit when I leave my office. This city is a fucking disgrace. I don’t need to hear shit when I’m in my office, you understand?” Washington says, pointing at Anderson.
“Sure, Washington, sure,” Anderson responds, leaning on the door.
“And another thing. I never needed no White motherfucker or no Black motherfucker to hire me for some fucking quota, you dig? I did shit my own way, just like my daddy did for me. My daddy worked his ass off for my momma and me. Six days a week, twelve hours a day, grinding away at a factory to put food on the table for the three of us,” Washington says, pacing back and forth.
“And when my daddy retired, I was already working part time at a little ol’ food store and going to school full time at the University of Mississippi. Seventy

percent of black men leave their children, Kent. Seventy percent of black children grow up with no father. That's the fucking truth! My daddy wasn't one of them, and I swore when I had children, I wouldn't be either. But you wouldn't know that watching TV, would you? Those fucking liberal bastards got a Black man with a kid on every fucking commercial, pushing that shit down our throats like it's normal, when it ain't. They don't do shit to fix or address the problem. They're too busy living in la la land, to give a fuck about the truth or to help educate Black kids in any way that really matters, you dig? Fuck that shit, right? Let America think everything is okay in the Black community, racist liberal fucks. Well, fuck them and fuck their 'give me a handout' bullshit, too. And fuck you again, Anderson! Craine hired me because I was the most qualified for the position. You think he'd hire someone not qualified based on color or gender and risk losing millions in the long run? Fuck no! I know what the fuck I'm doing! That's why he hired me, and that's why his firm's so damn successful. He hires the right people. He ain't dealing with some fucking quota to hire some Spanish woman, some fucking Asian, some Black woman, some faggot or some motherfucking lesbian! Fuck no! And fuck those motherfuckers up in Washington, DC too! I don't need some old White, demented, piece of shit motherfucker telling me what I'm entitled to or what I ain't entitled to. I made my own way in this life, Kent. My own motherfucking way! I didn't take any handouts from anyone. My daddy didn't take any handouts from anyone. You know why, Anderson? Cause we're on equal terms with White motherfuckers. That's why! You start accepting slavery reparations or some bullshit like that, you're telling them racist fucks in DC that they're better than you. Slavery ended over 150 years ago. What did those motherfuckers ever do for me or my daddy? Nothing! And that's the truth. See Kent, I'll look down the eye of a racist hick motherfucker down South, because I know exactly who I'm dealing with. But these liberals? They're sneaky fucks. They'll sell their own momma for a vote. Heck, those sick pedophiles want to teach five year old kids about sex. Lesbian, gay, tranny, straight sex…..what sick fuck would want to do that? They wanna teach Black kids that they're entitled to this or that just cause they're Black, which makes those kids think they ain't as good as White kids. Fuck that! Start teaching those Black kids that they can do anything a White, yellow, orange, brown or purple motherfucker can do, or that they can do it better! Sneaky motherfuckers, these liberals. But they don't do shit for anyone but themselves. Look at this city, Kent. Highest crime rate, highest murder rate in the nation. And what do they do about it? Shit. That's what. They pretend it doesn't exist. Shit, one of those motherfuckers up in Washington got sliced up? You'd see change. They'd stop letting every Black motherfucker with

twenty prior convictions back on the street. Stupid motherfuckers. But in the end, they'll get theirs. Their kind always does. Me? I bought a house near a lake down in Lake County, Florida. Wife is there already. When I leave this shithole of a city, I ain't ever coming back. I suggest you do the same. Kent. Anderson? That dumb fuck'll be here till his drugs run out, like all the other drug addicts in this city."
"Recreational drugs, Washington. That's all it is." Anderson.
"You keep telling yourself that, Anderson. Anyway, I hear you got a meeting with Lex Wellker, Kent? You better watch out for that motherfucker. He's a sly one, yes he is. I remember when I first started working for Craine years ago. He sent me to Nebraska to a foster care home for wayward boys to talk to them about jobs, work, finance, and politics. I must have been around 25 and Craine was probably in his mid-thirties. At first, I asked him why go out there, especially to talk to a bunch of boys in foster care? He said 'they need to know what the world is like if they intend to make a difference'. I said alright. Makes sense, I guess. Anyway, I spoke to those kids in this fucked up looking place. Shit had paint peeling off the walls. I introduced myself and started talking about New York City, my job, where I was raised, how I made my way in life and how to enter the world of finance. Afterwards, this little boy, probably about age 12, comes up and starts asking me all these questions about stocks: when to buy, when to sell, what are good dividends, how to get involved with overseas trading and finance. Shit, he was asking me questions I had just begun to learn the answers to or didn't even know yet. I said, "What's your name, boy?" He said,"Lex Wellker." I asked him how he learned all those terms and finance mumbo jumbo. He said he took a job with no pay in a library, sweeping the floors, mopping the floors, putting shit away, just so he could study them finance books. Then he looked me in the eye and said,"I'm going to be rich one day." I started laughing and said,"Okay kid. Whatever you say. You just keep studying those books, and who knows? Maybe one day you'll be in the big city like me." Fast forward about 15 years later. Craine sends me to Georgia. Says he wants me to attend a seminar about International Trading that some guy named Lex Wellker is teaching. Name sounded familiar. Just couldn't put my finger on where I heard it before. Craine had heard of him and wanted to keep an eye on him, learn what he knew. Maybe for competition or maybe for some partnership in investing. Anyway, I'm sitting in this board room with all these White motherfuckers straightening their ties, bitches pushing up their tits so Wellker can see them. Lo and behold, Wellker walks in. Doesn't introduce himself or ask anyone else to. Just starts talking about how the Japanese are better strategists in International Commerce and Finance then we give them credit for, and the reasons why they are. Those White motherfuckers start looking

at each other, then start writing shit down. Wellker had his back to everyone while he was talking. He turns around and looks right at me, smiling. Place goes quiet. He walks around and stops at my chair. I'm looking right at him and I figured he wanted me to stand, so I did. He shakes my hand, looks me in the eye and says, "James F. Washington. Been awhile, hasn't it?" It was then that I remembered he was that boy in Nebraska, out in that foster care house. I said, "Sure has." All these White motherfuckers are just staring at us. Fuck, they're staring at me wondering how a Black man came to know this guy. He looked at me and I'll never forget the words that came out of his mouth. He whispered in my ear, "Thanks for the info on buying dividend stocks. I put that to great use." I nodded and he went back to talking to everyone. He made it known I had a part in creating him. Whether that is good or bad, time will tell. But I'll tell you this, Kent. That motherfucker could have quoted everything I said to him 15 years prior to seeing him. You better be on your motherfucking toes and know your shit when you see him. Remember, he doesn't forget a thing," Washington says, eyeing me.
"Thanks. I'll remember that."
Anderson and I walk back towards my office. There's a file on Wellker laying on my desk but I think I learned more from Washington about Wellker than what the file will say, but I'll look at it anyway.
"Hey, Kent. Know what I got out of that whole conversation?" Anderson asks.
"What?"
"That Washington's daddy wasn't one of the seventy percent."

Yacht Club

I caught up with Julien Baxter from Smith and Barney's at the Health Club mid-morning after leaving the office in which Anderson invited me for drinks at the Yacht Club. After working out, we played racquetball. I wanted to ask him what hair products he uses, but his arrogance ascends his attitude and I'm sure he'd tell me a few needless stories about the product before actually saying the product's name. His hair is always thick and full, and no gel or mousse ever seems to drip on his forehead during or after racquetball. This intrigues me and infuriates me at the same time. I enter the Yacht Club and the maitre d' (not a host) greets me. I've seen him before here. He shows me the table I usually sit at, and Anderson is already there.

“Fucking Washington, huh?” he says, his fingers on the table. “Kent. You ever wonder why we pay over $10,000 annually for a membership here when none of us owns a fucking boat?” he asks.
“Because we can,” I reply, as Sebastian sits down.
Sebastian is wearing an Oxford Byron wool blue stretch suit, a Oxford America light checkered blue Howell Gingham performance button down shirt, with a Bellano navy silk tie, and brown leather Burberry loafers. No socks. His watch is his Breitling Navitimer B03 Chronograph Rattrapante 45 Limited Edition RB0311.
“Did you see the cover of the new swimsuit magazine, Kent? Fucking disgrace what you Yanks think a woman looks like.” Sebastian.
“Not ‘us Yanks’, Sebastian. Only the politically correct imbeciles promoting diabetes,” I respond.
“Either way, I wouldn’t fuck her with Anderson’s dick.” Sebastian.
The waitress comes around to take our drink order. She’s dressed like nobody.
“Titos soda.” Me.
“Bulleit, neat.” Anderson.
“Glenlivet, neat.” Sebastian.
“Thanks, sweetcakes.” Anderson says, as she quickly grins and walks away.
There’s a chandelier hanging above us. The table thankfully has cloth napkins. Classical music, Brahms I believe, is playing in the background. I observe that every single man in here is wearing a suit, just as it should be. There are no women present, other than the working staff. It reminds me of the Private Club I attend at times on Madison Ave. Though the ambiance there at the Private Club is quite different than here. Our drinks arrive shortly after ordering.
“I think I saw Stephan,” Sebastian says, looking at the stairs that leads to the upper room.
“Did you know, Sebastian, that the commercials they show in-between breaks on shows or whatever else you are watching on that most popular tube channel, are actually longer than advertised? Count. Next time you see a commercial that is supposedly 5 seconds, count. You’ll see it’s actually 7, perhaps 8 seconds long. They lie, Sebastian. They lie like every one of their pathetic ilk do on a nightly basis.” I say this while drinking my Tito’s soda.
“Kent, you going to that Hamptons party?” Sebastian asks.
“I haven’t yet decided.” Me.
“I’m bringing Edna with me. She wants to mingle with the celebs.” Sebastian.
“Edna? What happened to Dolores?” Anderson.
“Ah, she saw my text messages to Edna. Fucking shame, really. Tore the woman up. Teary-eyed, and all,” Sebastian states, drinking.

Anderson looks bewildered at this statement.
“You actually care about their feelings?” he asks.
“No, but I don’t want any blimey stalkers, mate. Cut’em loose with a caring smile.” The Rowdy Morton show tonight is a rerun. The topic is ’Prescription meds that kill’.
“Who said anything about any celebs being there? Who really cares?” I say, scanning the room and seeing someone that looks like that faggot Klein drinking at the bar.
“Is that Klein drinking at the bar? He’s a faggot, you know.” Me.
“Ah, no I don’t think so. The guy at the bar doesn’t have a big nose and curly hair.” Anderson.
“Ever notice that fags have that weird smile and glare in their eyes? Fucking freaks.” Sebastian.
“They’re here for our entertainment, Sebastian. Think about it: no one gives a fag a serious role. They're always in the supporting role. Imagine giving some queer the starring role in a drama or action film?” Anderson asks, chuckling.
“Never, mate.” Sebastian.
“It wouldn’t work. A fag is a fag.” Me.
“Thop, or ahll thire my theapon,” Anderson says, laughing.
The waitress comes over and refills our drinks. She’s slim, but a bit too slim. No ass. No breasts. We decide we won’t be eating any hors d’oeuvres here today. Just drinking.
“Finally got my Emporio Armani silk button down black shirt back from the seamstress. Had to have it hemmed at the seams.” Anderson.
“Fashion hasn’t been the same since Gianni was murdered.” Me.
“No fashion house has been for years, Kent.” Sebastian.
“Let’s face it, gentlemen. The age of the fashion designer is dead. Has been since the early 2000’s.’ Me.
“Agreed.” Anderson.
“I’ll concur with that.” Sebastian.
“The most prominent era has to be the early 90s into the early 2000’s. Take for example, Gucci. Prominent and innovative with Tom Ford. After he left, they’ve gone nowhere. Irrelevant. Completely irrelevant,” I say with conviction.
“Then he revamped YSL. Well, sort of. Then there’s Dior, mate. When Galliano got dinged from them, they lost all creativity. Haven’t been the same since.” Sebastian.
“Yes, and Givenchy. Alexander McQueen brought that house to new heights they never saw or will ever see again.” Me.

“Suicide, right? Hung himself?” Sebastian asks.
“What about Versace? I mean, they seem to be rolling on still,” Anderson says, doing his best to intervene.
“Seriously, Anderson. Have you seen their new menswear or couture? What passes for couture these days is downright pathetic. But, you must give Donatella some leeway. After all, she came into a mess when Gianni was murdered. Everything was thrown at her all at once. Can you believe he invented the supermodel? What a disgrace the definition of supermodel has become. Fucking disgrace what you see walking down the runway now.” Me.
“Damn right it is, Kent.” Sebastian.
“Nicholas Ghesquiere is someone whose name doesn’t surface enough in conversations regarding prominent designers. He redefined the ‘colour’ White for Balenciaga.” Me.
“True, Kent,” Sebastian says, sipping his scotch.
“I always looked at Balenciaga when he was there as a solid, blue chip stock: one that doesn’t rise too high, but doesn’t dip too low. Solid.” I say, chugging my Tito’s soda.
A waiter comes by, asks us if we would like to order any entree. He’s no one. What’s worse, is that he’s a no one fairy boy with a lisp.
“Tham torry thut ah chant hundershand whut ur saying wiiiittth dhat thucking lissssp,” Anderson says, his lip curling.
The waiter looks down and then back at Anderson and does his best to repeat the question. Little fairy boy should have just walked away.
“We don’t want anything. Leave,” I say, putting my hand in the air. Fairy boy finally takes the hint.
“What about Jean Paul Gaultier?” Sebastian asks.
“Higher than mid-range designer, but lower than the big three: Gianni, Galliano, and McQueen, in terms of couture.” Me.
“Aren’t you guys forgetting some of the greats? Armani, Lagerfeld,” Anderson intervenes.
“No, Anderson. We are not. We’re discussing designers in terms of both womenswear, menswear, and couture. Those two you just named are classic designers, one predominantly for menswear, the other predominantly for womenswear. Classic,” I say, drinking my third Tito’s soda. At least here at this club, the drinks aren’t as watered down as they are in most restaurants and bars.
“You coming to Lenina’s tonight, Kent?” Anderson asks.
“No. Something’s come up,” I lie. It’s the end of the month and I need to start getting rid of the vermin in this city. I have to start soon. Very soon.

“It’s gonna be a blast, Kent.”
“I’m sure it will be, Anderson. I’m sure you’ll meet the girl of your dreams there,” I say, sarcastically.
Sebastian picks up the tab, which is $185.00. Not bad for the Yacht Club.

Asian Delight

Inside of me, an anger, a rage has been building for a couple of months now. It’s October and I need a therapeutic remedy to release my anger. I find myself hiding behind a few small trees between Lexington and Park. I’m trying not to be too conspicuous. Before the cab dropped me off here, I asked the driver to go to a wharf past West 11th St. He kept the meter running as I walked towards the end of one of the wooden areas. I saw exactly what I wanted to see: loose concrete blocks piled up in a mess, scattered across the area, near the end of the wharf going into the Hudson river. There’s construction going on there and that means it won’t be finished for a few years, if ever. I’m waiting for about forty-five minutes before I see the girl I’ve been waiting for come out of the building where Madame Ling’s escort service is. It’s getting dark and I follow her for a couple blocks till we get to an unlit area of the street.
“Hey. Remember me?” I ask.
“What? Um, no. No I don’t think so,” she says, turning towards me. She’s wearing a cheap whore dress with cheap whore shoes.
“Sure you do. You came to my apartment awhile back and I rudely slammed the door on you.” She starts thinking. I can tell she’s interested.
“Yeah. Yeah, I think I remember that. What’s up? You came here to tell me that?”
“No, of course not. I want to make things right.” I hand her a Ben Franklin. She’s definitely listening now.
“Um, well thanks. I appreciate that but you-”
“Listen. Why don’t you come up to my apartment? I can pay you a bit more there,” I say, smiling while looking around to see if anyone has taken notice of this conversation. No one has.
“I’m not so sure. I mean, I really don’t know you and-”
“Hey, you didn’t know me before and you came to my apartment, am I right?” I ask, smiling, showing my perfect teeth. I bet when the sun hits them they glisten and sparkle.

“Well, yeah. I guess you’re right.”
“C’mon. It’ll be fun. I’ll make it worth your time.” I hail a cab and open the door for her. She doesn’t hesitate and gets in.
“So, um, what’s your name?” she asks.
“Kristoff. How about you?” I ask, knowing a lie is coming.
“Jasmine.”
“Jasmine, all right. Sexy name you got there. How old are you, Jasmine?”
“Twenty-three,” she responds.
“Wow, twenty-three. Got your whole life ahead of you.”
The cab driver drops us off in front of the apartment. Total is $18.25. I give him a twenty and tell him to keep the change. The Albanian doorman is working tonight. It’s 11:15. That means the Armenian doorman will be arriving at midnight.
“So, um, how much more are you going to, you know-”
“Pay you? How’s five hundred sound?”
She smiles and grabs my arm. Such a cute thing to do.
We enter my apartment and she immediately takes off her whore shoes.
“Oh, you need to place them on the left side of the door.”
“Sorry.” She grabs her shoes and places them correctly on the left side.
“Hey, how about some whiskey?” I ask.
“Sure.”
I pour her a Jack on the rocks, while doing the same for me.
“Wow, you’ve got a great place here,” she says, while scanning the apartment.
“What’s that?” She points to something in my living room.
“That? That’s the Waterrower S4 Classic Rowing Machine. It was delivered earlier today.” I take my shirt off and fold it, showing her my round, chiseled shoulders. “I use it for shoulder work.” I grab her and start kissing her. Her hair is still dyed blonde, but her eyes are brown. No colored lenses in them. I can tell her breasts are a 32B. Nowhere near the DD cup I asked previously for. Her waist is slim, though. She stares at my face, then my body.
“Can I use your bathroom?” she asks.
“Of course.” I point to it and she walks in.
A few minutes go by and I’m naked, laying on my bed as she comes from the bathroom.
“So, how does a twenty-three year old girl get involved in a business like this? Oh, your money is on the Madison Park Signature dresser. Guess you don’t take platinum American Express, right?” I say this, chuckling.
“Um, no and thanks. To answer your question, well, the job pays well and I have to pay for school on my own.”

“Own your own since your school visa expired, right? What, maybe two or three years ago?” I ask while rubbing my fingers through her hair.
“How’d you know that?” she asks, looking startled.
“I can tell. Trust me, I can tell.”
I start kissing her and she strokes my penis, which is fully erect now. I pull off her cheap whore dress and her cheap whore panties, which are soaking wet. No need for subtlety with a whore like this, so I grab her and start pounding away at her small vagina with my rock hard penis. She starts yelling ‘more, more, more!’ as I lift her legs and put them on my shoulders. Our tongues touch each other as she yells ‘more, yes, more, yes!’ She comes to an orgasm and I shoot a load of my semen inside her small vagina. I’m sweating and my heart is racing but not because of the sex. She’s panting and I decide to get up.
“Hey, where are you going?” ‘Jasmine’ asks.
“I have to go to the bathroom. I’ll be right back,” I say.
After a couple minutes, she gets out of bed and stares at the bathroom. I see her as I peer through the door.
“Hey, all done.” I walk towards her and pick her up, her legs wrapped around my waist, straddling her hair, making her feel safe. After all, she’s twenty-three and has her whole life ahead of her.
“You know, you’re a really interesting guy.”
“Really? Me, interesting? Gee, thanks. That means, well, nothing coming from a cheap, illegal slut like you.” I kiss her and her eyes open up. I’m still holding her. She probably weighs only 102, maybe 105 pounds.
“Wait, what’d you just say?”
I spin her around and she’s off balance, shocked, unaware of anything as I run with her into my bathroom, which has plastic bags on the floor. I grab her head and ram it into the mirror, again and again and again till the mirror is shattered, shards sticking into her face, her eyes, her mouth. Blood courses from her face, dripping onto the plastic below me. I throw her down on it. She’s still alive, trying to open her mouth to scream, but can’t. There’s a shard of the mirror between her lips. I grab her head, her hair wrapped around my wrist.
“Thought you had your whole life ahead of you, didn’t you, you fucking gook whore!”
I turn her face towards the floor, and start ramming it into the marble, the mirror sinking deeper into her face, slicing her cheeks open while parts of it shatter. I have to be careful not to cut myself.
“I’m sick of your filthy fucking kind being in this filthy fucking city! You don’t belong here!” I say this while pulling her face close to mine. Her lips are

quivering, sliced from top to bottom. Her bottom lip is hanging, blood spilling from her mouth. I notice her eyelids are both sliced in half, and her breathing has stopped. A chunk of mirror entered her brain at some point. Probably when I was ramming her head against the marble floor. Part of her brain oozes out. It looks pinkish-white. I pull the seam in her hair from where her brain is coming through and pull it back, exposing more of her brain and skull. I take a piece of the mirror and plunge it into her head, splitting her brain. More blood and pinkish-white oozes out, dripping down her face onto the plastic on the floor.
I sit next to her naked body, my heart still racing.
"Fucking gook bitch."
I feel nothing but rage. I thought this would have helped quench my anger a bit, but I already feel the bloodlust inside me burning to do it again. I finished her too quickly. I stand up, fist clenched. Time to shower. During the Tic Tac Dough show, a man from Illinois defeated a man from Lafayette with the correct answer to the question, "Where is the Nile river located?" He then defeated the Dragon by finding the words Tic and Tac. The Dragon was located behind square number 9. After dressing (wearing a nifty Ferragamo long, leather trench coat, vintage Z. Cavaricci jeans, Todd Oldham white t-shirt, and Nike black sneakers), I wrap up 'Jasmine's' body in the plastic bags. I'll have to have the mirror fixed soon. I grab an extra large duffle bag (just one of many I purchased recently), and put the whore's body in it. It fits after I bend her legs a bit. I'll have to purchase some saws from the Asian hardware store on Lexington. I can see it will be a bit difficult to put a taller woman in one of these. I should've planned this better, should've thought of chopping her body up. I could dump her body in the garbage and drop it off out on the curb. Heck, a dead body probably smells as bad, if not, a bit better, than what most people throw away in the trash here. Fucking vagrants. I stroll past the doorman, the Armenian, with my duffel bag. He's reading the Post. It's 1:12am. He doesn't look up. After hailing a cab, I'm dropped off near a wharf on 11th St. Total is $25.65, so I give him thirty.. Looking around, I see a small hand truck that I can use to pick up the duffle bag, making it easier to carry. After wheeling the duffle bag near the end of the wharf, I open one side and put two concrete blocks inside. Closing the bag, I toss it into the Hudson river, watching it sink. No one is around, and even if they were, I doubt they'd notice anything. New Yorkers aren't the 'brightest' bunch. I counted thirteen homeless people on the ride here. Twenty-three years old. Whole life ahead of her. Not anymore.

Thursday

The Rowdy Morton show last night was titled "Women and Menopause: Is there a cure?" It was a rerun. At the Health Club this morning, I lifted weights, focusing on biceps and triceps, as well as my back, then played racquetball with Julien Baxter. I enjoy watching him grovel when I beat him. It's not just because he attended Princeton that I feel this way. It's because he ends every sentence with an endearing smile, like he knows something I do not. I'm wearing a Isaia black micro-tic wool suit, with a white Jean Paul Gaultier cotton button down shirt, a black Giorgio Armani tie, my Patek Philippe watch, and black leather lace-up Canali shoes. On the way to my office on Wall Street, I counted thirty-eight homeless swine. I'm reading a book about serial killers when Julie walks in. She's wearing business casual today: a Calvin Klein white chiffon top, grey tweed pants, and grey casual shoes. No jewelry. She looks terrible.
"Here's the file on the Hurst account you asked for," she says, sliding it towards me.
"Julie. Business casual? It's not you. Wear a dress tomorrow." I say this while reading my book.
"Oh, I didn't think you noticed." She says this while strutting her ass out my door.
"Uh, Mr. Kent? Here's your, uh, mail. I thought I'd bring it up today. We're running a bit late in the mailroom downstairs."
"Um, thank you Billy."
"Barney. It's Barney, remember?" Actually no, but-
"Sure, sure. Yeah, Barney. That's right," I say ,while gently pushing him out the door.
"Say, can I ask you a question Mr. Kent?" As he says this, I think 'Fuck! Why did I even come into the office this morning?'
"Sure Billy, just ah, make it fast, okay?" At least he's in the hallway.
"Um, Barney. It's-"
"Yeah, yeah sure. What's your fucking question?"
"Oh, I noticed you're a really sharp dresser and I was um, wondering if you could give me a few pointers on what to wear at the annual holiday party?"
"Sure, Barney. How about something red and black?"
"Um, great Mr. Kent. Thanks. I really-"
"Great, great. Thanks again for stopping by, Billy." I push Billy out a bit more and close my door and start reading my book. My phone rings. It's Corrine from Ferrari.

“Kristoff? It’s Corrine from Ferrari. How are you?”
“The reason you called is?” I ask.
“I think I may have found that car you’ve been looking for. How about we discuss it over dinner? Say, tonight? Around eight?” she asks.
I put my hand over the receiver, debating my options for tonight: Vanessa? No. I saw her a few days ago and she was more annoying than usual, which I didn’t think possible. The Hamptons party is Saturday. No need to see her before that. Denise wants to come over some time and discuss ways to ‘brighten’ my apartment. That can wait. Anderson and Sebastian are going to Schmidt’s later to meet up with Baxter.
“Sure, Corrine. But nine (I’m lying) is better for me. I’ll text you the restaurant after I make reservations,” I tell her, while reading a paragraph about Richard Ramirez.
“Sounds great! Looking forward to it.” Corrine.
I hang up and buzz Julie.
“I need a reservation tonight for two, at nine o’clock, at a French restaurant. Preferably a quiet atmosphere.”
“Um, Michelin or-”
“Yes, Julie. Michelin.”
“Okay. Is this more for romance or-”
“It’s for ‘none of your fucking business’. Just make the fucking reservation.” Sometimes she can be so rude.
After flipping through the Hurst file (for what? He’s no one) I leave the office to go to Marco’s for a suit tonight. I really don’t need one, but it’s been awhile since I’ve purchased one and I have a coupon for ten percent off at this store. I’m in a cab stuck on sixth and 52nd when a panhandler that’s going from car to car, with a sign that reads ‘Help me I’m homeless’, approaches. I lower the window and show him a hundred dollar bill. He hesitates, staring at it. I have no intention to give him it. He makes a move to grab it. I pull it back.
“See? That’s why you’re homeless. You gotta take chances in life, you filthy bum.”
Cab finally moves down the street and drops me off in front of Marco’s. Fare is $65.85. I give him eighty and exit. I enter the store and immediately am approached by nuisance perfume saleswomen, spraying the shit in the air, almost in my face. I do not acknowledge any of them. Doesn’t look like anything but faggots selling menswear. No surprise. One of them approaches me.
“Cahn ah help you?” faggot.
“No you cannot.” Me.

“Are you ah model or actor?” faggot asks.
“No. Just go. You’ll get your commission when I buy something.” Fairy boy takes the hint and leaves me be. I find a dark blue pique’ knit suit by Boglioli, with a Charvet light blue poplin dress shirt, a Charvet blue small box silk tie, and black leather Magnanni lace-up shoes. I approach the faggot with my merchandise at the counter and with my coupon for 10% off.
“Um, well, that coupon ahxpiered Monday.” faggot.
“I’m sure you can apply it today.” Me.
“Well, ahm, ah gotta get ah manahger to approve it. Ah, I’ll be right back.” faggot. My blood begins to rise, partly because I’m pissed off at myself because I really don’t need to use a coupon, and partly because this is taking too long.
“Forget it. Just ring it up at full price.” Me.
“Are you sure?” faggot.
“Yes.” and I’m also sure I’d like to decapitate your fucking head and put in in one of your faggot window displays.
At some point, someone must have heard or noticed the conversation, because a manager (just guessing) does come by and after a brief talk with the faggot, scans the coupon for me.
“Sorry for the delay, Mr. Kent.” Manager.
I say nothing, charge my platinum AmEx, and leave. The smell of shit hits me as I open the doors. There’s a bum sitting next to the oval doors. No one notices him or pretends not to. I hail a cab and I’m back at my apartment when I see the text from Julie.
‘Reservations for two, 9pm at Le Couce’
I text Corrine the restaurant and she replies with one of those stupid emoji smiles. She said she found the car I wanted so I quickly search for parking garages nearby where I can store it for safekeeping till I leave the city. I’d rather have it close than to have it stored in another city, wherever it will be arriving from. Before going to the restaurant I go to the closest hardware store, which is owned by some Asian guy, and buy an axe, a pair of needle nose pliers, three hand saws, more garbage bags, some knives, towels, bleach, and a few other items. I pay cash at the counter. No one can conceive of what I plan to do with these items. In this city, everyone looks the other way. Most murders go unsolved without a ‘tip’ or an eyewitness. The police, the detectives are baffled, clueless without any outside help. The people in the city pretend all is normal. A woman is slashed in the face on Broadway, in the afternoon no less. Random. A man is pushed in front of a subway, killed. Random. They turn their heads and play blind, as crime rises around them. They live their pathetic little lives pretending all is

well, when clearly it is not. Pussies. I'm carrying a huge duffel bag of merchandise and my new suit as I enter my apartment. I can't deny that carrying the axe, the knives, has made my blood rise. I decide to go for a stroll before seeing Corrine. It's dark now, with very little moonlight. I walk down an alleyway wearing black leather gloves (not designer; purchased from HSN online), and carrying two knives in my Armani trench coat. The smell of shit hits me as I walk closer to a bum sitting by a small fire in a barrel.
"Hey man," I say, the bum nodding off.
"Hey man. You awake?" I prod him with the back of the knife.
"Wuzzat?" he mumbles, nodding his head.
"Hey, I just want you to know I think you're a piece of shit, okay?"
"Wuzzat? Piece…." bum nods. He has huge bags underneath his eyes and a grizzled beard. His teeth are stained yellow from years of, I assume, drug abuse and smoking. The puffer jacket he's wearing from Nova is ripped at the sleeves. The Athletic Works sweatpants he's wearing are stained with urine. I can smell it from where I stand. His black Asos sneakers are missing the laces. I look around, and there's two more homeless sleeping in the alleyway, about thirty feet from the bum. I flip my knife around and jab it in his neck, being careful to step to the left of him so the blood spraying from him doesn't get on my Armani trench. It's double-breasted with water repellant wool. The bum gurgles or tries to say something, mumbling, whatever, and I stab him in the other side of his neck. Blood spurts out, and I look around, panicking a bit, but no one is watching. He grabs his neck, starts choking and I push him off to the side, where he slumps down. I wipe the knife across his jacket, put it in my trench, take off my gloves, and burn them in the barrel. No one sees anything. Just like I thought. I check my Patek Philippe watch and see that I have to meet Corrine in forty-five minutes. My blood is pumping as I go back to my apartment. I undress and message Corrine that we'll have to do dinner another time. My hands are shaking from the adrenaline I feel. The want, the desire to clean this filthy city of the filth, of the shit, the swine, is overtaking me. I need to control it with discipline. The Rowdy Morton show tonight is titled "Midgets, Dwarves, or Little People: What do you call them?' It's a rerun.

Hamptons

I tell Vanessa I will meet her downstairs and I'll call a black cab to drive us to this stupid party. Of course she doesn't listen and comes to my apartment. Vanessa is wearing a Christian Dior black beaded gown, cut at the thighs, draping in the middle, with black Dior stiletto shoes and a beaded black Dior clutch. Her diamond stud earrings and diamond tennis bracelet are by Harry Winston. She's wearing a Milani push-up backless bra. This morning I worked my shoulders on the rowing machine for fifteen minutes.
"I told you to wait downstairs."
"Oh, don't be such a prune, Kristoff. I just want to make sure we match for tonight," she says, while looking around the apartment.
"Do we ever mismatch? You told me what you were going to wear, Vanessa. I always dress accordingly for the occasion."
She enters my bathroom without asking.
"I know, I know but seriously, did you expect me to wait downstairs looking like this? I mean, people stare, right?"
"But I thought you like that, Vanessa. The attention, the looks."
She comes out of the bathroom and puts her arms around me.
"Oh, only from you, darling." She acts like we're a couple. Can she be so naive? Yes, she can. I'm wearing a Christian Lacroix dark blue formal suit, Christian Lacroix white cotton button down shirt,with a Giorgio Armani dark blue silk tie, Giorgio Armani black leather cap shoes, and a Ferragamo Gancini blue pocket square. I grab my Sony NW-WM1AM2 Walkman. It plays MP3, FLAC, AAC, AIFF, AAC, DSD, LPCM, and WMA files. The digital music files are played at a high resolution of up to 24bit/384KHZ. It has a microSD card slot and an 128GB internal flash memory. There's a 5-inch color touchscreen display that operates at 1280x720 pixels. There's a 10 band equalizer and mini headphone output (3.5mm). There's one more port for headphones (4.4mm), but I do not allow anyone else to listen to the music. The frequency response rises up to 40,000 HZ, with a rechargeable battery for 40 hours of music playback. My headphones are the Sony MDR-Z1R. The frequency response rises to 120,000 HZ, and has a sensitivity of 100 DB, and impedance of 64 ohms. It has extra-large 70mm dynamic drivers for crisp clarity. It's the perfect companion for me while I'm in a long car ride with Vanessa or anyone else annoying. On the drive to the Hamptons, Vanessa rattles on about who she wants to mingle with- Becky, Thomas, Sebastian, Edna, one of the Trump's (if they arrive), a Hilton family

member, etc, etc, etc. I boost the volume up on my Walkman, listening to Wham! and close my eyes, thinking of various ways to kill people. Vanessa interrupts by pulling one headphone out of my ear.
“Kristoff, are you listening to me? This is important, you know. There’s going to be alot of influential people there, so-”
“Vanessa. I told you to wait downstairs and you did not. You came to my apartment. Once again, here we are discussing a total lack of communication on your part.”
“That was like, what, almost two hours ago? Have you been listening to anything I’ve said since?” she says, her arms in the air.
“I thought my eyes being closed with the headphones on would have told you that I have not.” I put the headphones back on and Vanessa tries to take them off. I grab her wrist and wave with my index finger, no. She takes the hint. The Rowdy Morton show returns tonight with a two hour premiere, titled ‘How to steal an election and get away with it.’ The first part deals with media spreading lies about a candidate, while the second deals with the physical part of scanning the same ballot five hundred times, forging fake names for a party, scanning the ballot of one party for another, deceased people voting, and throwing away thousands of ballots for the other party. I’m recording it but if I had known beforehand what the show was about, I would’ve canceled with Vanessa to watch it live. We arrive at the party early in the evening, and when we exit the black cab, we’re greeted by a maitre d’, who of course, is no one.
“Kristoff, look. It’s Don Jr.” Vanessa points at a man with dark hair.
“No Vanessa, that isn’t Donald Trump Jr. I think it’s Julien Baxter.” Though the man looks a bit like both Donald Trump Jr. and Julien Baxter, it is neither one of them. Whoever he is, he’s wearing a Brooks Brothers light grey suit, a Paul Stuart black silk tie, Brooks Brothers white cotton button down shirt, and Brooks Brothers 1818 brown leather wingtip shoes, with dark grey/light grey argyle socks by Johnston and Murphy and a Lilienthal-Berlin Chronograph Limited Edition Meteorite 3 watch. We leave the black cab ($255 for the ride. I gave the driver $300 because he didn’t speak one word on the drive over) and enter the main hall, where Sebastian calls over to me.
“Hey, Kent!” he says. Sebastian is wearing a Peter Millar dark blue wool suit, Eton light blue silk tie, an Eton silk blue pocket square, with a Peter Millar white cotton button down shirt, and Burberry brown loafers. No socks. He is wearing his Breitling Navigator watch.
“Sebastian,” I say.
“You taping the Rowdy Morton show?” Sebastian.

“Yes, I am. Interesting subject, wouldn’t you say?” I ask.
“Yeah, mate. I’m going to watch it as soon as Edna and I leave and get back home.”
His date Edna is wearing a vintage 1970s Zandra Rhodes silk dark blue printed peasant dress, with Jimmy Choo Romy 100 navy suede pointed pumps. She’s holding a Ombre Glitter Dasha Minaudiere midnight silver clutch, and wearing silver drop earrings and a silver bracelet from Nordstrom.
“Look! Isn’t that Don Jr over there?” Edna asks.
“No, Edna. I think that’s Robertson from Parks,” Sebastian replies. Vanessa grabs Edna’s wrist and takes her to the ladies room. Sebastian and I find a table and order some Moet champagne for the girls. I order a Jack rocks and he orders Glenlivet, neat.
“You hear from Peterson, Kent? Messaged him but nothing.” Sebastian.
“No. I heard he’s somewhere down South. Probably working on his tan.” Me.
The champagne is poured in plastic flutes. Even here, mediocrity prevails. Vanessa and Edna find our table. Vanessa is gossiping, as usual.
“That was a fast trip, Vanessa.” Me.
“Oh, we just had to powder our noses, Kristoff. Never know who’s watching you here. Look how pretty the menus are,” she says.
A waiter comes by, smugly thinking he’s someone when he’s definitely no one. The menu is not pre fixe. I thought it would be. This bothers me because it’s a variable that should not be, especially at a party in the Hamptons.
“No pre fixe menu?” I ask.
“No sir, just what you see in front of you.” Waiter.
“Well, what I see doesn’t intrigue me.”
“I’m sure you can find something, honey,” Vanessa says, smiling.
Vanessa starts drinking her champagne in the cheap plastic flute, as does Edna. Instead of walking away, Mr. Nobody waiter stands and waits for the four of us to order.
“There was a time when the flutes weren’t plastic. They were glass, sometimes even silver,” I say, glaring at the waiter.
“Uh, yes sir,” he pathetically answers.
“But not now, right? Times have changed, Definitely not for the better, as I can truly say looking at this menu.” I say this, eyeing Vanessa, whom I believe is partly to blame for this. If she hadn’t pressed me about this party, I’d never have gone. I decide on the Organic Duck Liver Pate, followed by the Tempura Monkfish Tails with another Jack rocks. Sebastian orders Seared Scallops with Roasted Cod. Vanessa orders a salad consisting of Ballysalad leaves, broccoli, quinoa,

pomegranate, beetroot and mandarins tossed in balsamic dressing. Her entree is the Vegan Risotto, served with plum tomato, podded pea, and vegan cheese. Edna has the Liscannor Bay Chowder with an entree consisting of Pea and Shallot Ravioli.
"Vegan, Vanessa? Really?" I ask.
"Well, some of us have to watch our weight, Kristoff. And our figure."
Vanessa must weigh about 105 pounds, if that.
"Of course. Getting a bit 'flexy' around your waist," I say with my knife pointed towards her.
Vanessa stares at her appetizer. Though her waist is slim and developed, I must say these things from time to time to keep her…….*thinking*.
"Kent. You meeting with Wellker soon?" Sebastian.
"Yes." Me.
"Big account to bag." Sebastian.
"Yes, I suppose it is," I say, scanning the room and taking notice of Piaget, Tudor, and Zenith watches. They glisten on the wrists of men who think they are the definition of 'influence'. My Patek Philippe trumps them all. I look at my Tempura Monkfish and it looks like it has a feather between the tails.
"Kristoff, the Shallot Ravioli is positively mesmerizing," Vanessa says, taking small bites.
"I still don't believe that gown Shelly wore at her wedding at Madison Mansion. All that embroidery and lace. Just stunning." Vanessa.
"Who was the designer?" Edna.
"I don't remember. Do you remember, Kristoff?" Vanessa.
"I don't remember the wedding itself, but I do recall you raving about that dress. The designer was Monique Lhuillier." Me.
"Yes, that's right. Kristoff has such a taste for style," Vanessa says.
A woman, perhaps Kate Moss, though probably not (she wouldn't attend a party that serves champagne in plastic flutes) is wearing a Zhivago black mini dress with embroidery on the neck line, standing next to a man who looks like Pierce Bronson, though that isn't him because he's in Europe now.
"Kate Moss, Kristoff?" Sebastian.
"I thought it was, but it's not. Moss has a much better figure."
For dessert, Vanessa and I order the Berries Crisp and Sebastian and Edna receive the cheesecake. The Berries Crisp has a red syrup that is dripping on the plate. Looks like someone's blood. Vanessa and Edna both go to the ladies room.
"You staying here tonight, Kent?" asks Sebastian.

“Only for the night. I have some business to take care of and Vanessa just gets in the way of things. She can be very annoying,” I reply, drinking.
We’re approached by a man wearing a black formal tuxedo by Indochino, with matching white cotton button down shirt, and a black silk tie and black leather lace-up shoes from Cole Haan. He isn’t wearing a watch.
“Kent. Sebastian.”
“Why, if it isn’t Bradley from J. and P.” Sebastian says, sipping his champagne.
“You see Pierce Bronson over there?” Bradley asks.
“That isn’t Pierce Bronson,” I say.
Vanessa and Edna sit down and eat what’s left of their dessert.
“Yeah, well I came over to ask Kent here if I should keep the cumberbund or diss it? What say you, Kent?” Bradley asks.
“A cumberland can be worn at black tie events, weddings, and any formal occasions. Your answer would be yes, keep it.”
“See? Kristoff knows what he’s talking about. He’s so fashionable.” Vanessa.
“Rumor has it you’ve got a meeting with Wellker, Kent.” Bradley.
“Not a rumor. It’s a fact,” I say, drinking champagne.
“Yeah well, good luck with Wellker. I hear he can be a real hard ass to deal with,” Bradley says, walking away. I tend to think he only came over to speak to me so he could put doubt in my mind about conducting business with Wellker. It didn’t work.
“His firm couldn’t land the Wellker account,” Sebastian states.
“I know. I’m sure Bradley and whoever else walked into the meeting with Wellker with doubts or perhaps they were overconfident. Wellker, from what I’ve heard and read, throws things at you to see how you react. I’m beginning to think everyone else is more interested in Wellker than I am,” I say, looking at Sebastian.
“Yeah, well mate, it’s a huge account and others have failed trying to obtain his business. From what I hear, Wellker hardly even sees anyone in person. Normally just a phone conversation, if that. You’ve got a big shot here, Kent. A big one to bag the biggest account ever for Craine,” he says.
“Yes, I am aware of this.” Me.
“Come on, Kristoff. Enough with business talk.” Vanessa.
“I agree.” Edna.
After finishing our less than savoy meals, the waiter brings the bill. I snapped my fingers at him several times before he took notice. Since we both brought women, Sebastian and I agree to split the bill. Total for each comes to $527.50.
As we ready ourselves to go into the formal gathering room, Vanessa spots Thomas and Becky.

“Becky!” says Vanessa, as she walks towards her.
“Did you see Don Jr? He’s here, you know.” Vanessa.
Thomas is wearing a Calvin Klein black slim fit suit, with a Calvin Klein silk black tie, white cotton button down shirt, and Calvin Klein white pocket square. His shoes are black Van Heusen formal lace-up shoes. His watch is his Longines quartz.
“Kent.” Thomas.
“Thomas.” Me.
“Wearing suspenders with your suit this evening, Kent?” Thomas ask.
“Yes, of course. No belt tonight.”
“See, Kent?” Thomas says, as he opens his suit jacket and tugs on one suspender.
“We’re cut from the same cloth tonight.”
“Not really,” I respond, walking away with a flute in my hand, thinking how nice it would be to break it in half, then gut the side of Thomas’ neck with it, watching him grab his neck, trying to stop the spill of blood that inadvertently would be trickling down it, me smiling as I look at the horrified look on the faces of the crowd. Maybe sometime soon. Vanessa stays and speaks to Becky and Edna, while Sebastian disappears in the crowd. I glance to my left and see people laughing, smiling, and I wonder to myself, ‘Why? What is there to be happy about?’ They live in the same city as I, and yet, they live their lives without a care in the world, accepting the smell of shit in the air in their daily lives as if it’s acceptable. And that’s when it hits me: it’s only acceptable if you continue to live a lie, if you accept the lie, as they are doing. Smile while you can. Sooner or later, someone or something will disrupt your already putrid lives. I only wish to see it or hear of it.
“Kristoff? Kristoff? I’ve been calling your name. Didn’t you hear me?”
“Not really, Vanessa.”

Russian Freedom

After having what would be considered uneventful sex with Vanessa for the evening, we are driven back to the city in the early morning. Anderson messages me about some new Thai restaurant the New Yorker gave a rave review about. Perhaps later this week I’ll go. I have an almost uncontrollable urge to see blood

again, one that keeps rising inside. I don't know the origin as to why nor do I care to. I only know that some cleansing needs to be done and I am behind on this. I tell Vanessa I'll call her later in the week, as I do not have the need to see her anytime soon. After going into my apartment and showering (Tic Tac Dough tonight had a man from Pensacola win $4,800 after defeating a man from Delaware. He then lost to the Dragon after reaching $650 on the board. The Dragon was behind square number 8,) I sleep until the moon rises. Waking up, I grab a CDLP black button down shirt, no tie, Canali black slacks and Canali black leather lace-up shoes for tonight. I use the V76 Vaughn molding paste to slick back my hair. There's a club over on 11th ave that mainly Russian girls attend. Hans usually hangs out there and I need to see him. Looking out the cab window, I count 52 homeless derelicts before exiting it. 52 vagrants just lying around the city. The fare total is $42.85. I hand him a $50. There's no line to get in tonight. Usually won't be for a Sunday. Entering, I hear EDM music pumping through the high rise speakers. Looking around, I see small groups of foreign girls. There's two sitting at the bar.

"Can I buy you two a drink?" I ask.

They look at each other and nod. One speaks to me.

"Sure."

"What are you drinking?" I ask.

"Cosmopolitans."

I put up my hand and order two cosmopolitans and a Tito's soda. Both girls are definitely Russian. They look it and I can hear the accent in the one girl's voice.

"You from around here?" Russian girl asks.

"No. I have an apartment on Park Ave, though," I say, watching their eyes widen as they glance at each other. The girl closest to me is wearing a pink satin mini dress by 'I do not know' and pink shoes by 'I do not know'. Her clutch is also pink. Her friend is wearing a black strapless mini dress by 'I do not know', with matching black 'I do not know' shoes. Her clutch, not surprisingly, is black.

"I'm Lana and my friend here is Maya."

"Kristoff." I say, drinking my Tito's soda. "You two want to party tonight?" I ask.

"Sure," Lana says, smiling.

"Wait right here. I'll be right back." I signal to the bartender to bring two more drinks for Lana and Maya. I see a stairwell that leads to the lower level, where Hans will be if he is in fact here. Not too many people here tonight, which is fine. I wanted to watch The Rowdy Morton show but I have a desire to set things right tonight. Before I step off the last stair, I hear Hans' voice.

“Kent! Mein freund!” Hans is wearing a dark grey suit jacket by Stachas Schiefer and Tanne Trachten, with dark grey pants by Ewald, a white button down shirt by Reinhard, a WW2 German Army Officer’s leather service uniform belt, Marcell Pallottola black leather lace-up boots, and his 1944 vintage German Hanhart Luftwaffe Fly Back Chronograph watch. No tie. His blonde hair is spiked and he has some insignia on his jacket tonight: a German National Emblem worn above his right pec, and a WW2 German ‘Germania’ metal silver cypher on his left shoulder. The brunette girl laying across him is wearing a dark blue Kensie ruched dress, with matching Kenzie open-toe shoes.
“What brings you here tonight, Kent? Wanna sign up for my super soldier program?” Hans says, one hand raised in the air, the other on the girls’ head.
“Not tonight, Hans. Where are all your ladies? You usually have a few with you.”
“Ah, a couple of my thoroughbreds are already out for the evening, Kent. I’ve got one here for you, if you’re interested. Einer Sache!” The girl stands and does a twirl. She’s attractive, but has dark circles under her eyes. Too many hours working.
“No thanks, Hans. I’m in need of something to excite a couple of girls I just met. Something that will get them hot and a bit……*disillusioned*.”
“Ah, something to turn them on, Kent? I have just the right thing. Here. Take a couple of these and give one to each of them. They’ll be eating each other’s pussies in no time,” Hans says, smiling.
I give him a $50 and start to walk away.
“Kent! Remember: the Fuhrer would be proud of you if you would join my super soldier program.”
“No thanks, Hans. Too busy these days. Maybe some other time.”
Hans smiles, nodding his head as I walk up the stairwell. The EDM music is louder now, as more people have entered here. The two Russian girls are laughing as I sit next to them.
“Hey, you girls want to party? I mean, really party?” I say, showing them the drugs.
“Sure. Is that X?” Lana asks.
“Yes. One for you and one for your friend. I’ve taken one already,” I say, of course lying, as I hand her the pills. They both swallow one and start talking in Russian to one another, giggling.
“Listen, it’s loud in here. How about we go back to my place and relax? I’ve got some great alcohol there.”
Lana says something to Maya, who nods her head in agreement.
“You think you could pay for our bill?” Lana asks.

“Of course.” I wave the bartender over, who is some male schmuck, and ask for the bill. Total is $145.00. I give him $160 to impress the girls. On the cab ride over, the girls are giggling, speaking in Russian. I count 12 homeless on the ride here. I notice the Albanian guy is the doorman tonight. The Armenian will be here later. Entering my apartment, I tell the girls to take off their shoes and put them on the left side of the door.
“Wow. You’ve got a great place,” Maya says, looking around.
“Yeah you do. Are you like, rich?” Lana asks.
“Something like that. How about some vodka? Sorry no Stoli or Beluga. I’ve got Tito’s.”
Both girls nod their heads and I pour them drinks. I turn on my stereo, and put on Wagner, Ride of the Valkyries. The drug takes effect as they drink and listen to the music.
“Did you know Hitler’s favorite composer was Wagner?” I ask the girls, knowing the answer already. They both shake their heads. Hans would give me an encyclopedia of information answering the question.
“Hitler was usually present at the Bayreuth Festival when the music of Wagner was played. Like Hitler, Wagner was said to be a bit anti-semitic. That means he didn’t like Jews. He said the Jews produced music that is artificial, shallow because they wouldn’t lower themselves to have a connection with the Germans. What do you think?” I ask while drinking.
“Um, what do you do for a living?” Maya asks.
“I work on Wall St, at Benjamin Craine. Ever hear of him?” I ask.
“No,” they both answer, sipping their drinks.
“I can tell from the accent you two are obviously from Russia. You go to Columbia?” I ask, laughing to myself, while sitting between the two on my Orrin Ellis Alemanno grey microfiber/microsuede sectional couch.
“Um, no. We went to NYU, but we couldn’t afford it, so we left,” Lana says, looking away.
“You mean your student visa expired, right? Am I right?” I ask drinking and smiling, my head nodding.
“Well, kinda something like that,” Maya says, drinking her vodka.
“Hey, I get it. You’re both just hanging around the city till you find some guy to bed down and marry you for two years, and then vamoose! You’re a free girl,” I say, standing and making hand gestures.
“You seem to know alot about Russian girls,” Lana says, eyeing me.
“Hey, enough of that. Let’s unwind in my bedroom.” I bring my drink with me, barely sipping it now, as the girls follow.

“Can we use your bathroom?” Maya asks.
“Sure. Just don’t touch the shower while you’re in there.”
They both walk in the bathroom, speaking to themselves in Russian.
“This must have cost a fortune,” Maya comments, surely looking at my shower.
“It’s nothing really,” I say. Thankfully I got the mirror replaced. Shattered glass above the sink may bring unwanted questions. After a few minutes and more giggles, the girls come out of the bathroom. I take off my shirt and signal for the girls to come to me. They do. These girls are a bit easier than I thought. I start to kiss Lana (I think it’s her) and pull Maya’s head close to my neck. She starts licking me.
“Take your clothes off,” I say to them.
Both girls do. I direct them to my bed and start taking my pants off.
“Start kissing each other.” They smile and kiss, tongues touching each other.
I can see they’ve done this before.
“Lana, lick around Maya’s asshole. Yeah, just like that.”
I finish my vodka and sit on the edge of my bed.
“Now put your tongue in it. Gently now. Bad girl, Lana. You’re such a bad girl. Maya, bend over more so Lana can really dig deep with her tongue. Actually, spread your cheeks wide. Yeah, like that. You’re a very bad girl too, Maya.”
I hop on the bed and start fingering Maya’s anus while Lana licks it. I pull my finger out and put it in Lana’s mouth. I lick Maya’s anus with Lana, and we both lick each other’s tongues. I then get behind Lana and lick around her asshole while fingering her vagina.
“Maya. Sit on Lana’s face. Lana, start licking Maya’s vagina.”
Lana begins licking her friend’s vagina, as I finger her. I quickly see an imperfection on Maya: Her index toe is longer than her big toe. This needs to be rectified. Lana is jerking me off with her feet as I finger and begin to lick her clitoris. They’re both moaning now. Lana is squirming, her hips tightening around me. I have a rock hard erection (it’s huge) and I start fucking Lana, who is soaking wet inside. I pull Maya by the hair and start kissing her, then bite her lip till blood comes out, as Lana licks her vagina faster. Lana screams and moans as she comes to an orgasm, and I grab Maya, bend her over, and start fucking her as I push her head in Lana’s soaking wet vagina.
“Clean her up. That’s right. Nice girl.” Maya licks and moans as I thrust my huge penis in and out of her. As I fuck her, my heart starts to beat faster. It’s not because of the sex. It’s the rage building inside me that these two are in this city and they should not be. They don’t belong here. There’s too many girls like them: Russians, Ukranians, Indians (not tribal), Asians, Mexicans, Dominicans,

Columbians, Jamaicans, etc, etc….a whole fucking mess of them, stinking up this city with their vile smell and lies. One big melting pot of shit being stirred daily. A waste of flesh that should never have been allowed entrance here. I'm fixing this problem, slowly and with discipline. Maya comes to an orgasm and I pull my penis out, grab both their heads, and shoot my semen across their faces and in their mouths. It's an enormous load. My body is red, burning with anger. Both girls kiss and lick each other then lay down next to each other, relaxing as the alcohol and drug take effect.

"Stay here. I'll go get a towel."

I get up and go to the bathroom, staring at myself in the new mirror by Robern. It has task lighting and interior illuminated lights. The lights are off in my room now, and the moonlight shines through the window. Entering back in my room, I pull a pair of bolt cutters from under the bed and clip off a piece of Maya's index toe. She begins to scream as blood spurts out. I quickly grab her other foot and clip off her other index toe. Now, both toes are shorter than her big toe. That's the way it should be. She grabs her feet and leaps up.

"What the fuck?! What the fuck?!" she says, screaming, tears rolling down her cheeks.

I grab a knife from under the bed and begin stabbing Lana in her chest, plunging it quickly in and out, blood spurting on my arm. Maya leaps off the bed, falls, and tries to get up.

"You won't be hanging around this city anymore, you Russian whore! Neither of you will."

I grab Maya by her hair as she screams "No, No Please!" I slit her throat and watch the life drain from her. I look over and see Lana is still alive, clutching her bloody chest, struggling to breathe, but still breathing. I put my knee on Maya's back and pull back on her head, trying my best to rip it off. I hear bones cracking as her flesh comes off in my hands. There's something hanging from her neck, but I'm not sure what it is. Blood and something dark and thick oozes out of her neck onto her chest. I manage to snap her neck bone, but her head just hangs to the side as I drop her. I'm disappointed I did not rip it off completely from her body, which has finished convulsing. Lana has both hands on her chest now, back up against the bed. She's barely breathing. I sit beside her, my hands soaked in blood and skin.

"Looks like you were better off in Russia," I say, brushing her hair with my hand. "Isn't that right, you Russian slut? Well, at least I saved some schmuck from marrying you, right? A miserable two years from his life. Fucking Russian bitch. Every single one like you should die. You're worthless. No one will look for you.

No one will even try to solve your deaths. You're here illegally. No one gives a shit about scum like you. None of your friends will inquire about you because I'm sure they're in this city illegally, too. You're a fucking ghost. You and your friend. I tried to pull her head off, but couldn't. At least, not yet."
I grab the bolt cutters on the side of my bed.
"Let's see what's inside you, other than bullshit." I open the bolt cutters and plunge them into her lower waist. She screams with whatever voice is left inside her. I get on top of her, snipping away at her stomach, twisting and turning the cutters, till I see a pinkish-white tube. It's her intestines. I grab them with the cutters and pull them out as far as I can. Blood, skin, and some other shit splatters on my arms and body.
"Wow. Very pink inside," I say, showing her the intestines. Dropping the cutters, I grab the knife and begin stabbing her in the chest, over and over, blood splashing on me, my heart racing faster and faster, her skin peeling off her as I thrust deeper and deeper. When I finish, I've noticed I've made a bit of a mess. No worries. I can bring the bloody sheets to the Asian laundromat and the only thing the woman working there will say is, "Ten dolla, ten dolla." No one asks questions anymore. No one cares as long as you pay. Since there are two bodies, I grab two extra large duffel bags, lined with plastic inside. I put plastic bags on the bathroom floor and begin to saw the bodies in half, so they will fit in the bags. It's surprisingly easier than I thought. Maya's head comes off without much sawing, as it is mostly just skin and a small bone holding it in place. I get up periodically and look at myself in the mirror, admiring my body with their blood on it, looking at my side profile. The rowing machine has helped with the definition in my shoulders. My testosterone is pumping, which makes it easier to use the saw. Unfortunately, I'll have to take a shower before dumping them in the river. I don't want to dirty these clothes with their filthy blood. On the Tic Tac Dough show tonight, a man from Des Moines won $1,000 after beating the Dragon in the bonus round by finding the words Tic and Tac. The Dragon was behind square number 4. After I dump the trash in the river, I'll watch the Rowdy Morton show. I'm sure Sebastian already has.

Walkens

I trained back and legs at the Health Club this morning. Afterwards, played racquetball with Sebastian. He brought up the Private Club I go to every few months. Wants to know how he could get an invite. I told him the truth: One day I came into my office and a card lay on my desk. It only said 'The Private Club', with the Madison Ave address. Julie, as usual, had no idea who put it in my office. Peterson, Anderson, and Washington didn't know. I thought perhaps Craine did it, but he was apparently overseas at the time. I went to the club that night, was greeted by a man opening the door, who is also the butler for the Club, named Lloyd. I've gone back every few months. In the cab to the office I count 14 derelict homeless. While in the office, admiring my new Oakley Tie Breaker Prizm Grey Gradient lenses sunglasses, Anderson messages me about going to Walkens for drinks. He's meeting Peterson, who just arrived back from a trip to Florida (business?) at noon. Julie, straddling her ass as usual, walks in. She's wearing a Karen Kane black dress, mid-length, showing her hips, and black suede Lessa high heel shoes by Steve Madden. Her earrings are sterling silver hoops from Argento Vivo. She's wearing more eyeshadow than usual today.
"Here's some files on the companies you requested. The quarterly reports are all there," she says, laying the files on my desk.
"Julie, have I ever told you how-" I point to her with my Mont Blanc pen.
"Yes?" she asks, holding both hands together, a serious look on her face. I'm starting to believe she really is in love with me.
"How adept you are at obtaining information for me in a timely manner?"
She lowers her head for a second, staring at the floor before raising it to look at me.
"No Kristoff, you haven't. But thank you anyway." Julie hisses something under her breath and walks out of my office. I'm wearing a Neil Barrett black stretch wool suit, a black silk tie by Givenchy, a Giorgio Armani white cotton button down shirt, black leather lace-up shoes by Andersson Bell, and my Patek Philippe watch. On the cab ride over to Walkens, I counted 22 homeless vagrants. One held a sign that read 'Please feed me Please give'. As we were stalled in traffic, I took out my black palette Ferragamo wallet, showed him a $100, smiled, then put it back in my wallet as I gave him the thumbs up as the cab drove away. Cab fare is $33.45. I hand him $40 and walk towards Walkens bar. Inside Walkens, I see Peterson and Anderson chatting away. Peterson is wearing a Thom Browne navy pinstripe suit, a white Mason Margiela button down shirt, a dark brown plaid

Burberry tie, Marsell red/brown Tello Derby leather lace-up shoes and his Ballon Bleu De Cartier watch. His blonde hair is slicked back perfectly. I have to somehow ask him what product he is using on his hair without him knowing that I'm actually interested in knowing. Anderson is wearing a Valentino black wool suit, Emporio Armani white cotton button down shirt, a black Valentino silk tie, Gianvito Rossi black leather William Derby lace-up shoes and his *vintage* Vacheron Constantin watch. His hair is slick and oily, as usual. There's around twenty people in here now, which is considered busy by today's standards. Walking towards the table, I see a David Yurman watch, and someone wearing a Bremont watch. A tad bit of class for an otherwise mid-range bar with overpriced drinks.

"Kent! Told you I'd bag the Dufferson account," Peterson says, drinking his Stoli vodka. Anderson is drinking Johnnie Walker Black.

I signal for the waitress (ms. nobody) and order a Jack rocks. They all seem to look the same: dark hair, olive complexion, skinny, no ass, no breasts. They're walking nobodies.

"Florida. Home of the free," I say.

"Yes it is, Kent. Deal went as smooth as a baby's ass," Peterson says, eyeing his drink.

"What was Dufferson wearing?" I ask.

"What?" Peterson.

"What was Dufferson wearing?" Me.

"I don't know. Some charcoal suit. I don't exactly remember, Kent. Why's that important?"

"Because it is. Single or double-breasted suit? "

"Single-breasted if I remember correctly. And no, I don't remember his shoes." Peterson.

"Designer suit?" Me.

"Yes."

"Who?"

"The fuck if I remember, Kent. I think it was Boss. Not completely sure, though it was definitely designer."

I nod but am disappointed in the lack of details Peterson has.

"What about you? What did you wear?" I ask.

"Yeah, Peterson. What were you wearing?" Anderson inquires, smiling and sipping his drink.

"Burberry. All Burberry. Single-breasted suit, shirt, tie, shoes, all Burberry."

"Checkered tie?" I ask.

“Yes.”
“Watch?” I ask.
Peterson shows his Cartier watch on his wrist and smirks. Anderson and I show our wrists and watches and smirk back.
“What watch did Dufferson have?”
“Tag Heuer and before you ask, I don’t remember which one.”
“What did you eat?” I ask as Anderson stares at the waitresses walking by.
“I had the seafood cioppino.”
“Did it come with shrimp? Clams?”
“Yes and scallops, fish, onions, and tomatoes.”
“And Dufferson? Drinks? What did you both drink?” Me.
“Grilled shrimp and scallops. We both drank Absolut.”
“Which Absolut?”
“Absolut Crystal.”
“That’s the bottle with the pinstripe, right?” Anderson asks.
“Yes, Anderson. The pinstripe one,” Peterson answers, definitely annoyed.
Shrimp and scallops disappoints me and Peterson usually doesn’t drink Absolut Crystal which leads me to ask him, “Did you get him drunk to sign the paperwork?”
“Why would you think that, Kent?”
“Because you normally don’t drink Absolut Crystal, Peterson.”
“He was a little buzzed, but he signed the paperwork before dinner.”
I’m sure Peterson is lying about this. Quite sure.
“Went to the movies last night. I walked out,” Anderson interjects.
“I’m hesitant to ask which one you saw. They all suck now,” I say.
“You’re right about that. I mean, what the fuck is going on? There’s a fag in every one now, a lesbian, a Black female, of course in the highest position in the film, a White guy with red hair, cause you know, they’re different. What the fuck happened to blonde hair and blue eyes? Where are all the babes? Shit, I’ll settle for a brunette. The kicker in this movie was this chick is beating the shit out of this guy twice her size. I looked at my date-”
“How many women are raped each year?” I ask.
“What?” Anderson
“Exactly. Strength is in men, gentlemen. What you see on the screen is pure shit at its least finest. I’m not condoning rape per se. I’m just stating facts that men are naturally stronger than women. Rape shows this, gentlemen.”
“Sure,Kent. Anyway, I looked at my date and said,”We’re leaving.” She grabs my crotch and is like, “C’mon. Don’t be like that.” I shook my head and pulled her up

out of her seat and took her back to my apartment, fucked her, then deleted her number. Fuck that." Anderson.
"It's a checklist. You should know that," Peterson says, drinking his vodka.
"Just like you said, you've got your Black woman in a high position, check. You've got your gay guy, check, your lesbian, check, your redhead man or woman or 'ginger' as they call them because they're White but different, check, your Asian woman, check, your Black guy that's a hero, check, Indian guy-"
"Not tribal, Peterson." Me.
"Indian guy, not tribal, check. No more blonde hair, blue eyes. You know why?" Peterson asks.
"I'm sure you're going to tell us," I say, raising my glass for a refill.
"Because we're too beautiful for the movies or television now, Kent. Look at me. I stand out like a White knight surrounded by Black shit in this city," Peterson says, arms raised, drink in hand.
"You see the Rowdy Morton show, the season opener? I missed it," asks Anderson.
"Quadrillion to one, gentlemen. An English professor in England-" Me.
"Where's Sebastian when you need him?" Peterson.
"As I was saying, an English professor, with a zillion different Masters degrees, said it was a quadrillion to one that one candidate would receive the amount of votes in his name for those overnight hours. A quadrillion to one." Me.
"People are so fucking stupid." Anderson.
"Yes they are, but people would rather live a lie than deal with the reality of the truth. To explain more thoroughly, they volunteer to get fucked in the ass and then say it never happened because they were told it didn't."
"As blood comes trickling down their ass, Kent. Right as day you are. I saw the show and agree." Peterson.
The waitress finally refills our drinks.
"Thanks, babe." Anderson.
"I'm using V76 Vaughn molding paste for my hair. It definitely signifies the look I want." I look at Peterson who says nothing. Anderson is looking around for women, as usual. I see no watch of interest on the patrons here, nor any women attractive enough to gauge my attention.
"Your hair is a bit different, Peterson. Using another gel?" I say this in a mocking voice, not wanting him to know I really do want to know what gel he uses.
"Oribe hair cream, Kent. I see you're still using the ol' power knot, Kent," Peterson observes.

“Full Windsor all the way, Peterson. Though I see you’re using the Pratt knot.” Me.
“Powerful yet subtle, Kent. You should try it some time,” Peterson says, drinking. The Rowdy Morton show’s topic for tonight is ‘Gays, Lesbians, and Trannies: What do they have in common?’ Peterson is definitely a bit more arrogant than usual since bagging the Dufferson account. I’ll one-up him when I obtain the Wellker deal. I scanned a few newspapers this morning, but nothing on the bodies I dumped. Guess they’re still at the bottom of the river where they belong. Just sitting here, my blood rises when I see someone dressed a certain way that should be unacceptable, or they smell when you walk by them. I feel as if I had a blade on me, I’d just start to slice them, one by one. It’s because they deserve it.
“Kent? You zoning out?” Anderson asks.
“No, Anderson. I’m just zoning you out,” I reply.
“Kent, what knot does Donald Trump wear?” Peterson.
“Full Windsor, same as me.”
“You mean same as him.” Peterson.
“Does it make a fucking difference either way?” I ask, tapping my hand on the table. Peterson nods his head.
“Listen, there’s this great new Italian restaurant on 57th and Madison. It even rates with the New Yorker.” Anderson.
“Does that even matter anymore?” Peterson.
“Yeah it does. LIsten, it looks great. Beautiful paintings hanging, classical music, all that shit. We should check it out soon before it blows up.” Anderson.
“I really don’t think any restaurant is going to blow up anytime soon in this city, Anderson. This isn’t the 90’s or even the early 2000’s. There’s no Zagat book to guide you. Only the bullshit on the internet posted by idiots.” Me.
“I know, I know, but I’m telling you, it’s gonna be hot.” Anderson.
“Hopefully they have better tablecloths than here. Look at these: feels like paper,” Peterson says, lifting up the tablecloth.
“You’re right, Peterson. They’re flimsy as shit.” Anderson.
“Added to the ever-growing, neverending problems building up in this city, gentlemen.” Me.
Peterson takes out a silk paisley blue pocket square from Trafalgar, folds it, and proceeds to put it inside his upper left side pocket, above his pectoral. He’s smirking when he does this. Anderson doesn’t have one, but since Peterson does, it means he’s actually dressed better than I am. This bothers me. Beads of sweat start coming from my brow and I reluctantly excuse myself, looking like I’m going to the men’s room, but actually exiting the bar. I start to run till I see the

nearest men's store, which carries pocket squares. I'm sweating now, breathing a bit heavy, which tells me I need to work on my cardio tomorrow at the Health Club. I'm angry at myself for not carrying one with me, let alone, wearing one. I enter the store and a man greets me, looking me up and down, as I wipe my forehead with my hand.
"Your pocket squares? Where are your pocket squares?" I ask in a bit of a frenzy. The man points to a small glass case, where I quickly point to a dark grey silk Ferragamo one. He pulls it out like it's a diamond ring, and I quickly grab it and put it on my platinum AmEx card. Folding it, I put it in my upper left pocket and proceed to run, walk, run, walk back to the bar. Entering, I see Peterson and Anderson chatting. I stand for a few seconds, making sure the sweat has stopped. My phone buzzes. It's Vanessa. No time for her now.
"Kent! Lose yourself in the bathroom?" Peterson asks, sipping his vodka.
I look away and drink my now-watered down Jack.
"You're sweating, Kent." Anderson.
"No. It must be the hair gel." Me.
"Where'd you find the pocket square?" Peterson asks.
"Hmm? I've been wearing this since this morning," I say, avoiding direct eye contact.
"No you haven't. You didn't have one when you first-"
"Peterson, you're mistaken. Perhaps you should be a bit more aware of how you dress instead of focusing on my apparel?" I say, smirking.
The waitress comes by and refills our drinks. Her hands are disgusting: nails chipped, fingernail polish rotting away. Imagine what her feet look like?
"Thanks, sweetcakes. Well, I'm going to make reservations this week at Demarioa's."
"Sure, Anderson. Best to make them now, right? Hot spot and all." Peterson says with a snicker.
"Tell us how it is afterwards." Me.
"Did that geek Barney-" Anderson.
"You mean Billy?" I ask.
"No, Barney. Did he drop the mail off at your office the other day?" Anderson.
"Yes he did. What of it? This conversation is irrelevant." Me.
"He's a miserable fuck, ain't he? I guess I would be, too. He knocked up some girl in Jersey. She broke it off with him before she had a baby girl. He's stuck paying child support till the kid's 23." Anderson.
"23? That's an adult, Anderson."
"Yeah, yeah I know, Peterson. Point being that Barney-"

“Billy,” I say.
“Barney’s only 23 now. Imagine paying child support for 23 fucking years? Kid’s an adult by then. Fucking Jersey. Highest age limit in the fucking world for child support. He’ll be 46 years old when he’s finished paying. He’s fucked. I’d kill the bitch.” Anderson.
“Which one?” I ask, smiling.
Peterson and Anderson look at each other and the three of us laugh in unison.
“When you’re blue, you’re blue and when you’re red, you’re red,” I say, finishing my drink.
“Red for me,” Peterson says, downing his drink.
“Ditto,” Anderson says, doing the same.
The waitress comes around and drops the check: $155. I put it on my platinum AmEx. I shave off a bit on the tip because of how disgusting she looks. I take note of Peterson’s actions today: Dufferson account plus pocket square. He thinks he’s rising in the world, rising above me. Not for long.

Talkin’ Dyke

I enter a clothing store between Lexington and Second ave. I’m just here to purchase some handkerchiefs. The only designer brand they carry is Trafalgar. I’m wearing a black wool suit by Ferragamo, a grey silk tie by Versace, a vintage white cotton button down shirt from Balenciaga, and black leather lace-up shoes from Ferragamo. The store is practically empty, other than the short-haired lesbian behind the counter. She’s wearing a Tultex auburn t-shirt, Hollister blue jeans, and white sneakers by Clove. No watch. Her hair is short and spiked. I approach the counter with a pack of five Trafalgar handkerchiefs. She doesn’t smile.
“Busy day today, huh?” I ask sarcastically. Lesbo says nothing.
“Can I ask you a question?”
“Sure,” she says in her rhapsody voice.
“You’re a dyke, right? I mean, a lesbian, right?” She stares at me with some contempt.
“What’s it to you?” she asks, scanning the pack of handkerchiefs.
“I’m just trying to understand the mental process of being a lesbian. It just doesn’t make any sense when you think about it.”

“What doesn’t?” she asks, looking a bit curious. Deep down, she probably wants to fuck me.
“Well, it’s just that, you know, I can see you’re obviously taking male growth hormone pills to distort your jaw structure and bones in your hand, as well as your voice. Why do you want to become a man when you hate men?” I ask, putting my elbow on the counter. The store is still empty.
“I never said I hate men.”
“You don’t have to. See, gay guys don’t try and become women because they just want to screw guys. See what I’m saying? I don’t agree with their sodomite behavior, but I can make sense of why they do it. But you lesbos actually take the role of a man, at least one of you does in every relationship, and then one-up that by taking male growth hormone pills. Does that make any fucking sense to you?”
“I think you should-”
“And then you try to have a penis by using a strap-on. Gay guys just use their penis for sex. They don’t try to make a vagina to use. See what I’m saying? You actually try to take the part of a man during sex, which you can’t do because you cannot duplicate the use of a man’s hips nor the thrusting movements of his penis. And why are you lesbos always angry? Is it because deep, deep down, in the recesses of your deranged minds, you only want to be held and cuddled by a man? I mean, you dykes are really fucked up in the head. Have a nice day.” I smile and see tears in her eyes, which makes my smile beam even more. As I walk back towards my apartment, I smell shit, which means there’s a homeless man nearby. I see a black bum huddled in the corner. I approach him.
“Hey man. Having a rough life?” I ask, leaning over then straightening up because of his stench.
“Wuzzat?”
“You. Are you having a rough life?”
“Wuzzat? Few dollas?”
“You want a few dollars, you black, crusty muthafucka?” I ask, tapping my pants saying, “Sorry. All out. Nothing left. Just a few hundred dollar bills.”
“Wuzzat?”
“Hey man. Maybe you can go to one of those nice hotels they’re putting the illegal immigrants in. Actually, they’ll turn you away because they don’t give a shit about you. The people the blues voted for, that is. They care about the immigrants because they want to give them voting status to vote for them. Pretty fucked up, huh?” I’m sure he doesn’t understands anything I’m saying.
“Wuzzat? Few dollas?” the bum mumbles.

“Fuck off, you filthy piece of shit.” Five people walked by me as I spoke to the bum. Every single one of them were looking down, texting on their phones. I continue to walk towards my apartment, hoping that the conversation I had with the dyke will destroy her entire day or worse.

Art Depreciation

Played racquetball with Sebastian at the Health Club today after doing chest and back, focusing on more weight for more strength and less reps. Denise texts me and invites herself over to my apartment. Says she has some useful ideas about my decor. I met Denise at some gallery opening or another over the summer. Red hair, green eyes with a slim body, and zero personality. That describes Denise. I entertain her because the sex was interesting enough to see her again. She’s wearing a short rose Tulle dress from Anna Sui, white heels by Loeffler Randall, and carrying a rose clutch by Edie Parker. Her gold hoop earrings and gold bracelet are from Kendra Scott. The Rowdy Morton show tonight is titled ‘Protests? Protests?! They’re Riots!’ It’s November and it’s……*warm.*
“Kristoff. Thank you for allowing me entrance into your somewhat satisfying home once more,” she says, her head spinning with ideas.
“I wanted to come by and see what we could do to, well, ‘liven’ the place up a bit.” Denise is a woman that seemingly thinks she’s in control of every situation. She has a power walk, which I do not find sexy. Her ass though, is.
“Sure, Denise. What do you suggest?” I ask, pouring a glass of Merlot for her and Jack rocks for me.
“Well darling, I think we should do something with that painting, don’t you?”
“The Monet?” I ask.
“Yes, that one.”
“But why? It’s an original reproduction. Its value will only increase,” I say, handing her the wine glass.
“No Kristoff, it’s value hasn’t increased,” Denise says, drinking.
“When I purchased it, you said its value would only increase. I remember the conversation.”
“Remember whatever you like Kristoff, but that painting has to go.”

This makes my blood rise. I remember the conversation and I remember paying in upwards over ten thousand dollars for that painting. Denise is all smiles as she writes in her book.
“Now, I’ve written down what I believe are three artists that you’ll like-”
“We haven’t finished our conversation about the Monet, Denise.”
“Kristoff, what else is there to say? That particular reproduction has depreciated in value.”
“That’s not satisfactory, Denise. Nor is it acceptable.” My hands are balled up in fists and I’m perspiring.
“Look, I’m sorry about the loss but that painting has to go,” she says, as she puts her index finger to her lips, thinking what she can move around and replace.
“And honestly, you’re rich Kristoff. Does it really matter? Ten thousand dollars to you is-”
“Ten thousand dollars is ten thousand dollars, Denise. I don’t accept losses. Especially ones that I’m not solely responsible for.” I loosen my tie, and unbutton the first two buttons on my shirt. I can feel my body temperature rise and the sweat from my chest drip.
“Okay, I’m sorry again but-”
I walk into my kitchen and pull out a sterling silver knife I purchased from Nordstrom. She’s still talking and pointing when I grab her from behind, put my hand over her mouth, and stab her in the side of her chest. She falls to the ground, her left hand clutching her side, the blood pouring out over it. My heart, surprisingly, is steady.
“Well now. Let’s see what we can change about your decor,” I say, bending over her as she breathes heavier and heavier.
“Losses may be acceptable where you come from Denise, but not from where I do.” I can tell she’s trying to scream, but she’s having trouble doing so. Probably pictured a lung with the knife.
“I bet you didn’t think this would happen today. Neither did I, Denise. KIlling you doesn’t fit into my modus operandi, but I see now that changes must be made,” I say, looking around my apartment.
“You’re a lying cunt. Denise. And one less lying cunt in this city is a good thing.” I grab a pair of scissors and start snipping around her left eye. Her mouth opens wide, still no sound coming out. I get the grip I want and start to pull at her outer eye, twisting it, till it loosens enough to where I grab it with my right hand and pull it out. Her eye glands and nerves tear, blood splatters on my shirt, and I lean over to show the eye to her. Surprisingly, she’s still alive.

“Look at that. You do have natural green eyes.” Blood courses through the open wound where her eye was as she leans off to her side. My suit jacket is off, and as I look down, I’m reminded that I’ll have some cleaning to do later regarding the floor. I unbutton my pants and pull my penis (not erected) out, and finagle it around her outer eye rim, which still has blood coming from it. My penis doesn’t fit inside, which is a disappointment. I wipe the blood off my penis using a cheap towel which I purchased online in a set of six, on sale for $19.95, with free shipping included.

“You’re a dirty fucking liar, Denise.” I grab the blade I used to stab her, and plunge it into the open eye socket, digging upwards, then downwards, then in circular motions, trying my best to widen the hole. I have an erection, solid, from doing this, and I take my penis and start to fuck her eye socket till I cum (which is a huge load) inside of it. By the time I finish, she’s dead, lying in a stream of blood from her side and the eye wound, which I’m proud to say, is much bigger now that I’ve finished fucking it. My penis is purple and still erect. Since it’s daylight outside, I'll have to cut her body up and keep it here till dark. There will be a missing persons report most likely filed on her, as she’s a citizen and resident here and she does have quite a few friends, as well. None of this concerns me for two reasons: One: without a tip or witness, seventy percent of homicides go unsolved, which means the number is much higher, probably around eighty five percent. Two: cops are clueless without a lead in a homicide case, or any case.

My phone rings. It’s Vanessa.

“Kristoff, where have you been?”

“I’m where I’ve always been, Vanessa. I’m at my apartment now, doing some cleaning.”

“Kristoff, Becky told me about this wonderful new Ecuadorian restaurant on the Upper West Side. We must go there, Kristoff. She said they have the most wonderful Bolon de Verde. I’ll make reservations for tonight, say eight?”

My testosterone levels begin to rise because Vanessa always assumes things without asking first. Always a lack of communication with her. There’s blood dripping from my penis.

“I’m busy tonight, Vanessa. You should plan these things ahead instead of scheduling them the day of,” I say while grabbing towels, bleach, and disinfectant.

“But I thought we could-”

“Always assuming before thinking, Vanessa. We’ve had this conversation before. I can’t go tonight. I’m busy.”

“Busy doing what, Kristoff? Cleaning? Kristoff, your apartment is always spotless. What can there possibly be to clean?” she asks.
“Vanessa, you know I do not like having trash in my apartment. If you want to go to this new Ecuadorian restaurant, then go.” I disconnect the call and start placing plastic bags around the body. I must practice discipline next time. I’ll have drop my clothes off at the dry cleaners today before dumping the body. There’s blood on my shirt, pants, and white Emporio Armani underwear trunks (the one with the big eagle). If asked, I’ll say it’s ketchup, but the Asian woman won’t ask. She never does.

Lex Wellker

After showering, I do my usual one hundred push-ups, in two sets of fifty, followed by one hundred sit-ups, in two sets of fifty. I then do thirty minutes, starting with little pressure, to much harder pull, on my rowing machine. The more resistance I feel, the more I pull. This builds my cardio and stamina, as well as giving my shoulders the proper workout they need, building mass and definition for my deltoids during each session. At the gym today, I worked on chest, doing higher reps of dumbbell flys to maintain that ‘chiseled’ look I have. After playing racquetball with Baxter, I turn my attention to the meeting with Lex Wellker. Benjamin Craine is sending me to Lex Wellker to obtain his account for further dealings. Wellker has been at this game of stocks for quite some time. He’s fearless when it comes to trading and he doesn’t hesitate to buy a company, keeping it for just one day only to sell it the next to double or triple his profits. He has no qualms about people losing their jobs, as long as he makes a buck off it. I understand perfectly where he comes from regarding this. You need to spend money, whether it is yours or other people’s, to make money. His office is a tower on Fifth ave, between 43rd and 44th st. I’m wearing a vintage Gianni Versace black silk jacquard suit, an Alexander McQueen black silk button down shirt, with a charcoal grey silk tie from Tom Ford, with a dark grey silk pocket square from Dior, Bruno Magli Arno Sera Balmoral Oxford plain toe leather black shoes, and my Patek Philippe watch. Entering the building, I’m greeted by a doorman who leads me to the front desk. I sign the sheet, quickly glancing to see if I recognize any names. I do not. Wellker’s office is on the fifty second floor, which is the top floor in the building. Getting off the elevator, I see a woman wearing Michael Kors

prescription glasses, an olive jacket and pants by Reiss, white cotton short sleeve shirt by Marine Serre, and black high heel shoes by Manolo Blahnik, sitting behind a walnut desk. Her earrings are small diamonds from Tiffany. She gets up from her desk and approaches me, hand out.
"I'm Lisa. You must be Kristoff," she says, lowering her glasses as she looks at me. Actually, she's checking me out. That would be because I'm a stud.
"Yes, I am. I suppose Lex Wellker doesn't have many in-person appointments?" I ask.
"And why would you assume that?" she asks back.
"Because as soon as I walked in, you looked at me without looking at your appointment book, meaning I'm probably the only appointment scheduled for the day." I say this grinning, looking away from her.
"Mr. Wellker is a very busy man and he doesn't have much time to see people," she says, walking back to her desk and sitting down. "You may have a seat. He'll be with you shortly."
I sit on a Lennox chair, and above me there is a painting, a huge painting. It looks like a Monet. If it is, I'd be surprised if it wasn't an original. Seeing me shortly means I'll be waiting at least fifteen minutes, maybe longer. I practice my breathing to calm myself down. I do not enjoy waiting. It is annoying. Time is short, and when you schedule a meeting at a specific time and date, you should make arrangements to see that individual on that exact time and date. The Rowdy Morton show tonight is titled 'Paying for sex: Is it worth it?' There's past Man of The World magazines to look through and current editions of Fortune and Forbes magazines on the glass spherical table, as well as The Financial Times. The fifteen minutes wind into twenty till the secretary, never picking up the phone, tells me to walk in Wellker's office. Carrying my Brunello Cucinelli black calfskin leather briefcase, I push open the door and see Wellker, his back to me, talking on a cordless phone. He's wearing a YSL black double-breasted striped wool suit, YSL white button-down silk shirt, YSL black silk signature evening Grosgrain tie, YSL black leather with gold buckle Cassandre belt, and YSL Teddy Derbies black leather and velvet shoes. His watch is a Richard Mille RM 21-01 Tourbillon Aerodyne with gold band. I stand there listening to him talk.
"No, no, listen to what I'm telling you. Buy it at forty-five, dump it when it gets to fifty-four. Is that so hard to understand? Is it? Great! Don't call me till it hits that." He hangs up the cordless phone and turns to me.
"Nitwits, Kent. I deal with nitwits all day long. You are Kent, right? From Benjamin Craine?" he asks. His skin is tan and he has dark grey wavy hair. He's staring at me, leaning on his desk.

“Yes, that’s me,” I say, peering around his office.
“See that painting on the wall there? It’s an original Picasso. I bought it for nine million about ten years ago. It’s worth ten times that now,” he says, admiring it.
“Too bad we can’t wait that long with stocks, right?” he asks.
“Yes, too bad.”
“Last name Kent, first name Kristoff. Interesting, don’t you think?”
“Not really. That’s just what my parents named me,” I say, wondering where this line of talk is going. I don’t like answering personal questions but it’s something that must be done if I am to secure this account.
“Born in Kent, Ohio. I find it interesting that you have the last name of the state you were born in, but a European first name. Makes you wonder, right?” he asks smiling, like he knows something that is a hidden secret. I’m beginning to not like him nor this line of talk.
“Graduated with honors, top five Harvard Law School.” He claps his hands.
“You kind of disappeared off the map for a few years after that. Craine eventually hired you and here you are.” He opens his arms widely, as if he just invited me into his castle.
“I’m not sure what my personal history has to do with my being here.”
He walks over to me and pats my shoulder and says, “Lighten up, Kent. I just like to know who I’m doing business with. By the way, nice suit. You know I adhere to a strict dress code. I believe every business should have one, don’t you?”
“Yes I do.”
“I fired people for the slightest mishap in the code. It’s easy to follow. All you have to do is wear a suit to work. That’s it. One day this junior executive comes in here and hands me a file on an oil company in Saudi Arabia. Before he walks away, I ask him why he didn’t adhere to the dress code. He says to me, ‘I did, Mr. Wellker. I’m wearing a suit.’ I asked one question: ‘How can you walk in here wearing a two thousand dollar suit with no socks?’ He looks at me and shrugs his shoulders then says, ‘But I’m wearing loafers.’ I fired him right then and there, Kent. He starts crying, saying he just got married and wants children, and I told him , ‘Good. Maybe your wife should dress you next time.’ See what I’m saying, Kent? I fired him for wearing no socks. You always wear socks to work. Always.”
He lights a Marlboro cigarette and blows smoke in the air.
“Too many businesses have gotten laxed on dress code, Kent. That’s why those businesses don’t succeed. You can’t have Tom and Jayne wearing tank tops and shorts to work and expect them to perform their best. You get what you ask for when you have no dress code. So, what’ve you got for me?”
Finally, down to business, which is the reason I’m here.

“A pharmaceutical company in Indonesia just obtained a patent for a vaccine for the SARS virus. Supposed to be ninety-eight percent effective. Going public in two days.” I hand him the paperwork from my briefcase. He looks it over and grins.
“We both know that’s bullshit, right? Ninety-eight percent with one hundred percent side effects, Kent.”
“Yes, but who cares?”
“This is old news, Kent. Vaccine? C’mon, you’ve got to have something better than that.”
“Think about it, Lex. I can call you……*Lex*?” He nods his head.
“Pharmaceutical companies have zero liability. They could literally kill a million people-”
“They already have, Kent.”
“Yes, well they have zero liability for any side effects, which means you have zero liability. As far as another vaccine, people are cowards. They live their lives scared and want to be told what to do. When this hits the market, they’ll inject it into their balls or vagina if they have to if they think it’ll protect them. It’s a win-win scenario,” I say, as he flips through the file.
“Interesting point. Fifty-one percent is what I can buy into?” he asks.
“Yes. Gives you the majority. The parties listed below are willing to sell immediately. They owe Craine from prior deals.”
“Sounds like a plan, Kent. But I’m not going to wait till it hits the market and the stock settles. I’ll buy it today, and when it goes public, I’ll watch the stock skyrocket. Then I’ll dump it for a profit. All of it. Trust me, Kent. When I’m through with this company, everyone loses their job, and no one gets the ‘miracle’ vaccine cause there won’t be a single fucking penny left to produce it.”
“I like the way you think, Lex.”
We shake hands and he tells me he’ll be in touch. As I’m leaving, he starts to speak.
“Oh, I heard Washington packed up and left for Florida. He always was one step ahead of the game,” he says, standing behind his desk.
“Yes, I suppose he was.”
“You ever do business in Florida……*Kent*?”
“No, but I know people down there. Perhaps some time I will.”
“Always good to keep your options open, Kent. *Always*.”

French Bistro

After leaving Wellker's office, I immediately receive a call from Craine, which is highly unusual, as I rarely have ever spoken to him on the phone, much less talked to him in person. Almost every conversation we've had has had a buffer between us. A person in-between, taking notes to deliver to one to the other. That person is usually Julie, which has concerned me because she's an idiot.
"Good work with Wellker, Kristoff. I knew you'd be able to seal the deal."
"Thank you, Mr. Craine."
He hangs up. An uneventful call to say the least but of no concern because he's already speaking to Wellker about further dealings. I'm sure of this. As I walk down fifth avenue, I think to myself that I just surpassed Peterson again, in terms of notoriety within the company. Not that he ever really ranked high. There are three homeless bums at the corner of fifty-third street. A young couple, White, and a Black man, about eight feet from them. The young couple are holding up a sign that reads 'Will work for marijuana'.
"Hey, that's a really funny sign," I say, approaching them. The man looks down and the woman raises her head towards me. She's got some dirt or black smear on her face. She doesn't say anything.
"Your sign. I said that's a great sign." I open my Ferragamo black palette leather wallet and show a hundred dollar bill to them.
"Ses this? This is what you get when you actually work. You get paid instead of sitting around like a bunch of fucking losers making signs about pot. Take a bath. You smell like shit." I walk away and the man is still staring downwards and the woman looks away from me. I hail a cab and return to my apartment. Vanessa has been messaging me about that Ecuadorian restaurant. I tell her to make reservations tonight for eight. She texts back a few minutes later saying she got reservations for eight-thirty. I told her eight, and she gets them for eight thirty. Typical Vanessa. There's a package outside my door. Inside it are sixty towels I purchased from an online sale. The hotel-quality towels were on sale for $19.95 per six. I needed more towels for cleaning the filth I intend to kill. Corrine messages me saying she doesn't know how long she can keep the man with the Daytona Ferrari from selling. I message Vanessa and tell her to cancel the reservations. She asks why and I tell her something has come up and we'll have to go another time. I then message Corrine telling her we'll go to dinner tonight at eight, Le Couce. I call Julie and tell her to make the reservations. She surprisingly does, but at eight-fifteen. The Tic Tac Dough show last night had a man from

Wyoming defeat a man from South Carolina. He then lost to the Dragon in the bonus round. The Dragon was behind square eight. My phone rings. It's Vanessa.
"Kristoff, why are you canceling?" she asks.
"I've got a business meeting tonight, Vanessa. Just came about."
"But I wanted to celebrate your big deal with Wellker tonight," she moans. Vanessa's idea of celebrating is booking a so-called five star restaurant and drinking tons of champagne, while I pay the bill.
"We'll have to do it another time. I've been putting off this deal for awhile now. I intend to close it tonight," I say, beginning to get frustrated at the tone of her voice.
"Kristoff, I'm thirty-two years old. Thirty-two! I mean, don't you think we should talk about-"
"About what, Vanessa?"
"Kristoff, you're older than me! Time's running out for-"
"First, I'm not that much older than you are, Vanessa. Second, time is always running out. Doesn't that hourglass I have in my apartment show you that? You can never outrace time, Vanessa. Never." I hang up and undress to shower. Tonight I'll be wearing the dark blue pique' knit suit by Boglioli, with a Charvet light blue poplin dress shirt, a Charvet blue small box silk tie, and black leather lace-up Magnanni shoes I purchased for this occasion. After showering, I think of different ways to mutilate a body. I should take notes from the serial killer book I've been reading. There's more ways than I thought possible to dispose of a body. After counting fourteen homeless people in a cab ride, I exit (the fare was $38.55. He spoke too much so I gave him two twenties) and see Corrine standing outside the French Bistro. She's wearing a long black dress from Khaite, which accentuates her hips, and black high heel pumps from Fendi. Her diamond earrings and diamond bracelet are from Cartier.
"Hey, glad you could make it," she says, holding her black leather clutch from Loewe.
"The car, Corrine. Is it the year I asked for?" I say, walking towards her.
"Wow, right to the point. Let's go in down first before we talk business," she says, trying to speak from a position of authority. I grab her wrist gently, smile, and say, "Let's not," my position standing.
"Okay, sure. It's a 1973 Ferrari 365 GTS/4 Daytona Spyder. It only has-"
"Forget it. I said I wanted a 1972, and I meant a 1972, Corrine. But since we're here, we should eat." I enter the restaurant and look to my left. There's a coat check, though neither of us is wearing a coat. The girl working it looks thin and quite bizarre, like a mannequin, albeit an ugly blonde one. We're approached by a

brunette girl, probably early twenties, probably an aspiring actress and model, definitely a nobody.
“How may I assist you? Table for two?” Nobody asks.
“Yes. Under Kent. That’s K-E-N-T. Kent,” I say.
“Uh, yes, I can easily find that name. Yes, table for two.” She walks over past the fireplace, where there is an empty table which would have been ideal, then past the wood paneled walls and seats us two tables from the bathroom. I pull the chair out for Corrine to sit.
“Here you go.” She drops the menus and walks away, looking annoyed. Bitch.
“So, you’re not interested in the Ferrari anymore?” Corrine asks, flipping the menu over, sounding annoyed.
“Yes, I am. I’m interested in the 1972, not a 1973. I cannot make it more clear that it has to be a 1972. Corrine, there’s a serious lack of communication in this city. I’m beginning to think you’re a part of it,” I say, staring at her.
“Actually I’m not. I didn’t think there was a huge difference in the year, one year off that is. I didn’t think it would matter as much as it does to you.”
“Well, unfortunately you thought wrong.” I’m debating whether I want to fuck her or kill her, or kill her after I fuck her, or fuck her after I kill her. I asked specifically for a 1972. Specifically. Once more, someone hears but does not listen.
“Let’s not spoil a lovely dinner over a slight oversight,” she says.
Those words stick to me: slight oversight. My blood gets warm and I start to sweat. How can someone be so stupid as to believe that is a slight oversight?
“Kristoff, are you okay? You’re beginning to sweat.”
“Yes, I’m fine. Just have to use the men’s room.” I get up and walk briskly to the men’s room. I look back and see a waiter approaching the table. The nobody waitress must have switched tables. I turn around, walking more briskly and step in front of him and say “Jack, rocks” then turn back towards the men’s room, walking faster than before. Inside, there’s a man in a tuxedo handing out towels. I grab one and wipe my forehead with it.
“Are you okay, Sir” he asks. I don’t say anything. I pat my forehead with the towel, crumple it up, and toss it on the floor and leave. Composing myself, I walk towards the table where Corrine is seated.
“I wanted to wait till you got back to order a bottle of red wine,” she says.
“Sure,” I say, looking around to find any watch of interest, which will help calm me. I find none.
“Sure what?” she asks, definitely sounding annoyed.
“Red wine. You said you want to order a bottle of red wine, so order,” I say, smiling quickly. The waiter, probably working his first real job, comes over.

“Ready to order appetizers?” nobody asks..
“No. We’re ready to order a bottle of red wine,” I say.
“May I suggest the-” I wave my hand and say, “A bottle of 1970 Chateau Palmer.” The waiter nods and walks away like a robot. The ordering of the wine bottle makes Corrine smile. They’re all alike. Ordering expensive wine equals happiness for a woman. How shallow they are.
“Have you had a chance to decide on your appetizer?” I ask, loosening my tie, unbuttoning the top button on my shirt.
“Yes I have,” Corrine says. The nobody waiter comes over and has a bit of trouble popping the cork off the wine bottle. After one minute, he finally does it. At least the wine glasses are glass and not plastic. The napkins, however, are cheap disposable ones. I expected better. I order Charcuterie for an appetizer, followed by the Lamb Shank for an entree. Corrine orders the Goat Cheese salad, followed by the Duck Confit. Not much is said during dinner, as I see Corrine rudely checking her messages on her phone throughout eating.
“Do you do that a lot?” I ask.
“What?”
“Look through your phone during dinner with a potential client. That’s quite rude, isn’t it?” I ask, cutting into my Lamb. Tastes a bit tight. Almost like venison.
“Oh, well I’m sorry. Someone messaged me about a 1992 Testarossa they’re looking to close a deal on,” she says, sipping wine then eating a small portion of her Duck.
“Yes, well rude it is then,” I say. Corrine looks at me with anger in her eyes and at that moment I want to slice her throat with a butter knife and cut out her tongue. Patience I say to myself. Patience is a part to play at times, a role to be played to get what you want.
“Look, I told you the car I wanted, and maybe you’ll be able to find it soon. We shouldn’t let that spoil our evening. Let’s go someplace a bit more quiet so we can talk,” I say.
“And where would that be?” she asks.
“My apartment on Park. I’ve got a great selection of classical music we can listen to.” I say this and inside, where nothing seems to exist anymore, I’m seething in anger, wanting to lash out at her and anyone else sitting in close proximity. But I must remain diligent.
“Really? And what makes you think I’d want to go there?” she asks, a tingle in her eye. She’s trying to gain the upper hand again, put herself in a position of standing, of me wanting her, wanting to be alone with her. She’s right about the last part.

“Because I want to get to know you better, away from this environment,” I tell her, leaning closer to her.
“Sure, but only for a few minutes.”
I wave the waiter over and get the check. The bill is $189.52. I put it on my platinum AmEx card, leaving a $5.00 tip for the waiter since he took too long to uncork the wine. Outside, we walk down the block, my arm in the air, hailing a cab. In the cab, she’s all eyes and ears as I tell her about the Wellker deal I just secured. Nothing like securing a deal with a well known billionaire to put a smile on a woman’s face. Fucking gold digger.
“Hey. How about we turn off our cell phones? This way, there’s no disturbance, no looking at them, though I rarely look at mine anyway. It’s a better way for us to know each other. At least, I think it is.”
“Makes sense. No use keeping it on this late anyway,” she says, turning her phone off. The ride is quiet and the fare comes to $28.45. I give the driver $35.00. Inside the apartment complex, the Albanian doorman is reading the Post as we enter the elevator.
“You like champagne?” I ask.
“Of course,” she replies.
“Great. I’ve got a vintage Dom Perignon Luminous I’ve wanted to open for quite some time.” She smiles and we enter my apartment. I look at her as she glances around, eyes fixed on the furniture, the painting, trying to size up the amount of money things here are. Typical.
“Wow, you’ve got a great place, Kristoff.”
“Thank you,” I say, looking through my Loire American Oak Credenza single wine cabinet cooler.
“Is that an original Monet?” Corrine asks, pointing to the painting.
“Yes it is. Cost a fortune, that one did.” I walk towards her as she admires the copycat painting and hand her a champagne glass.
“I think I paid twenty, thirty thousand for that. I don’t quite remember.”
“Well, it’s definitely beautiful,” she says, drinking.
“Corrine. You look absolutely stunning tonight,” I say as I touch her shoulders.
“Thank you. You don’t look so bad yourself,” she says, kissing me.
We put down our glasses and we take off our clothes. She lays on the bed naked and I’m surprised it went this easy, but not too surprised when she put two and two together about how much the items in my apartment cost. I fold my clothes and decide to forgo foreplay. I kiss her lips and start fingering her vagina with two fingers as she strokes my penis. I can see she shaves her arms because a small prickle touches me as our arms touch. Cuban or Spanish, makes no difference.

These women have to shave on an almost daily basis. We get on my bed and spreading her legs, I ready myself to insert my penis into her very wet, moist vagina. She puts her arms out and touches my chest.
“Wait. Don’t you have a condom?” she asks.
“Don’t worry. I won’t ejaculate inside you,” I say, fingering her vagina again.
“Okay,” she says, closing her eyes. I grab both her legs and put them on my shoulders, beginning to thrust my rock solid penis in and out of her. She moans and starts yelling ‘yes, yes, yes!’ as I thrust faster and faster. I look directly at myself in the new Eichholtz Cantoni mirror I had installed on my wall, and see a reflection I do not recognize. A reflection of inner anger as I think about the car that I did not get but I was supposed to get because Corrine is a lying bitch. I’m staring at someone but there is nothing inside. Corrine quickly comes to an orgasm, her legs squeezing tight against my body, and I pull out and shoot my semen, (which is a lot), on her breasts and stomach. She pants and for a moment and looks down at the semen.
“Wow. You have quite the load there, big boy,” she says as I look at her, not saying anything in return.
She smiles and says she needs to use the bathroom. She says it; doesn't ask to use it, but says she needs to use it. There’s a difference there and it gets my heart racing in anger. Walking into the bathroom she says,“Hey, that’s a great shower you’ve got.”
“Oh, that’s the Mesa 608A steam shower (I pull out a sledgehammer from my closet) and it’s absolutely wonderful for unclogging your pores,” I say, positioning myself next to the bathroom door.
“Did it come with the TV?” she asks.
“No. I added that. I enjoy watching the Tic Tac Dough show while showering. You know, the one from the late seventies, early eighties.”
The bathroom door opens.
“I’ve never heard of-”
I swing the sledgehammer and hit Corrine in her right knee. She immediately falls to the floor, yelling, clutching it and looking up at me.
“I didn’t ask for a 1973 Ferrari 365 GTS/4 Daytona Spyder. I asked for a 1972 Ferrari 365 GTS/4 Daytona Spyder you fucking bitch!” Corrine puts her hand up trying to block her face. I raise the sledgehammer and smash through her hand into her face, snapping her jaw. Blood comes from her mouth and her eyes start puffing up. Tears come down her face as she tries to hobble towards the door.
“A valiant effort, though. Close, but not close enough. When I ask for something specific, I expect to get it. Why don’t people understand that?” I unload the

sledgehammer on her back and hear something snap. She starts shaking, blood still coming from her mouth.

"You know, this is a shame. It really is. I bag the biggest fish in town today, and here I am killing a lying bitch instead of celebrating. How incredibly fucked up is that?" I raise the sledgehammer and unload it on her mouth, smashing her face in, again and again, over and over, till my rage is settled, till my anger subsides. I don't know how many times I hit her, but her face is a garbled mess and there's blood splattered on my suit. Looking down I see brain matter fused together with bits of skull, eyes shattered, her flesh strewn apart, clumps of hair melded with blood and parts of her brain dripping down the side of her head. I smell urine and feces. Her body though, doesn't look too bad other than the knee that I shattered. I think about fucking her now. Looking through her wallet, I see she's Cuban. No matter. Since she has a job and I'm quite sure many friends, there will be people looking to find her. I'll make sure they don't. I smell urine on her vagina as I begin to masterbate. I think of running outside, taking a picture of a hottie on a billboard, then coming back into the apartment building and using the printer to print the face and placing the face of the hottie over Corrine's smashed skull as I fuck her. But then I remember there aren't any hot women on billboards anymore. Only ugly freaks. I lose my erection thinking this over. The Rowdy Morton show is coming on and I have the chance to watch it live, so I sit on the edge of my bed in bloody clothes, turn on my Sony Bravia TV, and start to watch the show, but then I get off the bed, lay down a plastic covering on the floor, and drag the body there to begin sawing it up. It's an interesting topic, debating whether paying for sex is worth the money. One man suggests going no higher than two hundred dollars for a hooker, once a week. However, that equals eight hundred dollars a month, almost ten thousand dollars a year. Of course, if you cut that in half for the month, it amounts to around five thousand a year, but you're only having sex twice a month. That's the argument against it. However, the argument for it is if you are dating a woman in the city, with cab fare, restaurants, a lunch here and there, and the random store purchases for her, you'll be hitting five grand in less than two months, with no guarantee you'll have sex more than twice a week. Interesting topic. The consensus, as I listen cutting this cunt in multiple parts, is if you can afford to pay, do so. If not, and you take on a daily 'girlfriend', fine. Just don't get her pregnant. If you do, you're fucked.

Shopping

I'm sitting in my office, wearing a dark grey wool suit from Giorgio Armani, with a light grey cotton button down shirt from Tom Ford, silk dark grey rhombus jacquard tie from Ferragamo, and black leather lace-up shoes from Giorgio Armani. Julie walks in and I pretend I'm on my computer terminal (it's turned off). She's wearing a low cut, light blue dress from Chloe with matching high heels. Her earrings, small silver bangles, are from Ross-Simons. It's December and it's warmer than usual.
"Congratulations on the Wellker account. Anderson said he wants to buy you dinner at some new restaurant called Demarioa's. Sebastian is going, too."
I pretend I'm not listening, squeezing my eyelids tighter, as if there's something interesting on the blank screen.
"Thanks for interrupting, Julie. I'll have to deal with this IPO later," I say, pointing at the blank screen. "And what about you? Why don't you offer to buy me dinner?"I ask. A smile lights up her face, and her eyes widen.
"Well, I never thought you'd be-"
"See, that's the problem, Julie. You just don't think. But don't worry, it's not just you. There's more people out there (I point to the city buildings seen through the huge window in my office) just like you who don't think. Anyway, I've put together a list of people I have to buy gifts for this year. Here it is. Make sure whatever you buy is, well, not too expensive. Wouldn't want to go over budget, would we?" I ask as Julie's smile turns into a slight frown.
"And what is your budget this year?" she asks.
"Well, let's cut it by ten percent from last year. Sound like a plan?"
She nods her head, looks at the list.
"What about Vanessa?" she asks sarcastically.
"I'll take care of that, Julie. And Julie? Do yourself a favor and mind your own fucking business. Thanks." She leaves my office in a hurry, quite pissed off I imagine. Doesn't matter. On the list is Sebastian, Peterson, Anderson, Julien Baxter, Benjamin Craine, Reynolds, Dufferson (just to piss off Peterson), Ferguson, Butler, Preston Hutley, Lankerson, Stephan, Davidson, Bradley, Robertson, Brewster, Birnbach, Crabtree, and Montgomery. I got Klein's address from Peterson and I'm sending him a book on recipes for Pina Coladas and other womanly drinks. On the book will be a post-it note that says 'Faggot'. Perfect

present for a Jew. I leave the office and go to the Health Club, working legs today, doing five sets of squats with medium weight and then five sets of leg extensions with medium weight. Afterwards, I take a cab to a luxury store to buy Vanessa her present. I'm not looking to spend much. The cab fare was $28.35. I rounded it up to $35.00 with the tip. That's about how much I want to spend on her. As I enter the store on fifty-seventh st. I'm greeted by a (man?) freak with perfume spray. Walking through the store, I notice the women in perfume kiosks are looking at me because they want my penis in them. I catalog what I see, which is leather gloves, cashmere gloves, shearling gloves, rabbit earmuffs, trays of silver cufflinks, sunglasses (no Oakley?), perfume, skin cream, eye shadow, silk scarves, cashmere scarves (mostly Loro Piana), wool scarves, Burberry scarves, fedora hats, cloche hats, bucket hats, straw hats (no doubt Philip Treacy), beanies, scullys, mutton hats, mink hats, fur hats, snow globes, address books, leather wallets, toiletry sets (maybe this for Vanessa?), Cartier pens, Montblanc pens, fur earmuffs, more snow globes (is that Julien Baxter over in men's scarves?), men's ties, pocket squares, and more gloves, all on the first floor. Looking around, I don't see anything that fits my budget for Vanessa. I leave the store and walk towards sixth ave, looking at the various bums, shaking cups in their hands. I smile and wave at each of them. I count eleven between sixth and fifth ave. Turning the corner, I walk into a brightly lit store where I see a man, who looks like he's from Pakistan, working the counter. It's one of those overpriced gift shops. Nothing here to purchase within a reasonable price. There is however, a small shop that has small carriages and dolls, between the gift shop and another nameless clothing store. I look over a few things that are irrelevant, and settle on a small girl's doll, made of porcelain, for Vanessa's present. There is a meaning behind this purchase, which I will reveal to Vanessa when I give it to her. After purchasing the doll for Vanessa, I receive a message from Anderson about reservations at Demarioa's tonight at eight. The Rowdy Morton show tonight is titled 'I was a prostitute at age thirteen. Now what?' Sebastian is going but apparently Peterson declined. Faggot must be pissed I've one-upped him again. Entering my apartment complex I briefly scan through the Post and Times, and do not see anything regarding bodies being found in the Hudson River. Nor has there been any mention of this in the news. Looks like those cylinder blocks really work.

Demarioa's

Leaving the cab, I turn and see two lesbos holding hands. One is fat, short with spiked orange hair, and ugly. The other is short with long hair, and ugly. If I had a gun with me, I'd shoot them both and then piss on their bodies laughing hysterically saying, "You got what you deserved, you biaotches!" Maybe some other time. As soon as I step into the restaurant, I see Sebastian and Anderson. They're sitting on the far end. There's a few dim rectangular lights hanging from the ceiling which I find unimpressive. The paintings on the walls are all modern and looking at the wrists of people eating here (it is crowded), I find no watch of interest. Only a couple Movado and one CIGA deem my attention. Vivaldi, The Four seasons, is playing and I think, 'Typical'. I tell the maitre d' that I'm with the table at the far end, giving him both their last names.
"I don't see your name on here, sir," he says, looking at his list.
"Do you think I'd just walk in here randomly and ask to sit at that table over there?" I point.
"Well, I don't think you would sir, but-"
"Listen to me. I'm going to walk over there and sit. If you have a problem with it, then get your manager or whatever it's called these days, and we can discuss it while I stab a steak knife in your throat."
The host looks down at his chart, then nods and greets the next guest.
"Wellker, mate," Sebastian says, drinking Glenlivet, neat. Sebastian is wearing a Ted Baker Camdejs light blue wool suit, a Ledbury Albini light blue twill shirt, Columbia Foulad blue/silver tie, and Ted Baker brown Watele derby shoes. The suit goes well with his Breitling Navitimer watch.
"Yes, Wellker," I say, seating myself. I tell the worthless waitress to get me a Jack rocks. Anderson is drinking Bulleit bourbon.
"Kent. Told you this place was hot. I've got a joke for you." Anderson.
"Shoot," I reply.
"What do you call ten thousand blacks in a stadium with their eyes closed?"
"I don't know, Anderson."
"Blackout. Get it?" Sebastian and I smile as Anderson continues. "Got another one for you. What do you call ten thousand blacks in a stadium with their eyes open?" Anderson asks, and I shrug my shoulders.

“Whiteout. Get it?” He laughs as Sebastian and I drink. Anderson is wearing a Sandro black wool suit, Barena white cotton button down shirt, Emporio Armani black silk tie, and Bontoni black leather Magnifico Apron Derby shoes. His watch is his *vintage* Vacheron Constantin.
“How’d you bag Wellker, Kent?” Sebastian asks, drinking his Glenlivet.
“You’re just now asking that question, Sebastian? It was easy. I used excerpts from The Art of The Deal.” The three of us laugh and the waitress comes by to take our order.
“Have you three decided on your appetizers?” the worthless thing asks.
“First, I’d like a Tito’s soda, rocks. Didn’t you notice I don’t have a drink in my hand?” Ms. Nobody looks away and back, then says, “Sorry about that.” She begins to walk away and I say, “Wait. You asked if we decided on our appetizers, correct?” She just stares at me like the moron she is.
“Well, we’d like to order our appetizers.” The waitress pulls out her cheap pen and begins to write.
“I’ll have the Charcuterie and Chicken Picante.” Anderson.
“Heirloom Tomato salad and Pumpkin Cavatelli.” Sebastian.
“And for you, sir?” she says, disinterested.
“The Chicken Liver Mousse and the Wood Fired Octopus.” Me.
The bitch grabs our menus and quickly turns as I say, “And don’t forget my Tito’s soda, rocks.”
Anderson starts talking about a deal he just sealed with someone in Saudi Arabia and Sebastian mutters on about some new high tech stock he made a bundle on.
“Do you know what Richard Ramirez said about society?” I ask.
“Who?” Anderson asks, as the waitress gives us our appetizers and my Tito’s soda.
“The Night Stalker. Richard Ramirez? Serial Killer?” Me.
“Kent, you really should stop reading that serial killer book in your office.” Anderson.
“What did Mr. Night Stalker say?” Sebastian asks, drinking his Glenlivet.
“He said ‘Serial killers do, on a small scale, what the governments do on a large one. That serial killers are products of our time, and these are bloodthirsty times.’ What do you think about that?” I ask, smiling.
“Wasn’t that guy a psychopath, Kent?” Sebastian.
“No, he was a serial killer. Does what he say have merit? Are we a product of our times, our surroundings, or are we each responsible for our own actions?” Me.
“Better watch it, mate. You’re starting to sound like a lefty.” Sebastian.

“No, no not at all……*mate*. I’m asking if the government influences us with their actions? Think about it: the absolute control they want over everyone. What you read, what you say, what you think. Total and dominant control, very much like communism. If someone were to blow up Washington DC because they’re so fed up with this, would they be solely responsible for doing so, or would the government have driven that individual to do it?” I ask, smirking.
“Who knows, Kent? I mean, why are you thinking about this shit? Fuck them up there. Fucking geriatrics. All of them.” Anderson.
“I just think what Ramirez said may hold a bit of truth to it.” Me.
“Kent, lighten up. You got Wellker, mate. Anderson’s right. Screw those liberal Nazi bastards.” Sebastian.
They both have typical responses, as they are not delving into the question as I am. Our entrees arrive. My wood fired octopus looks like a worm with legs. My side dish is potatoes with black olives, cherry tomatoes, and paprika aioli. Anderson’s chicken picante arrives with rosemary potatoes and salsa verde. The pumpkin cavatelli comes with brussel sprouts, hazelnuts, brown butter and sage. The octopus tastes a bit like squid, but it’s edible. The waitress refills our drinks and smiles briefly at me. She’s a bitch.
“I had sex with this girl last night I met at Runeds bar. It was okay, She was one of those girls,” Anderson says.
“One of those what?” I say, smirking at Sebastian.
“One of those girls you see and think to yourself, ‘yeah, I may fuck her, but only if no one I know sees me with her’ type of girls. At the end of the night, after all the good ones are taken and you look at her, trying to find something attractive about her. If it’s one of the last girls sitting at the bar, you know she’s been passed up a dozen times already,” Anderson says, cutting into his chicken.
“You never cease to amaze us, mate. Your stories are indeed entertaining.”
“Hey, Sebastian. I’m not looking to entertain you guys. I’m just telling you about this girl I banged. Definitely won’t be seeing her again.”
“That’s probably a good thing, Anderson. No need for distractions in your much too busy life,” I sneer.
“Here’s one for you guys: What is the proper outfit to wear lace-up boots with? And when I say lace-up, I mean boots that are three quarters to your ankle,” asks Anderson.
“I assume we’re talking suits?” Me.
“Yes.” Anderson.
“Shorter hem line, Anderson. And no skinny slacks. The boot will sit higher than your pair of Derby or lace-up shoes. You have to watch for multiple breaks on the

hem line. Make sure it goes over the boot, but does not fit too tightly, as to cause too much stress upon the hem line. The key is the tailoring, gentlemen," I respond.
"Gloss boots, Kent. And any tap toe boots are much more efficient in terms of style than Chelsea boots. You wear a pair of matte or suede boots, it takes away from the overall look you're trying to achieve," Sebastian adds.
"I suppose you're right." Me.
"Makes sense." Anderson.
"You going to the holiday office party, Kent?" Sebastian asks.
"I suppose so. Not sure if I'll bring Vanessa with me. She's become increasingly annoying," I say, looking at my phone and seeing a message from Vanessa that reads 'Where are you? I thought you were coming over tonight'. I never told Vanessa I was coming over, but the thought of having sex with her is reason enough for me to see her tonight. Too bad she isn't mute. It would be nice to see her without her speaking. I reply 'Later tonight', turn off my phone and put it away in my Brunello Cucinelli black calfskin leather briefcase. Anderson pulls away at his chicken……*with his mouth*.
"Isn't it an 80's theme party this year?" he says, chewing.
"Something like that." Me.
"See? The food's great here, isn't it? Told you guys this is the place to be," Anderson remarks.
Sebastian and I grin and the waitress comes by and refills our drinks.
"Bringing Edna, Sebastian?" I ask, as I drink my vodka.
"Nope. Edith now, Kent. Edna and I had a minor disagreement about what our relationship boundaries should be."
"Boundaries?" Anderson.
"Yeah, Anderson. As in 'less boundaries' for me. She didn't like it, mate. No worries." Sebastian says.
"You, ah, becoming serious with Vanessa, Kent?"
"What's it to you, Anderson?" Me.
"Just asking. I don't see you around a lot of other girls."
"I am around a few other girls, Anderson. But unlike you, I don't tell everyone who I fuck."
"Hey, don't get uptight, Kent. Vanessa's a hot girl. I mean, hot as in 'hot'. Know what I mean?" Anderson asks, drinking.
"I know exactly what you mean, Anderson. Exactly," I reply, staring at him, not smiling, looking directly in his beady little eyes.
"I hear you Kent," he says.

“You’ve been hanging around Peterson too much, Anderson. His arrogance is rubbing off on you.” Me.
“Speaking of Peterson, I heard he was a little miffed when he heard you got the Wellker account.”
“Of course he was, Sebastian. He’s got too much ego to admit when he’s been beaten, as in beaten to the biggest shark in town.”
“Yeah, well he’ll get over it.” Anderson.
The waitress, who looks as if she hasn’t slept in a few days, asks if we would like to order anything else. We decline. The bill is $345.92. To my surprise, Sebastian and Anderson both split the tab.
“Kent. We’re headed over to that hot glam club over on thirty-eighth st. You should come.” Anderson.
“Another time. I’m going to Vanessa’s.” I grab my Brunello Cucinelli briefcase and leave the restaurant and hail a cab. I’m at Vanessa’s in twelve minutes. She lives in the upper west side, in a nice brownstone. As nice as the area is considered, there’s still a few vagrants walking around. Foul smelling pieces of shit. They’re everywhere in this fucking city. Everywhere. I knock and Vanessa answers. She’s wearing a powder blue silk short robe and blue silk camisole with frastaglio from La Perla. Her shoes are dark blue open toe, with Ostrich feathers, from Magda Butrym.
“I thought you were coming over for dinner, Kristoff?” Vanessa asks, still standing at the door, her arms crossed.
“Do I have to move you out of the way to enter your place, Vanessa?”
“Where’s your overcoat, Kristoff? You’ll freeze out there.”
She motions for me to enter. As I do, I hear some noise in her kitchen.
“Oh, that’s just Becky. She came over to talk about some things going on with Thomas.”
“She’s still dating that twerp?” I ask.
“Kristoff, that’s not nice. Becky is in love with him and well, she doesn’t think he feels the same way towards her.”
“No surprise there, Vanessa.” I say this smiling and Vanessa gives me a quick grin of sarcasm. Becky comes out of the kitchen. She’s wearing a cashmere berry sweater, grey slacks, both from Neiman Marcus and black shoes from Fendi. There’s Bach playing on the stereo, which is a Sharp XL-BH250 5-Disc Micro Shelf Executive Speaker System with Bluetooth and 5 -CD disc changer. I’m surprised Vanessa knows how to turn it on.
“Oh, hi Kristoff,” Becky says. I’d rather stare at my Patek Philippe watch then entertain any of Vanessa’s friends.

“Problems with the old chap from Yale?” I ask, as I make my way towards Vanessa’s make-shift bar and pour myself a glass of Jack rocks. Vanessa doesn’t drink Jack but she keeps it here for me.
“What Kristoff means is that he’s concerned for you and Thomas.”
“I am?” I ask, drinking.
“Becky, maybe we should go back in the kitchen and-”
“No, that’s alright. I gotta get going. Early day for me tomorrow,” Becky says, as she grabs her grey wool coat from Garnet Hill and her beige Marc Jacobs handbag.
“Sale at Neimans tomorrow morning?” I ask.
Becky doesn’t respond.
“Let’s do lunch at Rosrio’s tomorrow, Becky. I hear their eggplant is simply out of this world,” Vanessa says, hugging Becky as she leaves the brownstone.
Vanessa waves, closes the door, turns to me and says, “Really, Kristoff. You could’ve been a bit more sympathetic towards her. She’s really going through a rough time.” Vanessa walks towards her bar, and pours a glass of Merlot.
“That’s what she gets for dating a nitwit, Vanessa.”
“Thomas is a very accomplished trader, Kristoff. I mean, he doesn’t have an account like Wellker, but he has very influential accounts and friends.” Vanessa says this as if I would take notice. Thomas is completely irrelevant. Vanessa has a new dining room table. It’s a Vogue Luxury dining table, beige and chocolate color, by European Furniture. The silverware is from Puiforcat.
“Like my new table? I got it delivered last week. Don Jr stopped by earlier to see it.” Vanessa picks up her Persian cat. It’s white and fluffy and I hate it. It always stares at me when I am here. I’d enjoy plucking it’s eyes out and flicking them at Vanessa.
“No he didn’t.”
“I know but he would if he knew I had it.” Vanessa puts her cat down, wraps her arms around me and kisses my neck.
“C’mon. I want to show you something.” We go into her bedroom and she shows me an oval sterling silver vase. It’s sitting on her Arhaus Amalfi dresser.
“It’s from Tiffanys. I got it on sale this week. Isn’t it gorgeous?” She picks it up and shows it to me.
“I’ve seen better,” I say, finishing my drink. The cat walks around me, hissing. I hiss back.
“Vanessa. Can you do something about your cat? I don’t like it. It’s always hissing at me.”

“Oh, boo hoo, Kristoff. Daisy just needs to warm up to you. Isn’t that right, darling?” She grabs the thing and kisses it.
“Kristoff, look at my nails. I got them done today. Red. Just the way you like them.” When I hear her say red, I think of blood, and think of getting one of the knives on her dining room table, and slitting her throat. But if I do that, then sex with her would be quite dull. Then again, perhaps not. At least she’d be quiet. Vanessa takes my glass from me and grabs my crotch, unzipping my pants, and begins to stroke my penis. She’s kissing me and I’m fully erect in seconds. She then gets on her knees and performs oral sex. She is rather adept at it, I admit to myself. She sucks my penis instead of just mouthing it. There is a difference. We both undress and as she goes on her bed (it’a a William bed from Cattelan Italia), I run to her bathroom and wipe toothpaste (Opalescence) on my teeth, then run back (fully erected) and I go through the usual routine of performing orally on her, followed by pounding her vagina hard and fast (she likes it that way) till she comes to two orgasms. The first orgasm happened when she was riding me on top. The second happened as I sucked her toes while she lay staring at me as my rock hard penis went in and out of her soaking wet vagina. When I’m ready for my orgasm, I pull my penis out and shoot my semen on her stomach and breasts. It’s a big load.
“Kristoff! I mean, really? On my tits?” Vanessa asks, looking disgusted.
“You don’t like it in your mouth, Vanessa. Where else should I shoot it?”
“Maybe wear a condom, Kristoff.”
“You and I both know you don’t like the way a condom feels inside your vagina. Let’s not kid ourselves, Vanessa,” I say, placing my arms behind my head, admiring my abs. The stupid cat is walking in the bedroom. It’s staring at me. Vanessa goes into the bathroom to clean herself off.
“Are you dressing up for the office party? Isn’t it an 80’s theme this year?” Vanessa asks.
“It is and I haven’t decided whether to take you or go stag.”
Vanessa walks towards me and gets on top of me.
“Why wouldn’t you take me? I mean, yeah, it’s kind of a silly theme but your friends know my friends, so I should be there.”
“I’ve told you before: they’re not my friends.”
“I’m not signing a prenup, Kristoff. Just remember that.” She gets off me and sits at her dresser, brushing her hair with a Misel Misel brush.
“There’s no reason for it,” Vanessa says, obviously thinking in another world.
“Vanessa. What are you talking about?”
“Before we get married, Kristoff. What do you think I’m talking about?”

I sit up and stare at her in amazement at the stupidity coming from her mouth.
“Are you insane? What’s wrong with you, Vanessa? Marriage? There’s no reason to continue this conversation because we are not going to get married, Vanessa. How many times do I have to correct you on your lack of communication?” I ask, getting dressed.
“Where are you going? Aren’t you spending the night here?” she asks, her eyes tearing up a bit. No, wait. They’re not tearing up. It’s just the way her Robert Louis night lamp reflects on her eyes.
“No, I have things to do.”
“Like what? It’s after midnight. And please don’t tell me you’re going home to watch that Rowdy Morton shock TV show,” she says, smiling at herself in the mirror, the cat laying by her feet.
“I’ll watch that later and it isn’t shock TV, Vanessa. They discuss very important topics on the show.”
“Really? What was tonight’s topic? I was bitten by a vampire?” she asks, standing in front of me, arms folded.
“No Vanessa, it isn’t. And besides, you know I enjoy watching the Tic Tac Dough show when I shower. It relaxes me.” I say this while walking towards her door.
“Kristoff, that show is what, from thirty or forty years ago?”
“That is irrelevant. There’s nothing like it on in today’s world, Vanessa. Nothing.” I open the door and walk down the stairs and hear her say, “Don’t forget to tell me what you’re wearing at the office party.”

Morning Workout

After taking a shower and watching the Tic Tac Dough show (a man from NJ defeated a woman from West Virginia and went on to defeat the Dragon. He won a total of $3,900 in cash and prizes. The Dragon was behind square number eight) I make a pre-workout shake and spend exactly fifteen minutes drinking it. This helps my body metabolize the ingredients and gets me ready to do one hundred push-ups, followed by one hundred sit-ups. I have an appointment for a haircut at Fabia’s later today. I listen to Brahms, symphonies two and four, while doing my workout. I then use my Waterrower S4 Classic rowing machine for twenty minutes, focusing more on technique than strength. I admire the way my muscles shine with a little sweat. The Rowdy Morton show tonight is titled ‘Nuclear War:

When and Where?'. After the rowing machine, I stand in front of my mirror (purchased from Harrods), looking for any defects I may have in my body. I find none. I use my Waring 4-Liter Laboratory Blender (120V) to make my protein shake, which I drink for exactly twenty minutes. After using my Mesa 608A shower, I open a new skin creme I purchased from Bergdorf's. It's the Orchidee Imperiale Black Symbioserum by Guerlain. It's derived from the Black Orchid, which comes from the Peruvian Andes. It protects my skin, keeps it firm, soothing, and prevents wrinkles and dryness. I use a small amount, a dime size, on the tip of my finger and rub it in circular motion, three times on the left side of my face, followed by three times (with another dime size amount) on the right side of my face. It also gives my skin a fresh glow. I recommended it to Vanessa but she uses the prime reserve creme from AMOREPACIFIC. I enjoy walking in my apartment with just my Emporio Armani Trunks on (the one with the big eagle). I'm wearing the black one today, purchased from International Jock. I cut up a few carrots (Vitamin A) and bananas (protein) and eat them on a plate I purchased from Herend. When finished, I place the dish in my Miele G 5892 SCVI SL fully integrated dishwasher. It cleans and dries everything within the hour. Julie messages me about a meeting today at the office. I tell her I won't be coming in. I turn on my Kenwood stereo to an AM news station and hear Wellker did exactly what he said he would do. He bought the pharmaceutical company, which drove up the stock from the initial IPO opening of $38.52 to a record high $185.92, then dumped his entire shares for a profit of over one hundred million dollars. He did this within twenty four hours. Craine will get his share and I will get my percentage cut, but the only thing I feel is the anger inside me. It's becoming somewhat uncontrollable at times. I must practice discipline. I stare at myself in the mirror and wonder who I am. The person looking back at me does not exist. Does anything really exist?

Office Party

I'm wearing a white Giorgio Armani suit jacket open, white linen pants from Giorgio Armani, an aquamarine t-shirt from Armani, white Italian leather loafers (no socks) from A. Testoni, and tortoise Ray Ban RB2140 Wayfarer sunglasses. My watch is a Zenith Ebel Sport Classic Chronograph. My hair is partly slicked back and partly wavy. I look cool. Vanessa meets me outside the Vervican Hotel. She's wearing a blue silk dress by Patricia Norris with aquamarine tear drop earrings from Valonia, and a white mink coat from Lynx. She is carrying her Alexander McQueen blue clutch. I smell feces outside the hotel.
"Can you guess who I am?" she asks, approaching me.
"Of course. Girlfriend of Cuban drug dealer. Impressive."
"Oh, you know you like it." She kisses me on the cheek and we enter the hotel. There's a maitre d' directing the guests into the main ballroom.
"Aren't the chandeliers beautiful, Kristoff? Oh, and look at that vase. Simply amazing," she says, her mouth a glistening smile, passing off her white mink at coat check. The girl working does not smile.
Entering the ballroom, I hear 'Dance Hall Days' by Wang Chung. I look at some of the people here, most dressed as some character or another from the 80's. I see Peterson with a hot blonde, big breasts, nice ass. No surprise.
"Kent! Heard you made a killing on the Wellker deal." Peterson.
"Something like that." Me.
"Yeah well, can you guess who I am?" he says, opening his black trench coat by Clothcraft, black t-shirt from Tom Ford, black gloves from Todd Snyder, and black lace-up leather boots from Abilene Sage. His blonde hair is spiked and he's wearing make-shift fangs. I must admit he looks cool. But I look cooler.
"Lost Boys, right?" Me.
"Bingo! And check out Suzanne over here," Peterson chimes, as Suzanne does a twirl.
Suzanne is wearing a black wig that flows to her shoulders, a long, black polyester gown with built in bra and plunging neckline that flows off her arms and shows her legs between her crotch (where the gown hangs), leather belt with hook closure and pin, black pantyhose from Wolford, and black shoes from Dolce Vita. When I think of her character, the first thing that comes to mind is, 'what a fucking waste.'
"Nice dress, Vanessa," Peterson says, eyeing Vanessa.

“Thank you. Kristoff thinks the world of it. C’mon, Suzy. Let’s look at the decor.” Vanessa grabs Suzy’s wrist and walks away towards the hall.
“Seriously, Kent. Nice job with that account.” Peterson raises his glass and drinks. Probably cheap champagne. I doubt Craine would want to overspend for this party.
“Thanks, Peterson. But I don’t need your gratitude for anything.” I walk towards the open bar and get a Tito’s soda from the bartender, who looks like a model or someone trying to be a model. I see Sebastian walking over with someone I assume is Edith. Sebastian is wearing a black leather bomber jacket, open to mid-chest, no shirt, chest hair showing, vintage blue jeans by Jordache, LCM radio comm link watch by Bradley, and vintage black leather boots by Doc Martin.
“Did you drive the car, too?” I ask.
“I should be asking you the same thing Kent,” Sebastian says, as he orders a Glenlivet, neat.
“I actually had a bead on a black 1972 Ferrari 365 GTS/4 Daytona Spyder. Unfortunately, the deal got slammed. He’s a popular guy in Europe, isn’t he?” I ask.
“Sure is, Kent. Everyone loves the Hoff. This is Edith.” She smiles at me as she drinks champagne from a plastic flute. Edith is wearing a brown/gold metal/leather bikini, with red/brown silk loincloth draping from her waist, snake bracelet on her bicep, and two gold bracelets on her wrists, metallic gold three quarter boots, all by Jamero and Rodgers. Her brown hair is in a ponytail. The music playing is now ‘Safety Dance’ by Men Without Hats. It’s the long version.
“You don’t have the chain around your neck,” I say to Edith.
“That’s for later. Isn’t that right, honey?” Edith kisses Sebastian and he gives a glimmer of a smile.
I feel a tapping on my leg, and I shrug it off.
“Ow!” Looking down, I see a midget dressed in red with a jester’s hat. Is he an elf?
“Would you like a candy cane, sir?” I lean down so I’m almost face to face with the midget.
“No, I do not want a fucking candy cane.”
The midget leaves, mumbling something to himself.
“Anderson here yet, Kent?” Sebastian asks.
I see a man wearing a vintage black double-breasted suit with wide lapels, with a vest, all from Marshall Fields, a white fedora hat by Stetson, and black/white two tone calfskin lace-up shoes by Gomila. He has a Cuban cigar, unlit, in his mouth. Definitely Anderson. He approaches Sebastian, Edith and myself.

“Bang bang, Kent!” Anderson says, gesturing to me with his hands.
“No surprise with what you’re wearing, mate.” Sebastian.
“He’s my favorite gangster. You’re that guy that drove that car that spoke, right?” Anderson asks, grabbing his cigar.
“Right you are, mate.” Sebastian.
“You’re Edith, right?” She nods her head.
“I’m Anderson. And this here is Debbie.” Anderson’s date, or new whore, is wearing a red cape and apron, a white/black corset, white knee high stockings and red shoes, all from costumedepot.
“I guess you’re the big bad wolf too, mate?” Sebastian says to Anderson.
“That’s what the cigar’s for, Sebastian. Afterwards.” Anderson laughs and I see a man dressed in a red/green sweater from costumedepot, black pants from Levi's, black lace-up boots from Blundstone, brown Fedora hat from costumedepot, and a glove that has four knives on the end of it.
“Hey, Kent. I took your advice about wearing red and black. I added the green to accommodate the festive holiday,” Barney says..
“Ah, Billy right?” Me.
“Barney.”
“Are those real knives on your glove?” Me.
“No, just plastic.”
“You should try finding the glove with real knives, Billy. It’ll make a huge difference in your world.” I walk away, as does Sebastian, Anderson, and their dates. Vanessa comes around with Edith and starts yakking about how delightful the women’s bathroom is. The marble countertop, the marble walls, etc etc. I try not to listen. A Flock of Seagulls is playing now, but the song isn’t ‘I Ran’. It’s that other song they’re popular for. Vanessa, Edith, Debbie, and Suzy sit down at a table under one of the chandeliers where Peterson is. I see Julie walking towards me, holding the hand of some twerp dressed as the Captain from that spaceship show. Julie is wearing tight-fitting vintage daisy duke shorts from Tyrell, a pink cotton checkered half-top from NA-KD, and white sneakers from Keds. Her hair is in pigtails. She’s carrying a denim handbag from Coach.
“Hi Kristoff. This is Ted. He works at Salom.” Ted extends his hand to shake, but I drink my Tito’s and look away.
“Julie tells me you’re from Harvard? Me? I’m a Yale guy, myself.” Ted the dork says this chuckling to himself.
“Julie talks a bit much. Isn’t that right, Julie?” I say and she gives me a sarcastic smirk. I see Vanessa coming towards us.

“Julie says you’re a great guy, Kent. Thought I’d put that out there.” This guy is a dork and a schmuck.
“Hi, Kristoff. Who are your friends?” Vanessa asks, looking at Julie.
“Vanessa, this is Julie and Tom.”
“Ted.”
“Yeah sure. Julie, you should have mentioned to me you were bringing a date. I would have done, well, absolutely nothing,” I say this and chug my Tito’s soda.. Vanessa eyes Julie and says, “Oh, your secretary. I didn’t remember the name at first because you hardly mention her. You’re wearing Tory Burch perfume, right? How cute.”
“What perfume are you wearing?” Julie asks.
“Chanel no.5, of course. It’s a classic.” Vanessa.
“That it is.” Julie says this and smiles. Vanessa is still smiling but it’s not a real smile. Ted or Tom, whatever the fuck his name is, eyes me and says, “Well, nice meeting you two. Let’s get some drinks, Julie.”
I see the waiter, someone who is actually no one, approach our table carrying a tray of hors d’oeuvres. ‘Bizarre Love Triangle’ by New Order starts playing.
“What have we got here?” Anderson asks.
“There’s crab toast, grilled oysters on salt, olive-oil poached green almonds with dill, panisses, and dolmadakia,” he says, showcasing the tray like it was a prize to be won.
“Kristoff, what a delight!” Vanessa asks for a few olive-oil green almonds with dill. Peterson and I grab the crab toast, Sebastian, Edith, and Suzanne, the grilled oysters, and Anderson and Debbie take the panisses and dolmadakia. We ask for refills on our drinks and on the cheap Moet champagne.
“I don’t want to sound like a party pooper, but isn’t Craine worth, like, a billion dollars?” Suzanne asks.
“More like multi-billion, Suzy. Why?” Peterson.
“I just thought that there would be more food. That’s all, “ Suzanne says, picking through her grilled oysters.
“It’s an office party, Suzy. Not an office dinner,” Peterson tells her. ‘Hungry like a wolf’ blares through the speakers and I look around and think I see Butler over by the bar.
“Who’s the creep with the glove with the knives?” Debbie asks Anderson.
“That’s Barney. Guess he came stag. Who cares?” Anderson replies, eating dolmadakia.
“He creeps me out. I mean, he’s just standing there, all alone.” Debbie.

“Why don’t you go over and say hello to him? I mean, what’s the worst that can happen to you? He may try and slice you up,” Anderson picks up his knife and jokingly thrusts it at Debbie. Too bad he missed.
“Stop that, Anderson. It’s not funny,” Debbie says, frowning.
“I think I see Butler over by the bar.” Me.
“That’s not Butler, Kent. That’s Crabtree. Who’s he dressed as?” Sebastian asks.
“Brown fedora hat from Albertville Hat Company, white khaki shirt and brown pants from Noel Howard, dark brown Alden 405 boots and a brown braided whip by David Morgan. Who do you think?” I ask.
“Yeah, that’s right mate. Indy it is.” Sebastian.
“Wait. There’s a butler here? Where?” Vanessa asks.
“Not that butler, Vanessa. Butler that works at Carine,” I say, shaking my head as ‘We got the beat’ plays on.
“Kent. Had lunch with Hamilton. Remember him? He closed that deal with those Japs last month. Said he wanted to have drinks sometime.” Peterson says this, while giving me a strange look. Almost as if he didn’t want to tell me this. Or am I just becoming a bit paranoid? For no reason at all, my heart starts beating fast. I grab Vanessa’s water and swallow it in two gulps.
“Kristoff. Do you think-” I put my hand up and say, “Not now, Vanessa. Who, Peterson?”
“Hamilton. You remember. Works at BR Advisors. Hasn’t heard from you in awhile. Told him about Wellker. Said we should all go out for drinks at this new bar Downtown, called Masin’s.”
“Maybe. You know how it is, Peterson. Busy schedule. Or do you?” I ask, smirking.
“I’m surprised no one here came dressed as someone from the SEC,” Anderson remarks.
“Really, mate? What would they come dressed as that for? To question us about insider trading? Wait. Do we work in Washington DC?” This gets a round of laughs from all of us, even the girls.
The waiter refills our drinks as ‘I want your sex’ blares through the speakers. It’s the longer version of the song.
“Edith, you have got to come with me next week to get a massage and facial at this wonderful place I found between Lexington and Park. My masseuse Pierre has such gifted hands. And Reiki does the most amazing facials,” Vanessa says, finishing up her olive-green almonds.
“Sounds fine, Vanessa. Thank you for inviting me.” Edith.
“Is your boss here,” Debbie asks Anderson.

“I think that may be him over there dressed as Santa, holding that large scepter.” We glance over and are unsure whether the man is Craine or not. He’s walking around, holding a large, crystal scepter in his left hand.
“Peterson. Did Hans get an invite?” Anderson asks with a smile.
“Highly doubtful, Anderson. But I’ve got something for you. Let’s go.” Peterson and Anderson walk to the men’s room and ‘I get weak’ from Belinda Carlisle starts to play.
“C’mon, Kristoff. Let’s dance,” Vanessa says, grabbing my wrist.
“Let’s not.” Vanessa pulls at me and I walk to the ballroom floor with her. We’re one of the first ones dancing. I look over and see Julie staring at us. She’s sitting with a bunch of nitwits. It’s exactly where she belongs. Vanessa starts talking about some sale at Bergdorfs and I feel like throwing up, but I don’t and I try to block her voice out but I can’t and I wish I brought my Sony NW-WM1AM2 Walkman with my Sony MDR-Z1R headphones. The music changes to a song by that slut who fucked her way to stardom, dressing like a whore while she did it. I tell Vanessa I’m going to get a drink and she excuses herself to go to the ladies room. I notice Julie went in there already. Tom or Ted, whatever his name, looks lost and confused. I order a Jack rocks, and this time the bartender, probably a student or an aspiring model (aren’t they all?) stares at me, then looks down at a jar with a piece of tape on it that says ‘tips’. I smile at him and open my black palette Ferragamo leather wallet, pull out a hundred dollar bill, then pull out a dollar bill, look at them both, and put the dollar bill in the tip jar, smile, and leave. Looking around, I see- I know exactly what’s going on here, and I’m going to make sure this bitch understands, right here, right now, what I mean. I pull out my Lisa Eldridge velvet morning lipstick, and wait for her to come out of the stall. My lips look so plush and shiny. It’s exactly what Kristoff likes. I look so beautiful, so perfect. My dress clings to my body, showing all my curves. It hits everything in all the right places. Oh, here she comes now.
“Hey Julie,” I say, finishing up applying my lipstick.
“Hi Vanessa. By the way, great dress,” Julie remarks, washing her hands.
“Thank you. That’s an, well, an interesting look you chose.”
“Yeah, I thought it might be cute to wear tonight,” Julie says, admiring her outfit.
“Listen. I’m glad we’re in here together because there’s something I wanted to tell you. A woman knows what another woman wants, right?”
“I guess so, Vanessa,” replies Julie.
“Great. We’re both on the same page. I see the way you look at Kristoff, and-”
“Wait a second. There’s nothing going on between-”

“I didn’t say there was, Julie. You’re a smart girl. If you weren’t, you wouldn’t be Kristoff’s secretary. But I want you to understand something, so listen to exactly what I have to say. If I ever find out that you asked Kristoff out, or that you had sex with him, I’ll slit your fucking throat. Are we clear?”
But that doesn’t make sense, so I turn around, drink in hand, and walk towards the deejay (or someone that appears to act like one) and say, “Hey!” The idiot just nods his head and turns fake knobs.
“Hey!” I say again, motioning to the moron to take off his headphones.
“What’s up?” the dee jay asks.
“This song. Depeche Mode. It’s not from the 80’s. It’s from 1990.”
“It’s a cool song, right?” he says, spinning worthless knobs that have no effect on the music.
“Yeah, it’s a cool song but it’s not from the 80’s. You need to change it,” I say, pointing to his turntable.
“Can’t change it, man. You gotta wait till it’s over.”
“See, that’s the problem with people like you. You never listen. This whole city has a lack of communication going on.” I’m pointing to him, and he looks faceless, not understanding.
“You can’t play this song,” I say.
“Look, man. You need to-”
“No, you look you fucking degenerate. If you don’t change this song right now, I’m going to go grab a steak knife and plunge it in your fucking throat. Do you understand what I’m saying?” I stand next to him, blaring the words in his ear.
“Alright, alright. Chill, man. Chill.”
He changes the song abruptly and OMD starts playing. I’m turning red and I’m seeing red, so I tell myself to calm down, maintain discipline. I sit down and see Vanessa walking out of the ladies room. Julie is behind her, with her hand to her face.
“You two chatting it up?” I ask.
“Yeah, just girls talk. You know,” she says with a wide smile. Peterson and Anderson sit down and another tray of hors d’oeuvres arrives. A man dressed in a light brown Giorgio Armani suit jacket, grey Giorgio Armani suit pants, white cotton button down Giorgio Armani shirt, light brown silk Giorgio Armani tie, a brown leather Giorgio Armani belt with gold clasp, grey striped Giorgio Armani socks, dark brown Giorgio Armani lace-up leather shoes, brown Giorgio Armani wayfarer sunglasses, and a Rolex two-tone Datejust watch approaches the table. It’s Stephan. His blonde hair, which is thicker than Peterson’s, looks great. His eyes are deep blue. He has a great tan, too.

“Gentlemen. Kent! I see you’re my competition here,” Stephan says, smirking.
“I wasn’t aware there was a competition here, Stephan.”
“Craine still outsourcing you work?” Sebastian asks.
“Of course he is, Bastian baby. Check out Sarah over here. Blonde hair, blue eyes, perfect body. Dressed just like the human doll, right?” Sarah is wearing an Alex Perry pink sheath spencer dress with pink rock stud ankle wrap leather pump high heel shoes from Valentino Garavani. The girls look unimpressed. Sarah has blonde hair, blue eyes, big breasts and a great ass.
“Should we call you Julian?” Peterson asks.
“Ha! Sure, Peterson. Just don’t call me Julien Baxter. And hey, don’t bite me, Peterson. Where’d you get the fangs?” Stephan points to Peterson’s teeth.
“From Kaos. I couldn’t get a hold of Cannom.”
“They look great. Hey, Sarah and I are going to that new French restaurant on thirty-eight street next week. The Caris Maiylis I think it’s called. You guys should join us,” Stephan says, holding Sarah.
“Next week is busy for us, mate. At least, for me it is and I’m sure it is for these guys. Maybe another time,” Sebastian adds.
“Yeah, sure. No problem babe. Maybe another time,” says Stephan.
“Hey, Stephan. How do you stay so tan in thirty degree weather?” asks Anderson.
“It’s a secret, Anderson. No tanning salons involved.” He walks away and looking around, there must be at least one hundred people here. Quiet Riot comes on and everyone at the table (girls included) stand up, pumping their fists. A song by Alphaville comes on next, and everyone sits down.
“Kristoff. Suzanne tells me that Geraldine is getting married on New Year’s Eve. Can you believe it? I told her we already have plans, but maybe we could stop by and-”
I tune Vanessa out and stare at Suzanne’s breasts for a minute, then think about pouring oil on her breasts, putting my penis between them, and proceeding to fuck her breasts after I slice Peterson’s throat, watching him bleed out as I do it. No, I’d rather tie him up, put some tape over his annoying mouth, have him watch as I fuck her breasts till I shoot a huge load of semen on them, then smile at him. I’d then take some semen on my finger, have Suzy babe lick it off, as I point to Peterson, giving him the thumbs up. Then I’d take a blade out and stab Suzy in her chest, then walk over to Peterson and begin stabbing him thirty or more times. I chuckle to myself thinking about this.
“I said, what do you think, Kristoff?” Vanessa asks.
“No. Not another stupid wedding, Vanessa.” It’s the only answer that comes to mind. The girls take pictures and selfies with their phones and ‘Walk like an

Egyptian' plays, and I decide it's time to leave so I grab Vanessa by the wrist, yank gently (not really), smile, and wave at the table, and walk towards the front. I look back and see the rest of the crew standing up, deciding to leave as well. Vanessa gets her mink coat from the girl up front (still not smiling) and there's a limo outside with a man, probably from Pakistan, holding up a sign with my name on it. Craine got most of us limos. It's more important how you leave than how you arrive. I see limo's holding up a sign with most of the worker's names on it. As a joke, I almost step in Peterson's limo, but Vanessa stares at me and says, "Why bother, Kristoff?" She's a little tipsy, so we drive back to her brownstone where I spend the night. I taped the Rowdy Morton show last night. The title of it was 'Women in love with Serial Killers.' In the morning I realize that Vanessa (of course) did not get my spare clothes I keep here from her laundromat, so I leave her place still dressed as if I'm in Miami.

Bicyclist

It's Sunday, so I decide to walk to a street vendor parked on the corner of Lexington and purchase a Wall Street Journal (the weekend edition), a magazine with Wellker on the cover, and the Financial Times. I'm wearing a black wool suit, matching black silk tie, light grey cotton shirt, all from Brooks Brothers. The shoes I'm wearing are dark brown leather lace-ups from A. Testoni. A moderate outfit that suits the day. As I'm walking up towards Park glancing at the headline that reads 'Wellker continues to make gold', a bicyclist grazes by me, almost hitting me. I jump back to avoid contact. As I do this, the skinny man on the bike yells "Asshole!" and speeds down the block. I throw away the papers and magazine in my hand and begin to jog in his direction. Thankfully, he stops two blocks down at a coffee shop. I'm sweating and cursing myself for not doing more cardio at the Health Club. After calming myself down, I walk towards a hardware store (owned by Asians), and purchase bolt cutters. It's early and the streets are empty. I see a man walking across the street, looking down at his phone. The bike is on the corner, chain- wrapped around a pole. I cut the chain easily with the bolt cutters and walk by the coffee shop (face still red from jogging) with the bike, looking ahead and smiling as I do so. I'm hoping that the Armstrong wannabe sees me. I take the bike down an alley next to the coffee shop and wait. I'm standing by a trash dumpster. There's a homeless man about

fifty feet from me, talking to himself. I can smell him from where I'm standing (or is that just the smell of shit in the air from the city?) and a few minutes later the bike guy comes out the coffee shop, looking around and walking till he sees me smiling next to his bike.
"Hey. Remember me?" I wave to him.
"Look man, I don't want any trouble. Just give me my bike or I'm going to call the police," he says, fists clenched.
"Yeah well, I looked over your bike and all I see is a water bottle attached to it. I doubt that little pouch you have for dollar bills and small change has a cell phone in it." I call his bluff. Fucking moron.
"Okay, okay. Listen-"
"No, you listen. You called me an asshole. You're the one that's an asshole. You almost hit me with your stupid bike. I'd like an apology." I'm standing with my arms crossed as to have an appearance that poses little threat.
"Okay, okay. I apologize. I'm sorry I almost hit you." He walks towards me and stops next to the side of his bike.
"Apology accepted. But you didn't apologize for calling me an asshole." I grab his face and start smashing it against the side of the dumpster, over and over and over and over (a woman walks by us and I smile, hiding behind the dumpster, but she doesn't notice me because she is, of course, texting on her phone) and over and over again till his face is caved in, nose spilt open, brain matter and blood coming out from his head. His left eye seems to be missing from his socket. Maybe it flew in the dumpster? I'm pissed at myself for getting some of this asshole's blood on my sleeve and my A. Testoni shoes are scuffed from accidentally rubbing them against the dumpster so I get the water bottle from bike guy's bike and empty it on my sleeve, which takes most of the blood off but I'll have to drop this coat off at the dry cleaners and then take my shoes to get the scuff marks out but I don't think anyone will ask any questions because they never do and though I am going off my original plan to kill illegals and other scum, I don't question myself because this guy was another scumbag in the city and I'm sure I just gave a few cab drivers less stress by killing this skinny asshole. The homeless man is still talking to himself. Maybe he and Vanessa could have a nice conversation.

Another Party

Standing on the top floor of a high rise building and watching the stupid ball drop, I ask myself 'why am I here?' because I don't want to be here at this party with Vanessa and her friends. The Rowdy Morton show earlier tonight was about breasts. It's titled 'Real breasts versus Fake breasts:Which are better?' I taped it. Before coming here I watched the Tic Tac Dough show as I showered. In the episode I watched, which was from 1979, a man from Omaha defeated a woman from Little Rock. He went on to the bonus round and lost to the Dragon. The Dragon was behind square number 5. I'm wearing a Giorgio Armani black peak satin tuxedo, Stefano Ricci white pleated tuxedo shirt, Versace satin bow tie, my Patek Philippe watch, and Mezlan formal cap toe Oxford black shoes. Thomas, plastic flute with champagne (Dom Perignon) in his hand, comes over to me. He's wearing a tailored black tuxedo from JoS A. Bank, white tuxedo shirt from Bonobos, Calvin Klein tuxedo bow tie, and Cole Haan lenox hill cap toe Oxford shoes. The watch he's wearing is his Longines Quartz stainless steel.
"Kent! Nice to see you. Festive party, yeah?" Thomas says, admiring the fifty or so guests.
"If this is your thing, Thomas. Not for me."
"C'mon, Kent. Lighten up. It's the beginning of a great year," he says, downing his champagne.
"Things going rather well for you and Becky now?" I ask, smirking.
"Weren't they always?" Thomas is a schmuck. A smug schmuck.
"Whatever you say, Thomas."
"You know Kent, I think Becky is expecting me to propose."
"What makes you say that?"
"Just a feeling. She keeps looking at those damn wedding magazines every time she gets her hair done," he says, looking at Becky.
"Well, you know what to say, right? If she asks you first, of course."
"What? You have some magic words, Kent"
"No. That's what you say, Thomas. And remember: no means no," I say, nodding my head, pointing to him.
Vanessa is yakking away with Becky. She's wearing a Rachel Gilbert fringe crystal-embellished silver/black column gown, Versace silver-embellished (with gold strap) slingback pumps, holding a Jimmy Choo Ellipse champagne coarse glitter fabric clutch, and is wearing platinum diamond solitaire stud earrings and

bracelet by Tiffany. She decided to look the part, as always, for tonight. Becky, who apparently resolved whatever issues she had with Thomas, the schmuck from Yale, is wearing a Carolina Herrerra silver-embellished column evening gown, Manolo Blahnik calfskin silver pumps, holding an Edie Parker lara solid silver confetti clutch, and is wearing Elsa Peretti diamond silver hoop earrings and bracelet. Vanessa and I decided to exchange presents earlier today. I gave her the porcelain doll I purchased from the small store. Before giving it to her, I cut off the head and placed it back in the box, as if it was purchased this way. She proceeded to say, "It's a lovely doll, Kristoff. Thank you." She gave me a black camel cashmere scarf from Luca Faloni. I smiled and stuffed it in my Brunello Cucinelli black leather calfskin briefcase. She seemed disappointed that I did not get her any jewelry. There's nothing to be happy about. People pretend another year will bring them happiness and fortune. Their putrid lives are just that: putrid. They do not deserve happiness. They do not deserve fortune. They deserve exactly what they are getting: misery beyond words. I just wish I felt their misery, felt their anguish to fuel my veins. A pathetic race of swine are in this city. I look around and see a visage of smiles with nothing behind them but jealousy and strife. I smile and hold my glass high when someone waves to me. I'd like to slit all their throats, watch them bleed, laugh at them, and guzzle their blood in my glass.

"Kristoff! Seriously. You really don't seem to be paying attention to me or anyone else. Look. Becky got a diamond bracelet from Thomas. Isn't it wonderful?" Vanessa says, taking Becky's wrist and showing me the diamond bracelet. Looks to be from Elsa Peretti.

"Sure, Vanessa. Brilliant." I finish my drink and walk towards the small bar and pour myself another glass of champagne. I see Reynolds approaching me. He's wearing a black tuxedo, white tuxedo shirt, black bow tie, all from Vera Wang. His shoes are Oxford cap toe from Paul Parkman. His watch is his Hublot Classic Fusion Alligator Blue with Sapphire Crystal. His hair is slicked back.

"Kent."

"Reynolds. How was the wedding?" I ask.

"The same as any other wedding, Kent. Boring. Congrats on Wellker. I knew you'd seal the deal." He says this with a fake smile. I can tell this because of the arrogance that surrounds him. Reynolds is normally an okay fellow. However, when you land an account like I did, it seems others aren't exactly happy for me. They'd rather see me fail. That's the truth of people. Like I said: they're swine.

"Yeah, well thanks, Reynolds. Maybe you can, you know, get snag some accounts or something…….*some day.*" I walk away and look at the sky and wonder if the smell of feces will reach its way up here, this high in the city. Probably.
"We should go, Vanessa."
"Why, Kristoff? The party just started. Listen. Do you hear that? They're beginning to play dance music."
I think of a lie, the only lie, that will get Vanessa to leave.
"I want to give you your true present, Vanessa. I have it back in my apartment."
This makes her eyes widen. She's so easy to manipulate.
"I knew it! I knew you got me something else, Kristoff! Is it a ring? Is it a bracelet?" she asks, with delight.
"You have to come back to my apartment and see. It wouldn't be a surprise if I told you now." She kisses me on the lips and tells Becky something, jumps up and down a few times, and leaves the party with me. Through luck, or through the lack of people coming into the city, we find a cab and drive to a club called Consans. Anderson had messaged me earlier tonight saying he was going to be there with Peterson. I figure if Vanessa gets drunk, she'll have a blackout and forget any conversation we had this evening, which will release me from the lie I told her earlier about another present. Or I could just leave her her…..*on her own*.
"Kristoff. This isn't the way to your apartment. I thought you said we were going there now so you could give me a present," Vanessa wines.
"I told Anderson I'd meet him at this new club. Don't worry. We won't be there long."
Vanessa pouts and stares out the window. It's amazing how superficial she is. There's no line outside the club but I can hear the noise already as we exit the cab. Fare is $25.80. I give him two twenties and tell him to keep the change for a tip. There's a door fee of $50, which Anderson neglected to tell me. After paying the bouncer, who is most likely from Russia, we enter the club. It's packed. Must be over a thousand people in here. I message Anderson but he doesn't reply. Probably passed out in a stall somewhere with Peterson or drunk at one of the tables. I look around but do not recognize anyone, though someone looks like Julian Baxter, but it isn't him. I pull Vanessa and take her to the bar.
"One dirty martini. Make it strong," I tell the female wasteoid bartender. Nothing for me. Ten minutes and twenty-five dollars later, Vanessa gets her drink. I immediately order another one and Vanessa starts talking about wanting to dance, then says the music is too loud, and as she finishes her drink, I quickly replace it with another, as she continues to talk and drink. This last martini, added to the champagne she drank earlier, makes her sleepy. I push her through the

crowd and get in one of the cabs that is outside. There's a line of them huddled on the curb. Driving to her place, she muffles her words, dozing in and out. I give the cabbie twenty dollars and tell him to wait for me. Fare is $18.45. After carrying Vanessa up her stairs, then inside her brownstone and into her bed, I leave and am surprised to see the cab still there.
"Thought you may have left. Busy night?" I ask, not really caring.
"You kidding? Nothing like before, man. Nothing. Besides, you're dressed like a million bucks and you're White," he says, turning onto Park Ave.
"You didn't drive off because I'm White?" I ask.
"Hey, White guys tip, alright? Been driving for almost eighteen years and never had a problem with a White guy. If you were Black, I wouldn't have even picked you up."

Shoe Shine

I've neglected to pick up some sheets and my Brooks Brothers jacket from the dry cleaners. The Rowdy Morton show tonight is titled 'Freedom of speech has been taken from you. Whatcha gonna do about it?'. Upon entering the dry cleaners, the Asian woman approaches me and says something about upcharging me because my sheets were dirtier (bloodier) than previous times. I tell her I understand her plight and pay the charge without complaint. After all, she's the one that takes out the blood stains from my sheets and clothes, and there has been much more than normal recently. I smile and thank her and tell her to enjoy her day (though I'm thinking about sticking a screwdriver in her eye for charging me more). She says something to me before I leave. I can't quite understand her but I make out the words 'why much blood', meaning she is asking me why is there always so much blood on the sheets? I tell her that it's a woman thing.
"You know. That time of month." She smiles, nodding her head, waves her finger and says, "Naughty naughty" and I smile back and say to her "If you only knew." I walk two blocks over to pick up my A. Testoni shoes that I scruffed up killing that stupid bicyclist. The man, an Indian (not tribal), immediately recognizes me and grabs my shoes and says the cost is $19.95. I'm not pleased.
"The shoes. They're not shined," I say, pointing to the tips of them.
"Ah my friend, you didn't say anything about shining them."

“Yes, but for the price, that should be included.” I put the shoes on the counter and stare at the haji.
“My friend. If you want your shoes shined, you’ll-”
“I’m not your fucking friend. These shoes need to be shined. You, or some other fucking haji, need to shine them. Now.”
“I don’t like the way you speak. If you don’t leave now, I’ll-”
“What? You’ll what? Call the police? You think they really give a shit about some brown fuck like you? They’ve got enough shit to deal with already. Call them. See what happens.” The haji stares at me then looks at the phone.
“Alright, alright,” he says, putting up his hands. “I can get them shined for five dollars more.”
“Fucking guy. You fucking guy.” I shake my head and begin to walk out of his store, thinking of ways to cut him in half when I come back here.
“Okay, okay. Let me see them. I shine for you now, okay? Free. No charge.”
I’m surprised to hear him say this. I hand him my shoes and in a few minutes, I can see my reflection off the tips.
“Here. Five dollars,” I say, handing him the money.
“What’s this for?” he asks, taking it.
“Tip.”
As I exit the run down shack of a store, Vanessa messages me about an appointment I made for a massage and facial. She recommended this place and she thinks her reputation is at stake if I no-show. I decide not to go to the appointment and I walk into the normal spa I frequent. I don’t have an appointment but Emma, who is my masseuse, takes me anyway. Before she massages me, I tell her to use the Decorte cream. It’s better that she does this because if she doesn’t use the cream, there may be a callous on her palm or some rough skin, which would perhaps irritate an area of my back or body, bringing it redness that I do not wish to have. If this were to happen, I would have to kill her and anyone else working here today. My body is beautiful. It’s perfect and it must stay that way. I also tell her not to use her elbows (which some women do) because they may inflame my muscles. She listens wisely. After the massage, she does a manicure and pedicure. My nails must be maintained because of my body. Everything must be perfect. As for my feet, Vanessa enjoys rubbing hers next to mine when I sleep, even though I have told her not to do this, but of course she does because she never listens to what I have to say. She only hears me. Since she does this, I have to make sure my soles are soft, as hers are, elsewise she could say her feet are more well-maintained than my own. This

cannot happen. I must admit her feet are as near perfect as a woman's can be. I then sit down for my facial.
"Which products are you using today, Emma?" I ask. Emma is in her mid-forties. She's unattractive and has some soft spots near her belly. I'd never fuck her.
"Tata Harper purifying cleanser and Zelens vitamin D drops, Mr. Kent."
"Make sure you apply these in small, circular motions," I say, looking up at her.
"Yes, of course." I grab her wrist gently and say, "Make sure."

Office

I hardly seem to be at the office these days. There isn't much reason to other than to read my serial killer books or browse the internet, either of which I can do from my apartment. Last night I posted on a page that escorts advertise on the following: 'Wanted: Female With Large Labia'. Under the description I wrote: 'please send photos'. I got many responses till I found the right size labia I was looking for. The escort came to my apartment and after having sex, I started to gently chew her labia, then started to pull them till they bled. I rammed a fork (purchased from the Asian restaurant store) up into her vagina to hear her scream. I then took the fork and stabbed her over one hundred times (I was sweating profusely) in her chest till I was able to cut her open and stab her lungs and heart, which I then took out with my hands and licked the blood off of. I then cut her labia off with a steak knife that I stole from the new Benie Wilks restaurant that I had dinner at with Sebastian and Julien Baxter earlier in the evening. I took a picture of me smiling holding each labia (which were still bloody) on my ears and sent it to Vanessa. She messaged me back a smiley face. I'm wearing a Philipp Plein single-breasted light grey wool suit with notched lapels, white Hugo Boss cotton button down shirt with a Hugo Boss grey silk tie, and brown leather lace-up almond toe shoes from Scarosso, with my Patek Philippe watch. The Rowdy Morton Show tonight is titled 'Movie Stars that Kill'. I'm sitting at my desk thumbing through a book on H.H. Holmes, when Julie walks in. She's wearing a Derek Lam maroon v-neck cotton blouse (I can see the outline of her breasts), short black mid-rise cotton skirt from Frame, and black stiletto heels from Balmain. Her diamond earrings and her silver bangle (on her left wrist) are from Blue Nile. Her dark brown hair is in a bun.

“Trying to look a bit more professional, Julie?” I ask, putting my book on my desk and grabbing my Mont Blanc silver pen.
“Haven’t seen you here in awhile,” she says, putting a folder of possibly some potential clients on my desk. I push it aside.
“I’ve been rather busy.” She begins walking towards the door.
“Hey. No small talk?”
“No.” She leaves my office and closes the door. She’s acting strange. Normally, she’d lean into the desk, showing some cleavage. Today? Nothing. Probably hasn’t been laid in awhile. Women get sexually frustrated when it’s been awhile since they’ve been fucked. Or perhaps it’s ‘that time of the month’. I look at the file and see some familiar names: Bennings, Winthrope, Jacobson. All clients I’ve dealt with before but have no desire to do any business with again. I decide to leave and go to The Health Club, training chest and back. I do five sets of bench press, carefully lowering the bar to my pecs, to build muscle. I then proceed to do three sets of dumbbell flys, raising the dumbbells slightly higher above my pecs for tone and definition. Afterwards, I find the only T-bar in the Club, which is chalked, which is fine by me, and do five sets of T-bar rows, pausing for two seconds as I hold the bar to my chest, then releasing the bar with weight. I see Sebastian and Julien Baxter walking towards the men’s room. We decide to play racquetball. This lasts for thirty minutes.
“You’ve been practicing your stamina, huh Kent?” Baxter asks. Somehow, his wavy brown hair is perfect after playing and he hardly sweats.
“Yes, a bit.” Sebastian and myself have sweat flowing from our foreheads. Sebastian has been talking about the boat race and how Oxford isn’t as strong as they used to be. We’re standing outside the indoor court as he says this.
“There isn’t any team in any sport that is as strong as they used to be, Sebastian.” I say this while wiping my face with a generic towel.
“Right you are, Kent. At least we Brits have the best diver there ever was. That’s something,” says Sebastian grimacing as he cleans off the sweat from his face with a generic towel.
“Wait. What?” I ask, a bit bewildered at his remark. Baxter isn’t paying attention to the conversation. He’s busy eyeing two women, both blondes, great asses, playing racquetball.
“The best diver in the world, mate. We’ve got him. You never heard of-” I wave my arms at him and say, “One name: Greg Louganis.” Sebastian eyes me up, looking astonished.
“He’s a faggot, Kent.”
“What’s that got to do with this conversation, Sebastian?” I ask.

“You’re seriously sticking up for a fag, mate?”
“Sebastian, listen. Greg Louganis is the greatest diver there ever was or ever will be. That’s it. This isn’t up for debate.” I begin walking away and Sebastian surprisingly grabs my arm. I yank it away.
“You’re right, Kent. This isn’t a debate. The Brit is-”
“The Brit sucks, Sebastain. He’s a product of weak surroundings, of lesser talent. I’m not wasting my time talking about this. You’re starting to sound like a whiny liberal bitch.” This gets his blood rising and he starts yelling nonsense that I block out and then Baxter comes between us and I smile and say, “Greg Louganis. Greg Louganis” and Sebastian yells some more and Baxter tells him to calm down and I walk away but a part of me wants to turn around and grab him by his wavy blonde hair and smash his face in the glass. Afterwards, as we change our clothes and get dressed, Sebastian apologizes and we shake hands. Brits are feisty bastards. Outside in the street there are trash bags opened (probably the Asians getting the cans to turn in for resale). I shake my head. The stench rises in the air. You cannot get away from the filth. It’s everywhere in this city. I check my phone and see that Anderson messaged me about drinks at Harison’s in Midtown. I tell him I’ll be there soon. A cab with a Lion King broadway poster on the side of it pulls up. The driver is wearing a turban head wrap. A woman, obviously vying for the same cab, smiles at me and shrugs her shoulders, and I smile back, giving her the finger as I enter the cab.
“Fifth and thirty-eight st.” As he drives, I see freaks walking with all colors and shades of hair. Nothing is normal in this city anymore. The people that live here are putrid and vile. Their lives have no meaning. Blue hair, green hair, dyed hair, yellow hair. An abundance of walking freaks struggling to fit in with other freaks. I open my Ferragamo black palette with leather stitching wallet. I only have four hundred dollars inside. I’ll have to take four hundred more out of an ATM before walking into Harison’s. I feel better when I have closer to a thousand in my wallet.

Social Justice

I decide to not go into the office today so I call Julie and tell her to cancel any appointments I had. After working out at the Health Club (I did biceps, triceps, and abs today), I'm approached by a Mexican (or Guatemalan, who can tell the difference?) girl with a clipboard in her hand as I walk down Park Avenue. I'm appalled that she would even feel it's acceptable for her to approach me.
"Excuse me, but do you have a moment to talk about social justice and the environment?" she asks, wearing a white puffer down coat from Charter Club, a plain white t-shirt from INC, blue jeans from Dillard's, and white sneakers from DSW. I'm wearing a Dell'oglio wool double-breasted grey suit, Helmut Lang cotton button down white shirt, Tom Ford light blue/grey micro-pattern silk tie, and black leather lace-up shoes by Tom Ford. My first thought is to tell her to fuck off, but I go with my second thought: kill the stupid cunt.
"Yes, I can spare a moment but only if you'll walk with me. I have a few things I need to get from my apartment. I'll answer your questions on the way." If she's smart, she'll walk away because she doesn't……wait, she's a dumb bitch for social justice.
"Sure." We start walking down Park Avenue.
"What exactly is social justice?" I ask.
"It's equal rights, opportunities, and privileges for everyone," she says.
"Ah, not just us White folk, right?" I ask, as she smiles and wants to agree. I'm impressed at how well I'm holding my disgust back for this bitch.
"Well, White people do-"
"How old are you?" I ask.
"Twenty-two."
"Double deuce. Alright. Bet you're in school with a free scholarship at NYU, or is it Columbia? Maybe Parsons?" hahaha, yeah sure about those last two schools.
"I attend NYU." She says this without answering the free scholarship question.
"Did you go to college?" she asks.
"Yep. Harvard. No big deal, though. What's your name? I'm Kristoff."
"Miranda."
"Well, nice to meet you, Miranda."
"NIce to meet you too, Kristoff," she says smiling. Such a sweet, young girl.
"Listen, I have to run up to my apartment and grab a few things. You want to wait here or come up with me? I won't be long."

“Um, I guess I’ll wait-”
“Actually, it’s rude of me not to invite you inside. It’s a bit cold out here. C’mon, it’ll only be a few minutes and I can fill out your questionnaire on the way up in the elevator.”
“Um, okay, But only for a few minutes,” Miranda says, clutching her clipboard.
“Sure. Wouldn’t want your boss to get upset and not see you working,” I say, grinning as we enter the elevator.
“Oh, I volunteer. I don’t get paid. It’s for extra credit in school.” Wow, she really is a dumb bitch.
“That’s great, Miranda. Really. I’m sure your parents are proud of you.”
“Well, my mom is. My dad left us when I was three.”
“Tough break. I’m sorry to hear that.” Not really.
We enter my apartment and Miranda’s pupils expand as she looks around.
“The bathroom is over there if you need to use it.”
“Okay, thanks.” Miranda’s head turns as she looks at items in my apartment before walking into the bathroom. I grab a cloth (which I purchased from HSN in a pack of twelve for $9.99. It was a sweet deal) and douse it with chloroform.
“I have a question for you before I answer your questionnaire:What about all those poor immigrant kids that don’t speak English that are being dumped in this city daily? Where do they go to school? No Visas, green cards, or social security numbers. What’s your answer for that?” I say, nodding my head as she walks through the living room. I put my hand with the cloth behind my back.
“Cool shower. Um, I mean, I don’t know. I hope everything works out well for them.”
“See, that’s the problem with people like you. You don’t think things through. You dump your problems on everybody else, not caring about the mess you make. And it is a mess. Seriously, can’t you smell shit everytime you walk out of whatever filthy place you live in? I can.” I approach her and she starts walking towards the door.
“I want to leave now. I’m not liking-”
I grab the bitch and place the cloth with the chloroform over her face. She struggles to free herself, but passes out quickly. I take off her sneakers and place them on the left side of my door.
“You really thought I’d want to have you here in my apartment, you filthy fucking bitch?” I place plastic sheets over the bed and then carry her, placing her on the plastic, then strip her, and tie her to the posts, placing duct tape (purchased from the Asian hardware store) over her mouth. I strip my clothes off and wait for her to wake up. I pour myself a Jack rocks and chug it down. I turn the radio on my

Kenwood stereo. There's a song on with the words 'safe and sound' in it playing. The irony is amusing. Miranda wakes up almost fifteen minutes later.
"Hey there, miss social justice. Your kind really are idiots. Anyway, wait, what's this white thing in your snatch?" I pull out a tampon from her vagina.
"You came up to my apartment while you're on the rag? Fucking bitch!" I slap her and she starts crying. I wish I could somehow inject a needle into my arm and then into hers, and feel her fear, feel the pain she's going through and somehow feel the pain her mother will go through when they report her daughter missing. I want her and her family to suffer. I want them all to suffer. I pull out a knife and begin slicing her skin under her breasts making sure the cuts don't run too deep. I don't want her to pass out from the pain. I want her awake.
"Do you have any idea just how fucking stupid you people are? You think solar powered windmills will work in zero degree temperature to supply heat. Wrong!" I cut her in the abdomen.
"Electric cars sitting on the side of the road using a gas powered generator to charge them because you can't find a fucking charging station. You're so fucking dumb!" I slice her left leg, then stab her right leg, twirling the blade inside it, then pulling it out.
"Even your blood looks filthy!" I stab her in her left arm.
"You've infested this city with your bullshit and look what it's become! A melting pot of crime and shit." Her eyes are wincing as she cries. I think about getting a cup and placing it under her eyes so I can drink her tears, but my anger won't subside for me to leave the room and get one.
"Hey, stay awake for this part." I take a pair of pliers and jam them up into her vagina, twisting them around. I feel the blood squishing around inside.
"Guess no children for you, huh? Not that you'd have any. I'm sure it goes against your social justice agenda. You know, raising a family unless you can get free money for health care for each child. You may have done that, though." Something comes out of her when I remove the pliers from inside. Part of her uterus? I'm not sure. She's crying and I can hear her screams through the duct tape. I show her whatever it is on the end of the bloody pliers.
"Looks tasty, huh?" I start chewing it, swallowing quickly, to hold back any cause of throwing up. Blood starts running down my chin.
"Yum. Hey, we're all in this together, right?" I say while touching her face with my bloody hand. Standing, I grab a metal hand cultivator used for gardening. It has three sharp prongs on the end of it. I purchased it at a hardware store owned by Pakistanis.
"Let's get to work, shall we?" I grab her head, and start digging into it with the

cultivator. The blood that comes out looks darker than the others I've killed. Probably because she's a filthy Mexican bitch. I dig into her forehead, laughing as I do so.
"This is great!" A happiness comes over me as I dig into her eyes, damaging the cornea in both. She's bleeding from the top of her head, forehead, and eyes. Her vagina is a bloody mess of red, black, and purple.
"I just don't understand you people. How can you be so fucking stupid? How?" I grab a can opener that I purchased from Hammacher Schlemmer. Tears streak down her face through her bloody eyes.
"The only way to understand someone like you is to get inside that brain of yours. Let's see: this won't hurt me but it will hurt you. Oh, before you die, I want to tell you that you're a worthless bitch. Did you hear me? I said you're a worthless bitch!" I scream this into her right ear. Taking the metal can opener (the one I purchased from Hammacher Schlemmer), I start cutting into the side of her head, turning the opener to pull her skin off. It actually does a fine job, as her face starts to peel off. Unfortunately, it looks as if she is losing consciousness. Once I have half her face peeled and hanging, I dig into it, blood spraying downwards on me, and I rip off what I can, which is the right side of her face. I see bone, blood, veins, skin twitching. Still alive, I start digging into her head, ripping apart her face with my hands, till I get to her brain. I bite a chunk of it off and spit it into my hand.
"See? This is what I wanted to see. Well, looks like you're just another dead dumb bitch. Oh well." I flip the part of the brain over my shoulder and stand, looking at her.
"If only I could do this to each one of you. There has to be a way. Just haven't thought of it yet." There's blood, skin, and brain matter spread all over my sheets. Looks as if the Asians at the laundromat will have quite a bit of cleaning to do. I take some of the blood and draw a letter on my chest. Staring at myself in the mirror I think, 'Is this how he feels? The power? Isn't he a fag now? Or some version of him is. Fucking queer in tights'. As I enter my Mesa 608 shower, I think 'what year Tic Tac Dough show should I watch tonight?'

Private Club

I knock on the door of the Private Club at exactly eight o'clock. This is the time I have always arrived. It's been months since I've been here. Madison Ave is quiet this time of year, especially Uptown. It's around twenty degrees outside. The end of January usually is cold. I'm wearing a vintage Balenciaga dark blue wool suit, with vintage Balenciaga white cotton button down shirt, a dark blue Givenchy Couture silk tie, and Givenchy Derby squared black leather lace-up shoes, with a black wool overcoat I recently purchased (ten percent off) from Celine. I see smoke coming from the roof, which means the fire is lit inside. The butler, Lloyd, opens the door. He's wearing a vintage 1920 black butler jacket with tails (four buttons on each side, and two buttons in the center clasp), high-collared white butler shirt, white bowtie, grey vest, and black cap toe lace-up shoes from W H McElwain. His hair is grey and balding.

"Hello, Mr. Kent. We've been expecting you." Lloyd motions me to enter and as I do, the smell of the fireplace hits me. An old smell. A very, very old smell that brings back thoughts long buried. Lloyd takes off my overcoat and hangs it on the vintage Victorian 1880 brass coat rack. The fire lights the room, and there are some candles lit. Paintings of Rembrandt, Cortana, and Poussin all hang on oak finished walls. I can tell they are original without asking. There's a piano from Matthais Mueller, 1800, from Vienna, in the corner. I've never seen anyone play it. A few feet near the fireplace stands a grandfather clock, vintage, 1680, from Thomas Tompion. It's beautiful. In fact, everything in here is from a bygone age.

"Mr. Kent. It's been quite awhile since you last came," Phillip Bradley says, reading the Wall Street Journal. He's wearing a navy blue single-breasted wool suit, a navy blue stretch poplin shirt, with a light blue satin tie, and black brushed leather lace-up shoes, all from Prada. His watch is a Breguet Tourbillon Platinum 5377PT/12/9WU. He's smoking tobacco in an Alfred Dunhill pipe. The smell of the tobacco is invigorating. The times that I've come here, I've never seen him without a Wall Street Journal, nor without a pipe in his hand.

"Yes it has, Phillip. I've been a bit busy cleaning my apartment." I sit down next to him, angular in front of the fire. The chairs are walnut, from the sixteenth century Renaissance. Listening to the crackle of the fire relaxes me.

"Ah yes, Mr. Kent. It's always good to do some cleaning, isn't it?" he says, signaling Lloyd over to give me my drink.

"Here you are, Mr. Kent. Jack Daniels on the rocks," Lloyd says, handing me the glass, which is vintage 16th century England.

“Yes it is. This city Phillip, has changed much since when I first arrived here. None for the better.” The Jack Daniels I drink tastes as if it is from years past. I cannot pinpoint the reason for it. It just does.
“Did you know I did some cleaning once, Mr. Kent? Why, it was so long ago I barely remember.” Bradley looks to be in his late 70’s or early 80’s. He has thick white hair with bushy eyebrows. His appearance and the way he speaks though, makes me believe he may be much older than that.
“No. I hadn’t known that.”
“Yes. It was, as I said, quite long ago, back in England, before I arrived here in New York City.” He sips his drink, which is Bowmore 1964 Fino Cask single malt scotch.
“Did it make a difference to you?” I ask, looking to see if there’s anyone else here other than the two of us. There’s a man sitting near a closed window, wearing a 1881 Cerutti double-breasted black suit, white cotton button down shirt from 1881 Cerutti, and a black tie from Givenchy Couture, with Allen Edmonds black leather lace-up shoes. His head is leaning on his hand. I see a gold Rolex watch, though because of the darkness in here, I cannot tell which Rolex it is.
“Yes, I believe it did. In fact, Lloyd was with me when I first started to clean. He even helped me finish up a bit. Very useful fellow, that Lloyd is.” Phillip smiles and stares at the cackling flames.
“Mr. Kent. You are doing this city a service. A great service, indeed. Don’t think you aren’t.” I hear noises, low sounds, creaky floors above us. The building itself is very old and owned by one man, a Mr. Weatherton. I’ve never seen him.
“Thank you, Phillip. May I ask you a question?”
“Depends on your question, Mr. Kent.”
“That man sitting over there. What is his name?” I ask, looking in the man’s direction.
“Oh, that’s Mr. -”
“Refill, sirs?” Lloyd says.
“Yes, please. Thank you, Lloyd.” The butler refills our drinks and begins to walk, then stops, as Phillip says, “Lloyd. Remember back in our cleaning days? Mr. Kent says he has just begun to do some cleaning of his own.” Lloyd’s eyes widen at the mention of this. His black pupils glisten in the firelight.
“Yes I do, Mr. Bradley. What a wonderful time that was. Cleaning is always good for one’s health, wouldn’t you say Mr. Kent?” For the first time since attending here, I think I am surrounded by dark forces that can envelop me.
“I’m not sure I’m making the difference I set out to do,” I say with a bit of hesitation in my voice.

“None of us can be, Mr. Kent. Rest assured though, you are. Even cleaning the smallest bit of dust from the shelves will change your or someone else’s outlook in life. Wouldn’t you agree?” Lloyd asks, as I nod my head in agreement. A man comes out of the dark shadows wearing a Victorian vintage red smoking jacket with frog closures, a white Sinclair Edwardian club collar shirt, black Livingston brushed cotton trousers, and Gaiters black leather lace-up boots, and sits next to us. No watch.
“Hello, Mr. Kent. My name is Holmes.” He doesn’t offer his hand to shake. Instead, he just stares into the fire.
“I couldn’t help overhearing your conversation. As you continue to clean your surroundings, remember to be cautious at times, and always maintain discipline.” His eyes seem lost in the flames.
“Things were much easier in my day. In your day as well, Phillip. Wouldn’t you agree?” Bradley nods his head in agreement.
“They didn’t have all these street cameras and cell phones and what not. No. When you did some cleaning, you did it as well as you could and then you cleaned up briskly. I always enjoyed getting rid of the maggots and rats, Mr. Kent. Rest assured, this city is full of them.” Holmes says.
“Yes it is. It wasn’t always like that, though. Well, at least not to this extent. They’ve let things get out of control here. You know, the rodents,” I say, peering towards Holmes.
“History has taught us many lessons, Mr. Kent. You remember certain names for certain reasons. Take for example, Booth. You hear that name and think of John Wilkes Booth. Why? Because he made history, Mr. Kent. He didn’t kill random working people. No, he killed someone of high standing. His name will live on as long as this filthy world does.” I understand what Holmes is saying and it does make sense. There’s much senseless violence in this city and it’s the working people who get slashed and murdered daily. Never the politicians.
“I understand perfectly what you’re saying, Holmes. Perfectly.”
“Think on my words, will you? Oh, look at the time. I must be getting on, gentlemen. I have a bit of cleaning to do of my own.” Holmes rises and nods his head at us and Lloyd brings him his outerwear, which is a Victorian charcoal cotton Inverness cape. He exits the Club and Lloyd disappears into the hallway. I hear a door close and all is quiet once more other than the sound of the fire.
“You should listen to Holmes, Mr. Kent. He has a great deal of experience with cleaning. A great deal,” Bradley says, smoking his pipe.
“Yes, it sounds as if he does.” I begin to doze off. When I wake, it’s 1am exactly. The Wall St. Journal is folded neatly on the Elizabethan carved oak and walnut

trestle table from 1580 that sits in front of the fireplace. Phillip Bradley has apparently left. The man who was sitting near the window is nowhere to be seen, as well. I hear those creaky floor noises again and decide to leave. Lloyd, the butler, emerges from the shadows.
"Calling it a night, Mr. Kent?" he says, as he grabs my wool overcoat and puts it through my arms.
"Yes, Lloyd. Mind if I ask you a question?"
"Well, it would depend upon the question, Mr. Kent. But certainly do."
"This building. There's a dumb waiter in the corner. Does it work?" I point to where it is.
"Strange question, but yes it works, Mr. Kent."
"Where does it go and what would you put in it?" Lloyd smiles, opens the door for me and the cold wind breeze hits my face. I walk out to the first step and turn to hear his answer.
"Personal items, Mr. Kent. Sometimes from the outside world, sometimes from in here. Anything else, Mr. Kent?" He stares at me with those black eyes and I stare back at him.
"No, Lloyd. But thank you for your answer." I walk down the steps and I turn as Lloyd says, "See you again, Mr. Kent. Oh, and best of luck with your cleaning."

Rowdy Morton

Anderson messages me that he scored two tickets to the Rowdy Morton show. The topic is 'Vaccines and Death: Who's next?' I tell him I'll rent the limo since he got the tickets. The show is filmed in North Jersey. In the limo, Anderson pulls out a bottle of Bulleit Bourbon and hands me a bottle of Jack. I find a glass, put a few ice cubes in it, pour the whiskey, and drink. Anderson just drinks from the bottle. We arrive twenty minutes before the show begins. There's a line outside. People are chanting "Mort, Mort, Mort!". Anderson and I agreed to dress down for the show. It's the only way not to stand out too much. I'm wearing a white cotton button down Perry Ellis shirt, Berluti black leather belt, black slacks by Brooks Brothers, and black leather lace-up shoes by A. Testoni with my Patek Philippe watch. No tie. Anderson is wearing a black cotton button down shirt and black slacks by Emporio Armani, black leather belt by Casablanca, black leather lace-up calf skin shoes by Magnanni with his *vintage* Vacheron Constantin watch.

No tie. As we exit the limo, some people in the crowd turn our way and start booing at us. I put up my arms and Anderson shows his Bulleit Bourbon bottle and says, "We're with you guys" and proceeds to drink the rest. The crowd claps and chants "Mort, Mort, Mort!" The line moves quickly and we're seated as Rowdy Morton comes out to a loud applause, smoking a cigarette. He's wearing a black Tayion wool peak lapel black suit, a white cotton Calvin Klein shirt and matching burgundy silk tie, black suede Johnston and Murphy Everett loafers, and a Timex waterbury traditional GMT 39mm watch. We all stand and pump our fists in the air. After Rowdy Morton does his opening dialogue spiel, he introduces the putrid guests: three swine from three different pharmaceutical companies. Everyone boos. Anderson is lit from the alcohol. Mostly everyone in the audience is wearing a sweatshirt, t-shirt, or sweater. Trying our best to fit in with this crowd was a bit of a failure, but no one seems to care. Nor do we. Morton drills the three on the current explosion of cardiac-arrest deaths among children vaccinated and healthy men and women of all ages, vaccinated. The panel spews out lie after lie, admitting no liability for the deaths, blaming the environment or some unknown disease. Morton rips into one man. He starts spitting his words in the man's face, pointing his finger at his nose.
"You're a liar! You and your scumbag pals knew exactly what was put into those vaccines! You knew they'd kill thousands, eventually millions, didn't you? Didn't you!" Morton raises his hand to the crowd as we all chant "Mort, Mort, Mort!"
"How about all those blood clots? What's your answer to that, scumbag? Or how about all those women that lost their menstrual cycle and the ability to conceive children! What's your answer to that?" he asks, leaning into the second swine.
"Well, I believe there isn't enough data to-"
"Isn't enough data to what? What? How about all those insurance premiums being paid out to the families that have lost their loved ones? How about all the funeral homes overbooked because bodies keep piling in? How's that for data, you scum!" Rowdy Morton blows smoke in the swine's face. We stand, in unison, and chant "Mort. Mort, Mort!"
"Let's see what the audience thinks." Morton walks towards a small podium where a woman is waiting to speak her mind. Anderson is talking to the man sitting next to him about stock tips. The man is wearing ripped Levi blue jeans, black sneakers by Under Armour, and a green alien t-shirt from hottopic. He just keeps nodding his head as Anderson speaks. One of the men working the show, maybe a producer, starts tapping people on the shoulder to stand in line and speak. The man comes over to me and nods his head. I stand in line behind two people and think of what I am going to say. The woman in front of us starts

berating one of the men, speaking about how her daughter cannot conceive children now because she doesn't have a menstrual cycle due to the vaccine. I would think no menstrual cycle would make her daughter happy. After she's finished, tears in her eyes (I enjoyed that), the next guest, a man, says quickly that all of the people involved with the making of the vaccine, China, that little dago bastard, the pharmaceutical companies, should all be injected with high amounts of the vaccine and overdose. Morton says one injection will do the job. I'm next.
"Looks like we have a Wall Street guy here, folks." The crowd boos.
"What's your name, Mr. Wall Street guy?" he asks.
"Kent. And yes, I work on Wall Street. From time to time, that is." The crowd boos again.
"Alright, alright. Let's give Kent here a chance to speak." After he says this, someone yells "Wall Street sucks!" I ignore the comment.
"Mort, I just want to say that I believe each of these three men should be taken out back and shot in the head." The crowd rises and applauds as I put up my arms in praise of myself saying, "That's right, that's right." Mort simmers the crowd down.
"And I'd like to add I think it should be done one at a time, so when one gets shot in the head, their brains splatter onto the person next-"
"Alright, Kent. We get it." Morton starts walking away and then turns towards me and says, "Anyone ever tell you that you've got some anger issues, Kent? Must be all that Wall Street mumbo-jumbo." The crowd laughs and Anderson is staring at me.
"Kent. You've got a real sick side to you," he says, sobering up.
"Must be all those serial killer books I read."
"Yeah, sure."

Precinct

After doing one hundred push-ups followed immediately by one hundred sit-ups (two sets of fifty each), I hear my phone ring. I do not recognize the number so I wait till I see a voice message. It's a Detective asking me to come down to the nearest station house. That's all he says. Always sneaky shits. I haven't heard anything about bodies being pulled from the river but that doesn't mean it hasn't

happened. Could be they're trying to piece things together. But how would they know I'm involved in that? No. Has to be something else. Maybe Denise or that Colombian bitch gone missing? How did they get my phone number? It's private and not listed anywhere. I'm pacing back and forth thinking over the possibilities. February always sucks. If they questioned the Albanian or Armenian doormen, they'd get no answers. Only what I told them to say. A five hundred dollar tip during the holiday goes a long way with those guys. Last thing they want is to be bothered by some policeman. They've got their own shit going on on the side. The shady characters that hang out with them tell you enough without asking. I look the other way, as do the other tenants here, because there's no reason not to. No reason to call my lawyer. That would only arouse suspicion. I call Julie and tell her to cancel anything I have today, including lunch with Sebastian and Baxter. I'd rather not message them myself and have them ask questions, though they both usually don't because they could care less about anything other than themselves. Nothing wrong with that. I decide to call the number and gather whatever information, if any, I can. As I said before: Detectives are sneaky shits.
"Yes?" someone answers.
"Hello. This is Kristoff Kent (I'm sure he knows this already). You left a message about coming over to see you?" I ask, heart racing.
"Yeah, that's right." This is all he says.
""May I ask what this is regarding?" I ask, with a clenched fist.
"I can only tell you that your name came up on a missing person case I'm reviewing. Will you be able to come in today?"
"Sure, sure. No problem. I'll be there within the hour."
"Ask for Detective Verizino when you come in."
"Will do." He hangs up and I think over answers to questions not yet asked. I don't know what the investigation will be about. I think of calling my lawyer now, but no. There isn't a reason to involve him unless absolutely necessary. I shower and do not watch Tic Tac Dough, as my thoughts are going miles in my mind. I decide to wear something not too overtly impressive. After all, cops don't like show-offs. I grab a pair of vintage Z. Cavaricci blue jeans, a white Todd Oldham t-shirt, black leather belt by Ferragamo, white Nike air max sneakers, and a Tom Ford shearling flight black leather jacket. No sunglasses or watch. I smile and ask the doorman, the Albanian today, how his day is. He nods and says something like, "Alright." On the way to the precinct, I think over the possible questions and keep reminding myself two things: the police are not my friends, no matter how nice they are or how many times they laugh and smile. And second, most important, listen carefully to the questions, as they will ask them quickly and act

like they don't matter when in fact, they surely do. They're deceiving in their ways, but I can be a sneaky fuck, too. I enter (cab fare was $14.80. I gave him a twenty and closed the door) the precinct and see a guy, not smiling, looking miserable, at the desk.
"Can I help you?" he asks.
"Yes. My name is Kristoff Kent. A Detective Verizino asked me to come here and speak to him." Another man looks up, smiles, and says, "Hi. I'm Detective Verizino. Follow me." He doesn't offer to shake my hand and he has a folder in his arm. He's wearing a grey wool suit, white button down shirt, grey silk tie, and black leather shoes, all from J.M. Haggar. His watch is a Citizen grey Chronograph. We enter what looks like an interrogation room, minus the huge mirror that is usually in those. Another man enters. He's wearing a dark grey wool suit, white button down shirt, dark grey silk tie, and black leather shoes, all from Pronto Uomo. His watch is a black stainless steel Fenmore from Fossil. He introduces himself as Detective Oblini. I purposely did not wear my Patek Philippe watch as to look more, well, 'unimpressive'. The last thing I need to do is look like the money I make.
"Thanks for coming down here, Mr. Kent," Verizino says, looking over his file.
"No problem, Detectives. Just doing my civic duty. And please just call me Kent."
"Sure, Kent, sure. Anyway, Detective Oblini and I wanted to speak to you about a Ms., what was her name again?"
"Corrine Carasco," Oblini says. I know that Verizino knows her name well. He's just playing stupid to act like he isn't completely invested in the case.
"Name ring a bell, Kent?" They both look at me sternly.
"Corrine, Corrine. Yes. Yes it does. She was looking into getting me a car I was after awhile back. Couldn't find it, though," I say, looking them both directly in the eyes. It's important to look them in the eyes, but not too harshly as to bring attention to myself in an arrogant way.
"Really? What car was that?" Oblini asks.
"Oh, a 1972 Ferrari 365 GTS/4 Daytona Spyder," I say, looking at both of them.
"Sounds expensive," Verizino says.
"Could be, depending on the condition," I say, observing the lights directly above us. There's gum sticking underneath the desk.
"Well, the reason we're having this discussion is because it seems Corrine disappeared," states Oblini.
"Disappeared?" I ask, not using the word 'missing'.
"Yeah. Just poof, gone. Her family reported her missing a couple months back and-"

“A couple months back? I hope she’s okay. That’s quite a while to have been away.”
“Yeah well, we’ve been busy here with other missing person cases, murders, and a lot more. We’re just getting around to looking into this one.” Verizino.
“And I’m here because?” I ask, looking completely oblivious.
“Because Kent, you were one of, if not, the last person to have seen Corrine. See (he shows me a piece of paper) here is where her phone last pinged. You know, tracking device. It’s somewhere inside a cab. Pretty late, too.” Verzino.
I notice Oblini is staring at me for my reaction. Unfortunately for them, I have no emotions, no feelings. Complete emptiness encompasses me.
“You went to dinner with her that night? French bistro? Le Couce or something like that?”
“Yes, I remember the dinner.” I’m not sure how they know we went to dinner, unless they got a hold of her messages somehow or if she told a co-worker. Either way, they know.
“When you left dinner, did you get in the cab with her?” Oblini asks. This is an important question. If I didn’t know that Corrine shut her phone off, I’d have to answer yes, because her phone would have pinged outside my apartment complex. But I do know she did turn it off and I know she never turned it back on because I threw the phone, which was turned off, into the duffle bag with her body. As for worrying if anyone saw us, the answer would be no. The doorman was reading the Post and even if he did look our way, he wouldn’t remember her face, nor would he care to get involved anyway.
“No. She got in a cab by herself. Said she was going home. Early day tomorrow.”
“Why didn’t you go in the cab and see her off to her home? Make sure she got there safe?” Verizino asks, which is an interesting question.
“It was more or less a formal dinner of my being just a client, which is what it was,” I answer sternly.
“You didn’t want to fuck her?” Oblini asks, smiling, nudging his partner, trying to get me to feel ‘right at home with the boys’.
“She’s a beautiful woman (not ‘was’, which is the term they were looking for me to use), and the thought had gone through my mind, but as I said earlier, it was a formal dinner. Nothing else.”
“We could tell from the pictures of her she was definitely a hottie.” Oblini.
“Was? Why did you use the term ‘was’?” I ask curiously.
“Well, generally with a missing person case this length of time, the chances are she may be dead,” Verizino says, eyeing me.
““Did you see her get into a cab?” Oblini asks.

“Yes. A yellow cab, I believe.”
“Does your building have cameras?” Verizino asks.
“Yes it does, but they don’t work (which is true). They’re just used as a deterrent.”
“You have cameras but they don’t work?” Verizino asks and looks at Oblini.
“Yes, that’s right. I mean, they do work, but they don’t work now. You know. Union rules. Gotta have a union guy work on them and no one has come out to do so yet.” I say this, eyebrows raised, as if it frustrates me, when of course, it does not. They’re asking me this to get a ‘rise’ out of me, see if I become nervous, wondering if I really was in that cab with her and if she went into my apartment.
“Yeah, I know about stuff with unions,” Verizino says, writing some notes.
“I do remember she was texting someone during dinner. Something about a client buying a car. Maybe she met the client instead of going straight home?” I ask.
“Yeah we looked into that already. Guy was in another state,” Oblini replies, writing something in a folder.
“Righty-O. Is there anything else, Detectives? I have a meeting to attend this afternoon (not really).”
“Just one more thing, Kent. Did you try to call her or get in touch with her again?” Oblini asks, knowing already that I didn’t. I’m sure he checked my phone records and hers.
“No. I just felt like if she wanted to get in touch with me, she would. Besides, there are a lot of women I’m interested in and date.” I say this not giving any names because if I do, these two will definitely get Vanessa involved by asking her questions. Verizino and Oblini look at each other and I know they don’t have anything. If they did, I wouldn’t leave here today. They don’t have a body and that means they don’t have anything but questions.
“Alright, Kent. Thanks for stopping in. Here’s our cards. If you remember anything else, give one of us a call. If we need to speak to you further, we’ll be in touch.”
“Thank you, Detectives. I hope I was of some help.” I nod my head and walk out the precinct, sweat now pouring down my head. I look to loosen my tie because my body temperature is rising, but I’m not wearing one to loosen. The Rowdy Morton show tonight is titled ‘Help! I’ve been vaccinated eight times and I’m still getting the virus!’ Vaccinated people should hold a sign up that says ‘Leper’ and cry out ‘Leper!’ when you walk by them. But that will all be irrelevant in a few years. Most will be dead from cardiac arrest. Walking down the street, I see a group of people pointing, looking up at a tall building. There’s some police around. I’m finally starting to calm down. I buy two waters ($8.00 for both, not Essentia so I’m disappointed) from a food truck and guzzle them both down in

under a minute. I ask the guy, probably from India or Pakistan (never can tell the difference), what's going on. He says in a language barely decipherable that there's a woman at the top of the building, threatening to jump. I think quickly of going to the office store around the corner and buying a marker and board, writing the word J-U-M-P! on it, holding it up, and waving to her to jump. However, that would bring undo attention towards me. Especially undo attention after leaving a police precinct. I join the crowd and hope to see her jump. The people beside me are holding their hands to their faces, some crying, some hugging each other, as if they have a vested interest in whether this woman lives or dies. Fucking idiots. After about ten minutes, I figure there isn't going to be any action, so I leave. Vanessa calls me twice, and then messages me about going to a restaurant that Becky recommended. I'm standing at a magazine stand, looking through the various newspapers to see if there's any mention of a missing woman or any mention of the bodies I've dumped in the river. Nothing. I haven't seen or heard a thing. I decide to do some shopping to ease my mind of the meeting earlier. I buy a new full length leather trench from Ferragamo, two white cotton button down shirts from Tom Ford, three pairs of Oxford leather shoes from A. Testoni (one black, one dark brown, and one maroon), and a new skin creme from Kokoberna. The Albanian doorman is sitting, doing something on his phone. I nod my head as I enter the elevator and seconds later, walk in my apartment, throw the bags on the floor, and lay on my bed, thinking over the conversation with the Detectives, but knowing that they have, in reality, nothing. That perks me up and I message Sebastian and tell him I'll meet him and Baxter later this afternoon for drinks. I make a quick call to my lawyer (a Jew) and he assured me, without asking me any questions, that they have no case. Perfect. I grab a knife I purchased for $4.99 from the Asian hardware store and decide to go for a stroll, holding my head high. I head into Midtown and am approached by two Black teens selling a homemade rap music cd.

"Yo, Holmes. Check this out." He shows me some blurry image of him on a cd.

"Yo, for fifteen dollas it'd be yours, you dig?" his friend says.

"Not interested." I start to walk away when I hear one of them say, "Fucking White cracker." I walk a few more yards, pretending not to hear that, then turn around and say, "Know what? Why not? I'll buy a few of them. I'm always on the lookout to support my community. Just not out here. You know how it is with the cops. Racist bastards. They see two Black guys taking money from a White guy, probably think it's a drug deal. Let's go in this alley here." I look and see no bums (surprisingly because the alley reeks of shit) and walk towards a trash dumpster.

“Yo, yo. How many, Holmes?” One spook asks, as his friend looks towards the street. Both are wearing dark grey hoodies with baggy jeans and knock-off sneaks. They look identical. Don’t they always when they dress like that?
“Three.” As he reaches in his pocket to get them, I grab my knife and stab him in the throat, quickly turning to his friend who is in shock at seeing his homey grab his neck, blood coming over his hands. I stab him in the side of his neck, and as he drops to one knee, I stab him on the top of his head, making sure to extend my arm away from my body so the blood doesn’t get on my clothes. They’re both rummaging on the ground, eyes looking around, They look like fish swimming on the pavement. I see a small fire in a garbage can some yards away a bum probably made and throw the knife in it, walking briskly down the alley to the next street. Thankfully no blood got on my clothes but there’s a bit on my hand so I wipe it off with a handkerchief I bought in a pack of ten from HSN on sale for $4.99. I throw it in another burning barrel where someone lit a fire to warm themselves for later. A few moments later I hear a scream and smile. Two less scumbags in the city. Doubtful anyone looks into it. Why would they?

Masin’s

“Hamilton! You sonofabitch! Where’ve you been?” Julien Baxter yells. Baxter is wearing a navy blue wool pinstripe suit by Eleventy, Hugo Boss light blue cotton button down shirt with a dark blue silk tie from Nordstrom, black leather Oxford shoes from Tod’s, and a Slim D’Hermes 39.5mm H1950 steel matte black alligator watch. His wavy brown hair looks perfect.
“I’ve been around the world in a day, Julien. Or should I call you Baxter?” Hamilton replies, drinking. Hamilton is wearing a black single-breasted wool suit from Tagliatore, an Etro white cotton button down shirt with an Etro black silk tie, Jimmy Choo black leather Finnian monk lace-up shoes, and a Tag Heuer Carrera Automatic Chronograph watch with a 44mm diameter. His dark brown hair is slicked back.
“Call me what you will, you bastard! Pull up a chair!” Baxter exclaims.
“Kent and I were just discussing the art of closing a deal, seeing as he won over Wellker,” Baxter says, drinking a Hendrick’s g&t.
“Heard about that from Peterson, Kent,” Hamilton says, sitting down.

“I’m sure you did,” I say, drinking Jack rocks. I’m wearing a dark blue wool suit from Ferragamo, light blue silk shirt from Givenchy, a Ferragamo dark blue silk patterned tie, and my new A. Testoni maroon leather Oxford shoes. My watch is my Patek Philippe 5270-G-014 Blue Perpetual Calendar Chronograph.
“Hey, mate. Where in the bloody fuck is our waitress?” Sebastian asks. He’s wearing an Indochino Harrogate Windowpane charcoal suit, with a light blue cotton tailored shirt from Henry A. Davidson, a dark blue silk tie from Pancaldi, and Harrys of London Vincent G. satin leather calf toe black Oxford shoes. His watch is his Breitling Navitimer B03 Chronograph Rattrapante L.E. RB0311. I should ask him where he cuts his blonde, wavy hair. Looks spot-on, always. Looking at Baxter and Sebastian makes me want to try their hairstyle, but my hair, unlike theirs, is not wavy naturally. This bothers me. A waitress, a nobody, thin and unassuming, comes around.
“Finally. A bloody Glenlivet, neat,” Sebastian says, staring directly away from her. I raise my glass and she just looks at me like the moron she is. Probably disappointed that she isn’t a bartender.
“Another Jack, rocks.”
Hamilton and Baxter reorder their drinks. Hamilton is drinking a Grey Goose rocks, and Baxter orders another Hendrick’s g&t.
“I mean, do you lure them into a trap to get them, Kent? Or is it something that’s subtle that attracts them to take the bait?” Hamilton asks.
“It’s about listening to them, making them think you actually give a shit about what they’re saying. You know, reeling them in close, then giving them their own punch line to say what you already know they’re going to say, which is ‘sounds good, or sounds like a plan-”
“Or ‘let’s shake on it’,” Sebastian interrupts.
“Yes. ‘Let’s shake on it’ after they think they’re in the deal at a fifty-fifty split. Did you know Ted Bundy ate his victims to inherit their very essence?” I ask this, looking for an answer from one of them.
“Who?” Baxter asks.
“Ted Bundy. Serial Killer, nineteen seventies,” I reply.
“Did he close a deal with Wellker, too?” Hamilton asks, everyone laughing but me.
“No, he-”
“Hey Kent. Racquetball tomorrow morning?” Baxter asks.
“Sure, Baxter. I’m always game for another victory,” I reply.
“Sure you are Kent,” Baxter says, sipping his drink.

“First I have to cut up some illegal immigrants and dispose of their bodies, then I should be at the Health Club around 9am.”
“Sounds fine to me, Kent. Doing the city a great service. Hey, Hamilton. How do you close a deal? You know, a multi-million dollar one with high stakes, high drama?” Baxter asks.
“Easy. I charm my way into making them think they’re the ones in charge of the deal itself. You know, tell them what they want to hear, like Kent just said,” answers Hamilton.
“Once the stock prices rise, they may want to sell, making a profit, which plummets the stock. However, if your client has enough shares and he’s working his way to buy even more, let’s say to gain the majority of the company, then the controlling board may offer to buy his shares at a premium rate, giving your client a higher amount than the shares are worth. That’s the big deal that Baxter is asking about,” I say, drinking my Jack.
“Everyone wins, Kent,” intwines Baxter.
“Everyone but the shareholders on the open market. But no one cares about them anyway,” I reply, chuckling.
I glance and see a few watches of interest: one Rolex Chronograph, a Patek Philippe, and a diamond Cartier.
“But above all else, remember to read The Art of The Deal by Donald Trump. The answers to any questions you have will be in there,” I say, nodding my head.
“Yeah, mate. Got a copy myself. Use it when I can,” says Sebastian, holding his glass high for the waitress to see. Looking over at a table near the side window, I see someone that looks like Klein.
“Looks like that faggot Klein over there, gentlemen.”
“Who?” Hamilton asks.
“Klein. Hangs out with Peterson. He’s a fag that drinks pina coladas.” Me.
“A bit of antisemitism in your voice, Kent?” Baxter asks.
“It’s not antisemitic to call a Jew a fag, Baxter,” I reply, holding my glass up as the waitress comes through to refill our drinks.
“It is in this country, mate,” says Sebastian.
“What if he was a White guy? It’d be okay then, right?” I ask.
“Technically no, but better than calling a Jew a fag,” Baxter says.
“Why? That makes me antisemitic? What if I call a Black guy a fag? Does that make me a racist? If I call a White guy a fag, it’s plausible?” I ask, drinking my Jack.
“In my country, we say we’re going to have a fag when we smoke,” Sebastian adds.

“In this city, you say that, it’s a totally different meaning Sebastian,” Hamilton says, grinning. “Stand up and yell, “Hey! I’m going to smoke a fag!” Baxter yells, standing.
“I just don’t think Jews should get a pass because they’re Jews, gentlemen.” Me.
“Oh, I’m sure the table agrees with you, Kent. How many times have you listened to a Jew brag about this deal or that deal, about how much fucking money they make? You say one negative thing about them, you get labeled antisemitic. They wipe their asses like everyone else. Makes me sick, mate.” Sebastian.
“That’s because they’re as full of shit as the next guy,” I say.
“I’m sure Hans would love to hear this conversation,” Baxter says.
“You know Hans?” I ask Baxter.
“Shit Kent, who doesn’t?” We laugh at this and for some unknown reason, raise our glasses and drink.
“Anderson would have alot to add to this,” Sebastian says.
“Think about this, gentlemen. Jews never run for the Presidency and very rarely any high profile positions,” I say as I lean back in the plush chair.
“Ha! And why is that, Kent?” Baxter says, drinking.
“I’ll tell you why, mate. I’m onto Kent’s line of thought here. It’s because they don’t want to rattle either side. Sure, they’re more blue than red, but they know they can make as much money with the reds as the blues, so they don’t want to pick a side openly,” Sebastian says, pointing at the table.
“I was going to say because they’re cowards, Sebastian. But yes, you are correct in your analysis.” Me.
“Ha! If Anderson could hear us now!” exclaims Baxter. He’s definitely a bit wasted. A few people turn our way and look as if they want to say something. Sebastian notices this, too.
“Got a problem, mate?” he says, turning around and speaking to the table nearest us. The cowards look away and begin speaking to each other. Probably liberals. Maybe Jews.
“Check this out, boys.” Hamilton raises his left leg and puts it on the table.
“Tell me. Just tell me you don’t admire these Jimmy Choo black leather Finnian monk lace-up shoes. Look at that shine, gentlemen. Look at that shine!” Hamilton says, pointing to his shoe.
“Look at the buckle fasteners. Nice, Hamilton. Nice,” Baxter says, nodding his head.
“But check these babies out!” Baxter says, putting his right leg on the table.
“These babies are Tod’s, gentlemen. And check out the shine,” he says, pointing to the tip of his shoe.

“Nice, mate, nice. But I believe you can shave your face while looking at this shine,” Sebastian says, putting his left leg on the table.
“From Harry’s of London. Vincent G. satin leather calf toe black Oxford shoes. Perfectly fit for my feet.” I nod my head, and intwine,“Sure Sebastian. But you gentlemen have nothing on my A. Testoni maroon leather Oxford shoes. Look at the shine on this.” I put my right leg on the table and see the staff pointing towards us, so I give them the finger, smiling as I do so. Others are looking our way again, but no one says anything. A waiter, a nobody, comes over to our table.
“Um, sorry sirs, but it’s against bar policy to put your legs on the table.”
“Really? Where does it say that? In your non-existent handbook?” I say.
“Well sir, it’s against-”
“And I said where does it say that? It doesn’t say that anywhere, does it?”
The waiter looks at his fellow staff patrons and says again, “Please remove your legs from the-”
“Sure, mate, sure. We’re not loud, obnoxious people. We’re quite civilized. Isn’t that right, Hamilton?” Sebastian remarks, as he and the rest of us remove our legs from the wet table.
“Right as you can be, Sebastian. After all, we are paying citizens of this once great country,” Hamilton remarks, drinking.
“This place is a blast, Kent!” Baxter says, raising his glass for a refill. “Question! Is *GQ* really *GQ*?” Baxter asks.
“What are you getting at, Baxter?” asks Hamilon, sitting back.
“I mean, is *GQ* really *GQ*?” he replies.
“Hasn’t it always been?” Hamilton says.
“He means has the magazine itself changed with the times for better or worse,”I add.
“Exactly, Kent! Ha! You bastard!” Baxter says, completely oblivious to anything other than the alcohol he is drinking.
“It has changed, mate. It’s not for me anymore.” Sebastian.
“Perhaps a browse here and there, but nothing more than that,” I say, wondering why my forehead is beginning to sweat and no one else’s is.
“Kent. You see Stephan’s tan at the office party?” Sebastian asks.
“Yes, what of it?”
“How does he stay tan all year round? Tanning pills?” Sebastian jokes.
“Ha! Remember those?” Baxter intercedes.
“Yeah, mate. Those were a trip. Does he use a tanning bed?”
“No. I could tell if he did because he would have some redness on his skin that

deviated from the actual tan itself. It must be some cream. Probably the Norvell Venetian one. I hear that's good," I reply, proud of myself that I remembered that.
"What about the one from Dior? I think they have one," Hamilton says, trying to sound as if he knows of such things.
"Yes they do, but there isn't a self-tanning cream on the market that spreads as evenly as the Norvell Venetian product. Stephan's tan never has any discolor to it nor does it fade unevenly. His tan is always perfect." I know he uses this product because Vanessa asked Sarah (the blonde Stephan's been banging for awhile) what tanning product she uses and she told her it was the same one that Stephan used, which is the one from Norvell. But there isn't any reason to tell them that because if I did, it would belittle the contribution I just made to the conversation.
"Check out the ass on that waitress over there," Hamilton says, staring intently like a dog in heat.
"Hamilton, you're a bastard! You dog!" Baxter exclaims.
"She does have a rather desiring ass, Hamilton. Why don't you take her in the ladies room and show her what you're all about?" I ask, bemusingly.
"Ladies room?" asks Hamilton.
"Yes, Hamilton. In today's society, especially in this shitty city, a guy, just like yourself, can fuck a woman in the ladies room, and if anyone complains or screams, just tell them you identify as a woman and you forgot your strap-on. Think about that for a second," I say, gulping down my drink.
"Kent's right, Hamilton. Lots of fucked up shit going on in this country now. You could actually get away with that. Crazy, mate." Sebastian.
"Kent! You're a dog!" Baxter says, leaning his head back, admiring the rectangular lights glaring down on us.
"Huh. Maybe I'll try that someday, Kent. For now, I'll just stare at her ass," Hamilton says, looking at the nobody waitress. We finish our drinks and because the staff were staring at us earlier when we had our legs on the table, we decide to split the bill, which is $255.85, four ways, to the cent. This gets the waitress huffing a bit, but no one gives a shit about her. We each tip one dollar.
"Hey, Kent. See you around?" Hamilton asks.
"Sure, Hamilton. Just remember what I told you before about the bathroom. It'll work," I say, tapping him on his shoulder.

Bloodlust

After watching Fright Night, The Lost Boys, and the original 1931 Dracula, I have a desire to drink blood. The Iron in it would help with my daily regime anyway, so I figure why not? I can freeze whatever amount I don't drink and it will last at least four to five days. I respond to an ad on one of those escort sites (there's so many now) and meet the girl, who has brown hair, 34C breasts, and nice hips, outside a bar on Avenue A. She calls herself Regina. I call her new meat. When responding to the ad, I replied with the name Peterson. Why not? The Rowdy Morton show tonight is a light-hearted one. It's titled 'Stars of the 80's: Where are they now?' I'm anxious to see where my favorite stars are, and what they look like. Sebastian messaged me saying he's watching it, too.

"Hi," meat says. "Nice to meet you. I'm Regina." She extends her hand to shake. She's wearing a black faux leather jacket and ribbed pink dress from Craze Fashion, with cheap pink heels from DSW.

"Nice meeting you, too. I'm Peterson. My apartment is a bit of a distance from here. Let's get a cab." She smiles and a cab comes by within a minute. There's two homeless bums sitting across the street staring at us as we enter the cab. I decided to dress down a bit and wear a plain white t-shirt from Versace, blue jeans from Alexander McQueen, and mid-range black leather boots from Ferragamo. My black trench is from Ferragamo, as well.

"Back to your place?" meat asks.

"Yes. It's not too far now," I reply, looking out the window, counting the homeless and illegal immigrants huddled in dark corners. I count nineteen.

"What do you think about the rising crime in the city?" I ask.

"Oh. I hope it gets better," meat answers. Fucking moron. Never a solution for the answer; always 'hope it gets better' or 'I think it'll get better'.

Fare is $22.50. I give him $25. Yesterday was Valentine's day. I sent Vanessa a dozen black roses with a card that said 'This is how I feel about you'. She replied with a message that said 'Thank you! They're so beautiful!'

"This your building?" meat asks.

"Yes it is. Shall we?" I motion to the door and open it for her. The Armenian is working tonight.

"This looks nice."

"Thanks. I've been here awhile. It's quiet. Just the way I like things." Getting off and walking into my apartment, she gazes, mind already churning, adding things up.

“You can put your shoes in the corner there.” I point to the side of the door.
“Okay. Can I use your bathroom?” she asks.
“Of course.” I walk towards my Kenwood stereo and put on Bach. Violin Concerto in E major to be exact.
“Nice bathroom,” she gawks. They all say the same fucking thing.
“Thanks. Want some whiskey?” I ask, standing near a bottle of Jack and two glasses.
“Sure.” I pour two Jack rocks (ice cubes from my Liebherr freezer) and hand her a glass.
“Nice stereo.”
“Thanks. Let me ask you a question. Do you roll the dice and hope someone like me isn’t some psychopath?” I ask.
“What do you mean?” she asks, sipping her drink.
“How do you know I’m not some serial killer?” I ask, approaching her.
“Well, uh, they don’t exist anymore. At least, I hope they don’t,” she says, giggling. She doesn’t have a true answer because the answer is that she doesn’t know and she and many others like her, are rolling the dice and hoping that they are meeting someone that is deemed ‘normal’ in society. Unfortunately for them, the word ‘normal’ applies more to me than their filthy kind. I hand her the agreed price ($350 plus $50 tip) and she thanks me. She walks over to my vinyl collection and I wait to see if she asks if she can look through the albums. She doesn’t ask.
“Who’s WHAM!?” she asks, flipping the record over.
“WHAM! was a band from the 80’s consisting of George Michael and Andrew Ridgeley. You’re holding a Limited Edition picture disc from 1985.”
“Oh, cool. He’s really hot. Actually, they both kinda are,” she says, putting the disc back in its rightful place.
“The guy with the dirty blonde hair was George Michael. He’s dead. He was gay. Andrew Ridgely is still among the living, I believe.”
“Is he gay?” meat asks.
“No. No he’s not gay.”
“And neither are you,” meat says, approaching me.
“You seem really nice and I like meeting new people. I guess you could say I’m a spontaneous person,”she says, finishing her drink and putting her arms around my neck.
“I think you have to know a person before you say something like that,” I say, putting my drink down, as my lips touch hers. In under a minute we take off our clothes and I pick her up, her legs wrapped around me, and put her on my bed. I pick up my clothes and fold them as she watches, then walk in my bathroom, and

lather my teeth with my Theodent 300 Toothpaste (mint flavor). I run towards my bed and jump on it, smiling as I kiss ms. meat Regina and stroke her hair. I want her to feel as comfortable with me as she possibly can. Laying down, I tell her to sit on me. I use both my hands to pull back on her clitoris lips, licking the center. She squirms, squeezes her legs, and starts huffing and panting. I see a few razor bumps. She either shaved or got waxed today. Either way, I wonder if she does that before each client? If so, that would explain the bumps and rough skin. I begin fingering her vagina and she continues to pant. Going faster and faster, but gently, makes her come to an orgasm, in which she rubs her vagina on my lips. She immediately turns around and begins to perform oral sex on my penis. I grab her head, thrusting it down on my penis, which is rock hard, and she doesn't tell me to stop. Vanessa doesn't like when I do that. I kiss her as she strokes my penis with her hand and she begins to suck it again, stopping only to stroke it as she sucks each of my testicles (they're huge). I stare at my ceiling and think if a new color would be appropriate or if I should leave it as white. I flip her over on her knees, pulling her off my penis, and begin to have sexual intercourse, thrusting my penis into her soaking vagina. I pull her hair like a pony and she likes it. Most whores do. I admire my face in the mirror as I fuck her, running my hand through my hair. She's smiling as I do this, looking at herself in the mirror, too. I'm pounding this bitch, harder and harder, and she comes to another orgasm. I take out my penis, which is wet from her cum, and insert it into her anus. She squiggles a bit, which I find cute, and I slowly go in and out her anus, slapping her butt as I do so. She's a nasty whore, and I enjoy this and she does, too. Her arms sprawled, head down, I continue to thrust in her anus, smiling in the mirror. I stop spanking her and pull her head by her hair up so she can see my face in the mirror. I have a huge grin on my face, and I show off my gleaming, glistening, White teeth. I pull out a knife (purchased from an online store, I don't remember the name, in a set of nine, on sale for $19.95), point to it and then point to her.

"How's this for being spontaneous?"

She stops smiling, and her face turns to a frown. I assume in this moment she knows she made a mistake by responding to my message online to meet her. You never really do know who you will meet and you truly are hoping to meet just another nice guy. It could've gone either way for her tonight, but I choose which way it will go. Me. No one else. I slit her throat and blood sprays on the mirror. I pull back my neck (like I saw the vampires do in those movies), and thrust my teeth into her open, bloody wound. I begin tearing away at her flesh, pulling it off, and spitting it in the air. I lick my lips, swallowing her blood, making sure I digest

enough Iron for the evening. Plunging my face into her neck, I pull her head back more so I can see the bone and begin licking that. Staring at myself in the mirror, I feel elated to see my face dripping with blood onto her back and down my chin onto my chest. I continue to fuck her anus and lick her neck, trying my best to lick the bone dry, as her head falls forward. I come to a huge orgasm, blowing my load in her anus, and then rubbing my penis on her vagina, which smells like urine.
"I wish you could see me now. Your blood tastes rather clean. Can't be too sure of that, but I must say I prefer obtaining Iron this way instead of through vitamins or some shake." I walk off the bed and look down at my penis, which has blood on it and is swollen. Smiling, I walk towards the small bar and pour myself a Jack rocks. I continue to listen to Bach as I begin to saw ms. meat up into pieces. I use the 64oz Tritan cup that came with the Wolf Gourmet Blender I purchased from their online store to scoop out the blood, then blend it (using the 2.4hp motor with four settings) and pour it into 16oz Mason jar bottles (purchased from HSN), and place them in my Liebherr fridge and freezer, making sure the super frost system is set to -26F. I use the blender, which has a speed of 210mph, because there's some skin and perhaps veins, arteries, other shit, that may get in the scoop. I purchased the blender because it also has a cool LCD control panel. After blending the blood, I know it will be in its purest form. I end up with eight 16oz bottles. Not bad for my first try at it. Since I taped the Rowdy Morton show, I decide to shower now. On the Tic Tac Dough show (this one is from 1981), a man from Nevada defeated a man from Texas. He went on to defeat the Dragon in the bonus round by finding the words Tic and Tac, which were respectively behind squares five and nine. The Dragon was behind square number four. I'm proud of how quickly I've been able to saw a body to fit into a duffle bag. The more practice I have, the better I get. It's true what they say- 'Practice makes perfect'.

Symphony

I'm standing in line with Vanessa outside of some stupid venue where classical music is performed. I'm wearing a black tuxedo, tuxedo shirt, black bow tie, all from Tom Ford. My shoes are black leather cap toe lace-ups from Ferragamo and I'm wearing my Patek Philippe watch. Vanessa is wearing a Zuhair Murad black beaded corset off the shoulder ruffle gown, black high heel beaded sandal shoes

by Jimmy Choo, and carrying a black beaded clutch by YSL. Her earrings are black ear stud diamonds by Van Cleef and Arpels. She's wearing a silver diamond bracelet by Cartier. Her smooth, black hair flows to her shoulders. I have six jars of blood left to consume. There's a bitter taste to it and it has that after taste, the kind that lingers around for a few seconds. But overall, I thoroughly enjoy drinking it. Definitely adds Iron in my system. There's trash littered in the street. It reeks of shit. On the Tic Tac Dough show, a man from Texas defeated a man from Wyoming. He won $1000 in the bonus round and $2,200 total. The Dragon was behind square number two.
"Vanessa. Have you seen how others are dressed?" I ask.
"Hmm? Oh, look! It's Becky and Thomas," she says, pointing in their direction. Thomas is wearing a black slim fit notch Vera Wang tuxedo, white tuxedo shirt from JoS A. Bank, black bow tie from Vera Wang, black cap toe Oxford leather shoes from Monte Rosso, and his Longines Quartz stainless steel watch.
"Looks as if we're all a bit overdressed Kent," he says, surveying the crowd. The Rowdy Morton Show tonight is titled 'I'm a Sex Worker! I'm an Escort! I'm a Hooker! Is there a difference?' The answer is no.
"Yes, Thomas. It does look that way," I say, actually agreeing with him. Becky and Vanessa start talking nonsense to each other. Becky is wearing an Et Ochs cowl neck asymmetric hem midi black dress and black ankle strap high heel shoes from Jimmy Choo. Her silver diamond stud earrings are from Tiffany and her black satin clutch is from Fendi.
"Kristoff, look. I think that's Ivanka Trump in that limo," Vanessa says.
"It looks like her but it isn't her, Vanessa."
"Then who is it?" she asks, confused.
"I don't know nor do I care. Look how everyone else is dressed." Vanessa and Becky look at people dressed in long sleeve shirts, t-shirts, jeans, a guy in sweatpants, men wearing caps, women wearing jeans, trashy skirts, ball caps. It's pathetic. I see a few men wearing suits out of the hundreds standing in line here.
"Who cares how they're dressed, Kristoff? What matters is how we are. They're the ones that look like idiots. Not us," she says, putting her arms around me.
"Yes, you are right Vanessa…….*sometimes*."
"I know I am honey," she says, kissing my lips. We're here to see an orchestra perform Robert Shumann's symphonies one, two, and three. I agreed to come because I thought it would give me time to get away from the violence that seems to be overtaking my sane rationality. But I don't believe it will work because I counted eleven homeless people on the way here in the cab and as soon as we exited it, the smell of shit and pot hit me. This truly is a disgusting city.

“Well Kent, looks like they’re finally letting us in,” Thomas says, looking as annoyed as I am.
“I hate waiting in line, Vanessa. Isn’t there some express pass to get us through?” I ask.
“No there isn’t. The line is moving quickly. You sound like Thomas. He said the same exact thing to Becky.”
“For once we’re in agreement,” I say, looking at the fat man behind me. He smells.
“Patience, Kristoff. You’re always telling me to practice patience and here you are-”
“Enough, Vanessa. That’s enough.” I turn her around and stare at her and she turns back and starts speaking with Becky. Thomas doesn’t say anything as we take our seats, which are good seats. We’re sitting five rows back, center orchestra. I sit next to Vanessa, who sits next to Becky, with Thomas next to her. A fat guy wearing a happy face t-shirt sits next to me. I look at him and he smiles at me and says, “Hello” but I do not say anything and continue to stare at him and he looks away once, then looks back at me, then looks away again and says something to his fat, ugly wife.
“Kristoff, look. The conductor is here,” Vanessa says, clapping. For unknown reasons, everyone (not me) rises and claps till the conductor turns and signals for the orchestra to begin. I’m already bored. I enjoy listening to classical music, but not in a venue. I enjoy listening to it in my apartment while I am on my bed relaxing, standing and drinking, or cutting up a body to dispose of.
“Vanessa. We should leave after the first act,” I say.
“What? Becky got these tickets for us. The least we can do is stay till the end.”
I rise from my chair, looking around at the putrid people.
“Kristoff. Sit down! You’re blocking the view for others,” she says. Thomas is leaning on his arm, almost asleep.
“I have to use the restroom, Vanessa.” I look down and see the fat guy sitting next to me has a soda or a drink on the floor directly in front of him. I kick it and it spills over onto the row in front of us. It’s always difficult finding the rest room in a place like this. There never are any signs and there is no one to ask. I stumble upon it after five minutes of wandering aimlessly. There’s no attendant in the room, which makes me think this place is indeed cheap not to pay someone to hand towels to the patrons. I count four toilets and six urinals. I go to the urinal closest to the first toilet. This is because if anyone else comes in, they can go to the urinal farthest away from me. A man walks in and goes to the urinal next to mine. Immediately anger sweeps over me.
“Are you a fag?” I ask him.

“What? No. No I’m not,” he replies.
I finish urinating, shake my penis twice, and walk towards the faucets to wash my hands.
“Then why did you use the urinal closest to mine?” I ask. He’s still pissing.
“Oh, well I suppose it’s, well, I guess, well I really don’t know,” he says, shaking his penis and then zipping up his blue Rustler jeans.
“I’m sorry if I offended you.”
I shake my head and think back to if I saw any cameras as I was walking and I didn’t but that doesn’t mean there aren’t any because these people are sneaky bastards with cameras and they’re probably hidden somewhere so I can’t kill this asshole here.
“You really should think about using the urinal farthest away next time you intend to take a piss,” I say, waving my hands to air dry them in front of him.
“I’ll ah, keep that in mind.”
I leave the rest room and try to quench my anger. Even here, at an orchestra, the filth of this city resides. I cannot even find a small semblance of peace here. Before sitting down, I smile at the fay guy and he doesn’t smile back.
“Hey Kent,” Thomas says, leaning forward.
“What?” I ask. Putting my finger to my ear. The music is loud, but admittingly, calming.
“I said-”
“I can’t hear you, Thomas. The music. It’s very loud as I’m quite sure you are aware of.” Thomas motions to Becky to get up, and she reluctantly moves to his seat. I motion to Vanessa to do the same, but she doesn’t want to after she sees the fat guy sitting next to me.
“Vanessa. Get up.”
“Seriously, Kristoff?”
“Thomas has something he wants to tell me, Vanessa. I can’t hear him if he’s sitting three seats away.” She’s pissed, but she gets up. She'll get over this.
“Kent. I wanted to tell you that you were right. You know, about the city. I smell shit everywhere I go,” he says.
“And pot.” Me.
“Yes, and pot. Honestly, I thought you were just being a bit negative but you’re right. This city is filthy and the blues and the idiots putting them in office are to blame.” I’m amused Thomas, who went to Yale, is actually admitting I am right.
“Maybe you should start killing those idiots, one by one,” I say to him.
“What? I didn’t hear you, Kent.”
“I said it’s about time you understand what I’ve been saying.”

“Becky hears it all the time from Vanessa and I told her that you make a solid point. My firm has been losing clients because they’ve left the city, moved to Florida, and some moved out of the country and don’t want to deal with the high interest rates anymore. It’s a shame, really. Could have all been prevented. Fucking assholes,” Thomas says, shaking his head.

“Yes, it could have been prevented but they, the pathetic leaders of this city and country, tested everyone and saw their fear and their cowardice and this is what happens when people are cowards. They fall in line with exactly what the government wants: total control.” Thomas nods his head and Vanessa taps my shoulder and points to her nose, waving her hand.

“I know, Vanessa. He stinks. He’s fat, Vanessa. Fat people stink.” Thomas laughs and we agree to leave after the second act which gets the girls a bit restless but they smile after we tell them we’ll take them to a hot new restaurant that stays open till midnight. After thinking for a few minutes, Vanessa turns her head and says, “But there aren’t any good restaurants that stay open till midnight.”

“I know, Vanessa. I know.” I sit next to the fat guy and he looks annoyed at the amount of movement we’ve all made. Others do, too. Fuck them. Seeing the conductor wave his magic wand, thoughts enter my mind. It’d be a wonderful sight for me to be the conductor and tell each violinist to slit the person’s throat next to them. One by one, they’d fall down, and orgy of throat-slitting blood. It’s a wonderful thought and one I hope to eventually see come to reality. Thinking back to the conversation with Thomas, I begin to wonder if he has an ulterior motive. Perhaps he mentioned his firm losing money so I could put a word in for him with Craine. He did attend Yale, so the remote possibility of an ulterior motive is always there. Vanessa would know. I’m sure Becky would tell her something, give her a hint, if it’s true. After about two hours of swaying in and out of sleep, the girls nod to each other and then to myself and Thomas, and we leave the venue.

“Kristoff. You can be such a downer sometimes,” Vanessa says, as we wait for a cab.

“It’s better to leave now Vanessa, then when the show finishes and everyone waits for a cab. You know I don’t like waiting for anything.” A cab comes by and we pile in it. Thomas is sitting near the window with Becky in the center, and Vanessa is scrunched near the opposite window. I’m sitting up front with the cab driver, apparently named Alzier. There’s one of those new car smelling things dangling from the mirror. Doesn’t help much with the smell. I tell the driver to go to E. 18th st.

“My friends. This city has changed a lot,” Alzier tells us, looking every way but straight.

“Yes, we are quite aware of that,” I say.
“My friends. When I first come to this country, there were many opportunities as a cab driver. Not anymore,” he says, waving his index finger. “They’ve destroyed this city, my friends.”
“Who might that be?” I ask him, grinning.
“The Blacks, the Latino’s. I never pick up a Black man. Never. They are very dangerous people. You must be careful when you are around them, my friends.”
Thomas and I look at each other and smile. The girls aren’t listening to Alzier. They’re too busy taking selfies.
“I thought you were going to say the liberals destroyed the city,” I say.
“Yes. Yes, they have too. They are no good, my friends. No good.”
“Too bad we can’t just snap our fingers and be rid of all of them, huh?” I ask.
“Yes, my friend. I wish I could do that. Yes, I really do wish to.” He’s silent for the next few minutes, lost in his own world. If I were driving a cab, once I found out the passenger was a liberal or someone that agrees with letting out criminals that have been arrested a thousand times, I’d shoot that person or persons and throw their bodies in a lake or in the weeds in a highway off the beaten path. Most likely, no one would give a shit anyway. Missing scum doesn’t interest many people.
“Hey Kent. We’re not going to Soho, are we?” Thomas asks.
“No, Thomas. There’s nothing but homeless bums and used up relic art dealers in Soho now. Definitely not what it once was.”
“Agreed, Kent. It’s just one more part of New York City that’s been ruined.”
“And you know it really reeks of shit there, Thomas. I’m quite sure it does.” The driver laughs and nods his head. We stop and the fare comes to $38.65. I give him a fifty and tell him to keep the change.
“Thank you, my friend. Remember to be safe.”
He drives off and I think of buying a cab outright, picking up passengers and killing them in the cab. It would make things a heck of a lot easier. Shoot them and bury them in one trip. Simple enough.
“This doesn’t look like a restaurant, Kristoff.”
“It’s not. It’s a new club that Anderson recommended.”
“But I’m hungry,” she says, grabbing hold of my arm.
“There isn’t a Zagat guide I can pull out and search for restaurants that are open now, Vanessa. Sure, you can go online, but it’s not the same as Zagat was. You can eat when you’re home. For now, just enjoy yourself. You can be such a downer sometimes,” I say, smirking. Vanessa gives me a mischievous grim and the four of us go inside. There aren’t any doormen here and the music, some EDM crap, is low. I count five people in here. No one is dancing under the crystal ball.

“Yeah, definitely looks like some place Anderson would recommend,” she says.
“Becky. Let’s get some drinks.” Vanessa.
I look at the bar and the bartender, a wannabe model for sure, looks as if he’s annoyed to be working. Thomas and I walk towards the girls and Vanessa is complaining about her wine, that it tastes like shit, and I tell her “Did you think you were going to get a vintage Chateau Margaux 1787 here?” but this doesn’t help, so she throws the wine in the corner (literally) and gets a Cosmopolitan, the same kind Becky ordered, and Thomas orders a Bulleit Rye neat, and I order Jack rocks, and after sipping it, I complain to the model wannabe bartender that it tastes watered-down, and he smiles and I tell him I’d like to take an ice pick and shove it in his ear, twirling it as he screams and he says “What?” pretending not to understand or hear me, but definitely understanding and hearing me because he takes my drink from my hand and pours another Jack rocks in front of me, hands me the drink and walks away.
“I guess this place isn’t as hip as Anderson said.” Thomas.
“No. Not at all.” People are coming in now, mostly girls, some in groups of four or eight, probably to protect themselves when they leave from the rapists and murderers stalking the city on a daily basis. I see Thomas speaking with Vanessa and she nods her head, which gives me the clue he wants to talk business or something with me. We’re all standing, for no reason other than we don’t plan on being here long.
“Hey Kent. Remember when I told you before that my firm is losing money?”
“Yes Thomas, I remember,” I answer, drinking my nicely poured Jack rocks.
“I’d appreciate it if you could put a word in for me with Craine.”
Bingo. Yale guys are so predictable. I look at Thomas, grin, and say, “Doubtful.”

Suits

I have five suits laid out on my bed, all perfectly aligned next to each other. This is what I do to take a mental inventory of what I have. Last night I drank the last jar of blood I had. Vanessa was here last night and she opened the freezer and asked ‘why do you have cranberry juice in the freezer?’ to which I replied ‘take it out and taste it. You’ll understand,’ to which she did and after some minutes said ‘it’s a bit tangy.’ She refused to drink anymore so I finished the jar before we fucked. The Rowdy Morton show tonight is titled ‘Help! I’m eight

months pregnant and want an abortion. Is it murder? Or is it my right to choose?' I must watch this show live. I hope members of the audience are allowed to debate this subject with the pregnant woman. I'm sure Rowdy Morton will let them. I'm staring at a Giorgio Armani black wool suit, two-button front with notch lapels. Chest welt pocket; waist flap pocket. Two side pockets on the pants. Smooth and inviting. Fits perfectly on my shoulders and chest. Not too tight but not loose. Next there is a Canali grey wool and silk blend suit. Single-breasted jacket with two buttons. Two slash front pockets, chest welt pocket, and two slant pants pockets with one centimeter shoulder padding. The pants have two slash pockets. The suit fits snug and flares out at the bottom. It's exactly the way I like it. The third suit is a vintage Gianni Versace dark grey wool suit. Three buttons with notched lapels, two pockets, chest welt pocket. Deeper center V than the previous two suits. Pants have two front pockets, one back pocket. I had the suit hemmed to fit snug on my body, creating a look of power and sustenance. Looks great. They don't design them like this anymore. The fourth suit is a Tom Ford black cooper solid hopsack suit. Notched lapels, two front buttons, two side flap pockets, chest welt pocket. Trousers have a flat front with two side slip pockets and two back welt pockets. This suit, I believe, may give me the most striking look. The black viscose is the most striking black you will ever see in a suit. It fits firm and snug. The fifth suit is a Givenchy black wool suit. It has a peak lapel with concealed button closure with two side welt pockets. The V is a bit deeper than the previous suits, much like the Gianni Versace suit. The pants have two slash pockets and were hemmed according to my needs. It looks great on me. The jacket accentuates my shoulders, giving me a stern, powerful look. I pace back and forth in my black Emporio Armani trunks (the one with the big eagle) and decide to wear none of these today. I carefully hang them back, keeping each two inches apart in the closet, giving them full measure with my other suits to hang. I grab a Tom Ford dark grey peak lapel hopsack suit, a black cotton button down Canali shirt, dark grey Givenchy Couture tie, and black Christian Louboutin greggo Oxford leather shoes. I look spectacular. Since it's the weekend and Vanessa is out on another shopping spree with Becky, I decide to go to Schmidt's to meet Peterson and Anderson for drinks. I contacted an escort to meet tomorrow. It's gotten very easy to go on some escort site, arrange a meet, fuck them, and even easier to dump the bodies once I've killed them. I'm thankful the hand trucks are still available to use once I'm at the wharf. In the cab, I count nineteen homeless people on the ride to the bar. Strangely, the colder it gets, the more I surprisingly have seen. It makes sense, though. The answer is that more people are being evicted in this city and put out on the streets. The same ones

that voted for the blues. Fucking idiots. Cab fare is $32.85. Giving the foreign, non-English speaking driver two twenties makes him say, "Tank ewe, tank ewe dery much." I see Anderson outside the bar. He's smoking and pacing in circles.
"Thought you quit?" I ask him. Anderson is wearing a Boggi Milano navy blue wool houndstooth suit, Pal Zieri white cotton button down shirt, an Emporio Armani navy blue silk tie, and black leather Oxford Emporio Armani shoes. His watch is his *authentic* Vacheron Constantin.
"Who told you that? Peterson?" Anderson asks. Peterson didn't but-
"Yes. It was Peterson."
"Well, don't believe anything he has to say. He's a fucking snake most of the time." Anderson throws the butt of the cigarette (Marlboro) on the street and we walk into the noisy bar. The bar has a decent amount of people in it and I see one fake Patek Philippe watch, a Movado, and one Omega chronograph as I look around and sit down next to Anderson. Peterson is eyeing some waitress with a decent ass. Reynolds is here, as well.
"What makes one look preppy, Kent?" Reynolds asks. Reynolds is wearing a navy blue Bill Blass wool suit, white cotton button down Brooks Brothers shirt, a dark blue Bill Blass silk tie, and black leather lace-up shoes from Cole Haan, with his Hublot Classic Fusion Alligator Blue with Sapphire Crystal watch.
"Is that the question for the day, Reynolds?" I ask, waving the waitress with the decent ass over. She's still a nobody.
"Could be the question for the week, Kent," Peterson says, putting his Stoli rocks glass on the table. Peterson is wearing a Burberry dark blue wool suit, with a Stefano Ricci white cotton button down shirt, a Burberry navy blue check patterned silk tie, Burberry derby brown leather shoes, and his Ballon Bleu de Cartier watch. His hair, like Reynolds and Anderson's, as well as myself, is slicked back. At closer inspection, he does look like a snake.
"Before I answer the question, I'd like to order a drink." The waitress comes around and I order a Tito's soda rocks, Peterson refills his Stoli, Anderson orders a Bulleit bourbon rocks, and Reynolds gets a Johnnie Walker Black rocks.
"Doesn't she have a nice ass?" Anderson quips.
"That's about it," Peterson says.
"Did you happen to look up and see her face, Anderson? And shouldn't Stephan be present if we're discussing the art of dressing preppy?" I ask.
"She's not that bad, Kent. She's fuckable. Where's Stephan been anyway?" asks Anderson.

“Florida? Maybe Costa Rica working on his tan? I text him but he never replies.” Reynolds looks at the waitress. “I guess she’s not bad for you Anderson,” Reynolds says, tapping the table.
“What happened to Debbie?” I ask.
“She’s still around. Gotta have options, Kent. Options.” The waitress brings us our drinks and Anderson says, “Thanks, sexy.” She doesn’t say anything.
“There has to be a few rules before the question of ‘what makes one look preppy’ can be answered,” I say as I drink my Tito’s soda.
“What rules, Kent?” Peterson asks.
“Let’s establish that if you drink beer and smoke marijuana, you cannot qualify as preppy no matter how you dress.”
“C’mon, Kent. Get off it, will you? What about in college?” Reynolds asks.
“Are you telling me you enjoy smelling marijuana and feces everytime you leave your apartment, Reynolds?” I ask, leaning into the table.
“No, but I think when you’re in college and drink beer and smoke pot you should get a pass.”
“I’ll agree with that,” Peterson chimes in. Anderson nods his head.
“I figured you would. Peterson. You too, Anderson. Let’s establish then if you drink beer and smoke pot after the age of twenty-three, you cannot be considered preppy no matter how you dress. You’re just a loser.”
“I’ll agree with that.” Reynolds.
“Any beer?” Anderson asks.
“Yes, any beer. Foreign or domestic. With pot. Beer with pot. After the age of twenty-three. You’re a loser.”
“Agreed, Kent. What about if you drink beer and do coke?” Reynolds asks, twirling his glass.
“Good question. If you drink beer and do coke and dress preppy, you’re still a loser.” Me.
“Really, Kent? Isn’t doing coke after the age of twenty-three considered ‘coming into the next level’?” Peterson intwines.
“By ‘coming into the next level’, I assume you mean maturing to a different drug than marijuana?” I ask. Peterson nods his head.
“No. You’re still a loser. Beer mixed with anything makes you a loser after the age of twenty-three Peterson,” I say, sternly.
“Sebastian should be here to intercede. Didn’t dressing preppy originate in England?” Anderson asks.
“I believe so, Anderson. Both Oxford and Cambridge schools. But Sebastian isn’t here. Now, to be preppy-”

“Attitude? Does one have to have a specific attitude to be considered preppy aside from how they dress?” asks Peterson, interrupting me.
“Would you mind shutting up for a bit so I can answer the fucking question, Peterson?” He smirks and nods his head. Fucking snake.
“You can wear a tweed jacket, various brights, with white slacks, pants, no trousers though, and with white loafers, designer brand, no socks. Millard shoes, a pair of topsiders, are also acceptable. You may wear a Polo shirt with a cable knit sweater or cardigan tied around your neck. Pastels, soft yellows or greens, crisp, stark whites, light blue or pink colors are greatly encouraged. You may wear seersucker, khaki, madras, or linen shorts. A hairstyle, one that is wavy on top, slicked back, or parted to the side, is acceptable.” I raise my glass and finish my drink. A busboy takes my glass and the waitress is around within a minute to refill it. The busboy is an immigrant. One of many camouflaged in this city.
“What about browns, Kent? Acceptable or not?” Peterson asks, with a sneer.
“Only if the brown is very light. Honey brown comes to mind. No dark colors. Not if you truly want to look preppy.” Anderson stares at the waitress taking drink orders at the table next to us.
“What about Lacoste? IZOD? Still relevant?” Reynolds asks.
“Which one has the crocodile?” asks Anderson.
“Lacoste does, Anderson,” I reply.
“IZOD has the alligator,” Peterson says.
“To answer your question Reynolds, yes Lacoste is relevant, but not as prominent as before. Same goes for IZOD.” Me.
“Bean? How about them?” Anderson.
“Didn’t they start selling houseware?” Reynolds.
“What about Polo, Kent? Surely you must include them.” Peterson.
“Yes, yes Polo is fine, Peterson. We were talking about how to dress preppy. Not which designer to wear.” Me.
“Anderson. How about you tell us how one can dress like Al Capone or John Gotti?” Peterson says, smirking.
“Fuck you, Peterson. I dress as smooth as anyone sitting here.” Anderson says, giving Peterson the finger.
The waitress comes by and clears the empty glasses we already had. Anderson smiles at her. She doesn’t reciprocate.
“Why don’t you just ask her out, Anderson?” Reynolds asks.
“Just give me a moment. I’m debating on it,” he says, turning our way.
“What’s to debate, Anderson? Either you want to fuck her or you don’t.”

“Yeah, yeah. I hear you, Kent. Let me ask you guys a question: couple nights ago, I’ve got this girl on my bed and right when I’m gonna fuck her she asks me if I put on a condom. I tell her no.” Anderson pauses and takes a sip of his bourbon. The three of us listening are all smiling.
“She says she doesn’t want to have sex if I don’t use a condom so I say to her ‘Relax, I’ll pull out.’”
“You have a point to all this, Anderson?” Peterson asks.
“Yes. I started fucking her and she seemed to enjoy it.”
“Are you asking us if you took advantage of the girl, Anderson?” Me.
“Did she have big tits?” Reynolds.
“Yeah. Probably 36D.” Anderson.
“Then everything is okay,” Reynolds says, glass in hand.
“I think the better question would be why do you care?” Me.
“Do you ever wear a condom, Anderson?” asks Peterson, tapping his fingers on the table.
“Not really.”
“Not really means not at all.”
“Who cares, Kent? I mean, even if I caught a disease, who cares? It’d be out of my system in what, two or three days? It’s not like I bang any woman that walks. I try and pick out the cleaner ones.”
“Cleaner ones?” Peterson looks at me.
“Yeah, you know. Ones that at least dress nice. Something along those lines.” Anderson looks away, following the waitress.
“Look at it this way, Anderson. If you were a movie producer, you’d be fucked,” Peterson says, a gleam in his eye.
“What?” asks Anderson.
“She’d fuck you to get the part, then ten years later say you took advantage of her, to help save face.” Peterson.
“Or because she doesn’t want to face the fact the only way she got the role in the first place was because she fucked for it. But let’s not forget about the Jews that use their power in the movie industry to take advantage of these women,” I say.
“Take advantage? They know exactly what they’re doing, Kent,” states Reynolds.
“True. I’ll agree with that.”
“And it only becomes an issue Kent, if you become a ‘celebrity’. If not? No one listens to you or gives a shit.” Peterson.
“I really don’t think anyone gives a shit now. They only pretend to care to boost their political ambitions through visibility or to garner sympathy from the moronic masses. Fucking schmucks.” Reynolds.

“Hey. Is that Lankerson waving at us at the table with the four guys wearing pinstripe suits?” Anderson asks.
“Yes. I believe it is,” I reply. Lankerson is wearing a Vinci dark blue pinstripe suit, a Calvin Klein white button down shirt and navy blue silk tie, and brown leather lace-up shoes by Stacy Adams. His watch is a Bulova Chronograph 42mm.
“Gentlemen,” he says as he approaches the table. “Anderson. Still dressing like an Italian I see?”
“What’s it to you how I dress, Lankerson?” Anderson asks, glaring at Lankerson.
“Hey. At least you’re not trying to be Sicilian,” adds Lankerson.
“What’s that supposed to mean?” Reynolds asks.
“He’s probably talking about the Blacks mixing with the Italians. Shit like that.” Peterson says.
“A bit racist, aren’t we Lankerson?” Me.
“Whoa, whoa boys. Kent, the golden boy with the Wellker account, right?” he asks. I don’t respond. Lankerson is an asshole.
“No, no. What I meant is that Sicilians are always beating their chests, just like the Jews, bragging about shit they accomplished, like anyone listening in earshot gives a shit. They puff and beat their chests like tough guys. Jews do the same thing,” says Lankerson, raising his chest.
“Like I said before: a bit racist, aren’t we Lankerson?” I ask, raising my glass for a refill.
“Sure, Kent. Whatever you say. It’s not every day one of us gets an account like you did. I’ll just walk away and go back to the multimillionaire table. You billionaire accountants can drink together.” He begins to walk back to his table and Anderson yells, “Lankerson! You’re a real asshole.” Lankerson nods in approval, gives the peace sign, and drinks from his glass.
“He really is an asshole.” Peterson.
“A jealous asshole, apparently.” Me.
“His friends are definitely on the short list,” vents Reynolds.
“Why does he always give the peace sign when he leaves?” Anderson asks.
“That’s not the peace sign he’s giving. It’s his ‘vaxxed to the maxx’ sign. Vaxxed twice, boosted twice. Probably more.” Peterson.
“Definitely a stupid asshole,” I say.
The thin waiter comes by with a bottle of Jonnie Walker Black.
“Uh, the man who just left asked me to give you this on his behalf.”
“Who? That asshole Lankerson?” Anderson asks, peering over at Lankerson’s table.
“Yes, sir.”

“You drink Johnnie Walker Black, Anderson.”
“Yeah I do Peterson, but that cheap bastard could have at least bought us Johnnie Walker Blue.” We wave at Lankerson and he gives us the peace sign again. My phone buzzes. It’s Vanessa. She messages me about a new bistro on the upper east side, and I tell her I’m busy now and just go with Becky or some other twat, and she messages me back a frowning face emoji. Life was better without these stupid phones. We finish our drinks. The waitress, whom Anderson wants to impress, delivers the bill. Total is $205.60. We arrange to split the bill between Peterson and myself, but Anderson intercedes and says, in front of the waitress, “I got it again, boys.” We chuckle to ourselves as he writes his number on the bill, and hands it to her with his credit card.
“Thanks, sweetheart. Call me sometime.” She smiles and leaves.
“How much did you tip her?” Peterson.
“Sixty.” Anderson.
“About thirty percent. Nice, Anderson. Real nice,” I say, standing.
“Yeah? It’s only nice if she calls me and I fuck her, Kent.”
Leaving the bar, I change my mind and message Vanessa to make reservations for this ‘new, exciting bistro’ for eight pm. No later than that because I must watch the Rowdy Morton show live. She messages me back eight-thirty. I message her ‘Fine.’ After going back to my apartment, the doorman, the Armenian, informs me I have a few packages. I hand him a fifty and tell him to help bring them up with me. He gladly does so. After he leaves, I begin opening them. There’s a vintage Spiegel silverware set in one box. Another box has an IsatPhone2 satellite phone. I purchased this because in case I need to talk to someone privately without any interference from prying eyes like the government. The phone bounces off a satellite and bypasses wifi. It’s charged for eight hours talk with one hundred sixty hours standby and uses three geo-stationary satellites. The Iridium satellite phones have less battery life but use sixty six low orbit satellites. I chose the IsatPhone2 because the satellites, though only three currently, are at a higher altitude, and thereby are harder to trace a signal than low orbit ones. This is the main reason for my selection. The plans are quite high but worth the price. I decided to give Craine and Wellker this number. There’s no one else that needs to know it. There’s more towels and plastic bags in a box. It seems I keep using more and more of those. I check my Patek Philippe watch and see it’s close to eight o’clock. I grab my new satellite phone and put it in my Brunello Cucinelli black calfskin leather briefcase. Vanessa messages me that she’s on her way to the restaurant, which translated means she just got out of the shower. I count eleven homeless vagrants in the cab ride. One was pissing on the wall and

another was wiping his ass with what looked to be a n95 mask. At least the mask got some viable use. Fare is $28.55. I pay him thirty-five dollars. The host at this new bistro, which is a French bistro, is not French. She's obviously from the city. Her skin has that putrid yellow on it from the dust and shit floating in the air. I give her Vanessa's name, and there isn't a reservation under it. I give her my name and she finds the reservation. Vanessa is paranoid that if she gives her name for the reservation, she thinks she's responsible to pay the bill. So much for feminism and women's equality with men. There's some low dance music shit playing from a muzak, the lights are dim, and the decor is rustic, with modern paintings (all reproductions) hanging on walls. I'm already on my second Jack rocks when Vanessa walks in. It's eight forty-two. I'm pissed. I do not like waiting. Ever.

"Sorry I'm late, Kristoff. The traffic was so intense," she says, seating herself. I rise until she is seated because I am a gentleman. Vanessa is wearing a navy blue lace sheath dress by Soshanna, dream denim velvet slingback sandals by YSL, a Hermes navy Clic H bracelet, and is carrying an Alexis Bittar side handle navy blue leather clutch. Her diamond earrings are from David Yurman. No watch.

"Look at the beautiful flowers near that painting. Aren't they just lovely? Why don't you ever get me flowers, Kristoff?" The waiter comes (some skinny twerp) and Vanessa orders a Malbec red wine.

"Because flowers die, Vanessa. It's a waste of money."

"Kristoff, you're such a downer sometimes. I mean, Thomas gets Becky flowers all the time. Just the other day she said-"

"Thomas gets Becky flowers because he's always in her dog house, Vanessa. He's not doing it out of love."

"Have you spoken to Craine about, you know, maybe a job for Thomas? Becky says his firm isn't-"

"No can do, Vanessa. Craine said (I'm lying) that there isn't anything available. Trust me. You'll be the first to know if there is," I say, signaling to the waiter.

"We're ready to order our appetizers," I say.

"We are? I just got here a few minutes ago." Vanessa shakes her body and views the menu.

"Yes, we are. The lady will have the Escargots. I will have the Pate' de Volaille." The waiter nods his skinny head and leaves. A busboy (not American), fills our water. I would ask him what water brand this is, but I already know the answer: me no habla English. Fucking wetback.

"Don't drink the water, Vanessa."

"Why not?"

“Because it’s tap water. I can see the specs of grime floating in it.” Vanessa examines her glass, shrugs, puts it down, and sips her Malbec. It’s amazing to me that she has not noticed anything unusual about me, about my character. I am empty inside. There’s nothing there. Complete oblivion. The absence of any life.
“Did you see the water fountain near the foyer?” Vanessa asks.
“Yes.”
“Isn’t it lovely?”
“No. Have you decided on your entree?” I ask, veering around and looking at how the patrons here are dressed. Not one noticeable watch nor worthwhile suit in this restaurant, other than mine.
“Yes.” Waiter-boy comes around like a cockroach, and writes down our order. I remember a time when you could say a paragraph, as to what you ordered, and nothing was written down. Everything was remembered. That time is long gone. Vanessa orders the Truite Amandine with Poached Egg as a side, and I order the Foie de Veau Petit Sale’ with Seared Salmon as a side.
“Can you believe the sale at Bergdorf’s is over? Seriously, it should have been extended at least two more days. Why don’t you ever answer your phone when I call, Kristoff?”
“Probably because I do not like being bothered, Vanessa.” I pull out my satellite phone from my Brunello Cucinelli black calf leather briefcase.
“What in the world is that?” Vanessa asks as the waiter serves our appetizers.
“It’s a satellite phone, Vanessa. Just in case I need to bypass wifi or if there’s another blackout in this shithole of a city, I can call anyone anywhere.”
“But you don’t like talking on the phone,” she says, eating her Escargot.
“I know. It’s best to plan ahead, though you wouldn’t know anything about that, would you Vanessa?” Eating the goose liver is akin to tearing flesh apart with my teeth.
“Edith told me about this wonderful new spa over in Midtown. I can’t wait to go and get a facial. You know she’s really into Sebastian?”
“I could care less, Vanessa. I’m surprised he hasn’t dumped her yet. He seems to have a tendency to get rid of the waste in his life rather quickly.” Definitely akin to tearing away at flesh. The waiter brings us our entrees and asks us, as we are eating, if we have finished our appetizers.
“Does it fucking look like we are?” is my reply.
“I just love the ambiance here, Kristoff. I must tell Becky about this place. She’s going to love it. I’ll tell her at yoga tomorrow.”

“Do you ever do anything other than gossip, shop, and go to the spa? Anything, Vanessa?” The Foie de Veau Petit Sale’ is tender, and the salmon is cooked rather well. Very moist and succulent.
“What else is there to do, Kristoff? Get a job? I mean, seriously.”
Vanessa has nothing meaningful in her life. Nothing.
“Doesn’t anything bother you, Vanessa? Look around you. This restaurant is rated highly. I checked it out before coming here and half of it is empty. There’s no wait times anymore anywhere. Nowhere in this city do you have to wait to eat, Vanessa.”
“But you don’t like to wait, Kristoff. Shouldn’t you enjoy that?”
“You’re missing the point. You’re always missing the point, Vanessa. The city is a dying piece of filth. Nothing thrives anymore. The blues have destroyed it. The filth living here have let them. We’re surrounded by morons, Vanessa. Morons,” I say, leaning closer to her.
“But you don’t like to wait, Kristoff.”
At this point, anger swells inside me and I begin to sweat.
“Kristoff, you’re sweating. Are you hot?” she asks, completely clueless.
I turn away and begin to breathe at a slow pace, relaxing myself. If I don’t do this, I’ll stick a knife in Vanessa’s forehead in a few seconds. I pat my head with a handkerchief (from Nordstrom) and fold it and put it in my pocket. Vanessa starts talking about Becky and this and that dress, and a massage she just got, and more inane nonsense. I wave the waiter over to get the check. When she’s finished babbling, the waiter comes with the check. Total is $235.82. I put it on my platinum AmEx card. I pull the table out for Vanessa, as she rises to leave.
“The food was lovely, wasn’t it Kristoff?” I stare at the sky, not seeing a single star. Only seeing smog and smelling feces.

Flay Mignon

The Rowdy Morton show last night was one of his best yet. A woman was applauded and scrutinized by the audience, which I would say was seventy-five percent pro-life, and twenty-five percent pro-murder or pro-choice. After Rowdy lit into her about wanting an abortion after eight months because she felt like she didn’t want the responsibility of a child, he let the audience take the reign. Discussions of adoption and child care were mentioned, as tears rolled down her

face. Seeing her cry made me smile. Finally, a man wearing a peace sign t-shirt stood up with a resolution that would benefit, he said, both sides. He said the woman should carry the birth to full term, and when the child is born, the doctor would hand the mother the baby, and let her kill the baby any way she saw fit, then throw the baby into a trash bag. This way she can say she gave birth to the baby, then had an abortion, both at the same time. I stood up and applauded that fine man's bravery. We need more men like that in this city. I did one hundred push-ups followed by one hundred sit-ups today with no rest in-between sets. I have been focusing more on my cardio and stamina ever since I ran to catch that stupid bicyclist. There's a story in the newspaper today about a serial killer in New York City that is dumping various body parts of women in trash dumpsters throughout the city. Nice to know someone else is doing some good in this city. I told the Armenian doorman a girl with tattoos will be asking for me and to let her come up to the apartment. The reason I reached out to an escort girl with tattoos is because I want to know how deep the ink goes into the skin. I figured out a way to know this and I am going to practice this on her. Tattoos on a woman make her look dirtier than she already is. I made sure she had a lot when I checked out her pictures and also, that she votes blue (just for good measure). I'm standing in my white Emporio Armani big eagle trunk underwear. I noticed the bottom, near my thigh, is getting a bit tight. My thighs are muscular and defined. I'm buff everywhere. It's the only thing I'm wearing. I already poured a Jack rocks for myself and I slipped a harmless drug (from Hans) into a glass of cheap champagne (Monet) for my guest. The doorman buzzes up to me and I tell him to let the girl come up. I have my door open when she arrives and Mozart, piano concerto twenty, is playing on my Kenwood stereo.

"Hi!" she says with a smile.

"You must be Betty," I say, welcoming her in. "Please take off your shoes and place them in the corner. Right there." I point to the side of the door. She takes off her white Vessi sneakers. Her toes have black nail polish, as do her hands. She's wearing a dark blue, cotton ruffled dress from Windsor, and a black jean jacket from Forever21 and holding a brown clutch from Francesca's. No jewelry.

"Okay. Wow, great place you got here. And look at you. Looks like you're ready to party." She approaches me and touches my rock hard abs.

"Thank you. Let me take your jacket."

"Thank you. You're such a gentleman. By the way, great bod. Is that a treadmill?" she asks, pointing to the row machine.

"No. It's a row machine." Her head is shaved and she has brown eyes. Looking at her, I realize now why people think girls with shaved heads have beautiful eyes.

It's because there's nothing else to look at on their face or their head. Since there isn't any hair, or if there is, it's very short, their eyes 'stick out' as striking or beautiful. That is most definitely not the case. Their eyes are as boring and normal as any woman's eyes are. Her tattoos cover her body. She looks hideous. However, she doesn't smell.
"Well, it looks cool. Got anything to drink?"
"Yes. I poured you a glass of champagne," I tell her, handing her the glass.
"Thank you." She drinks most of it and I can tell she's definitely nervous by her mannerisms. Her head moves quickly, and as her eyes dart around the room, she scratches her arm. I give her the envelope with the money and she puts it in her clutch. I'll be taking that envelope back……..*soon*.
"How long have you been, you know, doing this?" I ask her drinking my Jack rocks, surprisingly getting an erection.
"For about two years. I want to attend grad school after I graduate next year."
"What are you studying? Nuclear engineering?" Haha. Sure.
"No. Business Administration."
"Nice. Maybe you could open up a business for, you know, girls like yourself."
"No (she giggles). I have much bigger plans." The drug is taking effect as she begins to sway.
"Is that a Donald Trump book? It is," she says, picking it up.
"Why do you have two of them?" she asks.
"Oh, in case I'm sitting on the other side of the couch. It's easier for me to read if there's one on each end table."
"You actually like him?" she asks, placing the book down.
"'Like' is a relative term. He's a genius when it comes to business. His book has, as you can see by looking at the items in my apartment, helped me immensely in dealing with clients and brokering deals."
"Oh. I see." She almost falls to the ground, but her right arm grabs the end of my couch.
"Definitely not a fan of his?" I ask.
"No. No, not at all. I feel-" I grab her glass and place it down. I pick her up and undress her. Putting duct tape on her mouth, I tie her arms and legs to the bed. Her whole body looks like one big tattoo. Mozart continues to play and I grab a knife (I purchased from some online store, a set of ten for $19.95), and pour another Jack rocks. Vanessa calls me but I send her to voicemail. Of course she texts me immediately after and asks where I am. I tell her I'm busy and that I will call her later. She tries calling again and I send her to voicemail. I message her

that I have some paperwork to review now. As I place my phone down, Betty wakes up.
“I figured you’d wake up within the hour. The drug isn’t powerful. Just makes you feel tired and knocks you out for a bit. Have you ever noticed how this city smells like shit? It’s everywhere. I mean, it really fucking stinks.” She’s trying to speak and she starts wiggling around.
“You’re probably wondering why I tied you up. It’s because I have a specific plan for you. Your life is now in my hands. You’re part of the reason this city is a living shithole now. You voted for the same people that keep fucking you in the ass daily. You’re an idiot, Betty. But I’m going to change that. I’m going to change you. I want to know, for some unknown reason, how deep a tattoo goes into the skin. You’re going to help me with that. You can cry but it won’t help. I’m empty inside. There is no emotion. No remorse. No sympathy. Nothing. I am the absence of anything that lives inside.” Tears are running down her face and I rub my fingers on her cheek, then I lick the tears up with my tongue. Her right arm is as fine a place to start as any, so I start to slice her skin off with the knife. It’s an amazingly sharp knife. Her skin peels right off of her upper, inner arm. The blood begins to pour onto the bed.
“It looks like the tattoo is right here.” I point to the layer of skin I peeled off and Betty convulses and is screaming under the duct tape. She also urinated. It stinks.
“I thought it would have been a bit deeper. Guess not. Let’s try the other arm.” She tries, in vain, to tighten her grip, as if that would somehow stop the blade from cutting her. I slice into her skin, then peel upwards, taking most of it off her upper left arm. I see bone, more skin, and more blood.
“This is nice work. Who did this? Sorry. That’s right. I can’t hear you.” I place the skin on the ground next to the other piece I sliced off in a silver copper Duparquet pan.
“Let’s try your thigh. What is that inked on it? A fish? Very typical. Seriously. Do you know how fucking dirty you look? I’m making you look better. I’m helping you change your appearance. You won’t have to fit in with the losers anymore. The druggies, the potheads. You’ll be your own person again. Come to think of it, you won’t be fitting in with any crowd again. But you’ll be free from this city. Free from your disgusting life.” I start to cut into her right thigh, and she starts shaking. It’s almost as if she’s having a seizure. I slice upward, then across, then downwards, marveling at how easy her skin is coming off. Blood is pouring down her arms and leg. I think of grabbing my Mason jars, but her blood, I’m quite sure, is

tainted. Maybe even poisonous. I throw the skin in the silver copper Duparquet pan.
"I thought of putting together a painting with your skin, but I think it would take away from the overall look of my apartment." The pan has blood swirling over the skin. I may have to grab another one. I don't want this cunt's blood on my carpet.
"Why did you only get one of your breasts tattooed? Were you waiting for some inspiration for the other?" Her breasts are small and perky, and…. *fake*. There's a tail of a tiger that goes from the top of her right breast to her stomach. I begin slicing upwards, around her nipple, in a circular motion. She's really squirming now.
"I always wanted to see what it looks like inside fake breasts. The silicone. How it feels. Yours are a bit small, but that's because you already had small breasts, right? 32A, perhaps? Anyway, let's find out how it feels inside." I cut underneath her right breast and push my hand up inside it and grab what feels like silicone, mushy, soft, just like jelly, and blood-soaked.
"Ah, here we are. Look. It jiggles. Smells funny. Wonder what it tastes like?" I brush the blood off of the silicone with my hand and start licking it, then bite into it, chewing, then swallowing. Not much of a taste. After a few moments, she passes out from the pain. Cutting deep, I pull up the breast with the nipple intact. I'm quite proud of myself for being able to do this. I kiss the nipple, lick around it, then lick it up and down, as blood courses through my fingers, skin hanging from my hand. It really does look like a piece of art. Much better than the shit Denise used to show me at the galleria. I begin to cut into her other thigh, this time deeper (only because I feel like it), and pulling up, I take the skin off and throw it in the pan with the nipple and other skin. Now comes the piece de resistance. There's a tattoo above her vagina that goes around her lips. It's a cat. I hate cats. I touch her stomach and her breathing is slow. I jab the knife in the right side of her skin, near her vagina, and like a madman, quickly carve around it to the other side, cutting as I would into steak. I peel the skin off and admire the piece for a few seconds. Just for the heck of it, I jam the knife into her vagina, back and forth, for ten times. I pull the knife up and dark blood pusses out everywhere. It's a mess of blood, urine, skin, and other shit. I drop the skin in the pan, which now has blood seeping off the sides of it, and stab Betty in her stomach, then pull the knife upwards. Throwing the knife off the bed, I ram my fist into her stomach, grabbing anything I can and pulling up. I have something in my hand but I do not know what it is. It's slimy, bloody, foamy, and doesn't weigh much. The Rowdy Morton show tonight is titled 'Antisemitism in America: Fact or Fiction?' My hands are completely red, sticky, and they have skin and other shit dripping off

them. My phone buzzes a few times. I grab a cheap towel purchased in a group of ten from an Asian dollar store, and wipe most of the blood off my hands. Vanessa is messaging again, asking me if I made reservations at the new Dominic Verducci restaurant for tonight. I've got a mess on my bed I need to clean up and no, I didn't make the reservations because I forgot. I call the restaurant and the host, a male (I think) answers.
"Hello? Yes, I'd like a reservation for two tonight at eight."
"Hmmmmm, let me see what I can do. Please hold."
Instrumental music plays on the phone and I notice I'm staining my Android with blood.
"Hello?" it asks.
"Yes?"
"I can do two for eight forty-five tonight. What is the name?"
"Kent. K-E-N-T. Kent."
"Yes, that's a rather easy name to spell, but thank you for your generosity in the manner. Kent. K-E-N-T, for two tonight at nine."
"You said eight forty-five," I state, holding the phone away from my face.
"Ah, yes. How careless of me. K-E-N-T for eighty forty-five. Bye now."
The time of the reservation is a small problem. It won't be till around ten till we are finished with dinner and Vanessa will most surely want to come back here, so I'll just have to make an excuse, any excuse, to dissuade her. I message her the time and tell her that we'll have to take separate cabs afterwards because I have a very early appointment with a prominent individual willing to invest with Craine. In the meantime, I'll start cutting this girl's body up. First though, I must clean my phone.

Night Visitor

It's 1:30am and I'm standing outside on the street waiting for a cab. I'm wearing a white cotton t-shirt by Alexander McQueen, blue jeans by Frame, white Air Max Nike sneakers, and my black Ferragamo trench coat. I have the duffle bag with the tattooed bitch's hacked up body inside. I look to my left and notice someone coming out of the shadows into the street light.
"Kent? That you?" Fuck! Hans is wearing a 1942 German soldier's jacket, with a two-tone blue checkered button down cotton shirt by German Trachten, vintage

1942 black German military Officer pants, and vintage black leather lace-up German Echtes Leder military boots. His watch is a vintage 1943 Zenith 35mm German military watch. No tie.
“Hans. I’d ask you what you’re doing roaming around at this hour, but I can probably figure it out for myself.” Where’s a fucking cab when you need one? Fucking blues chased most of the yellow ones out of the city.
“Sure, sure, Kent. Haven’t seen you around the clubs lately,” he says, approaching me.
“I’ve been busy. I’m sure Anderson and Peterson have been fine paying customers for you.” I see no cabs in sight.
Hans nods his head and puts both hands in his pockets.
“Bag looks heavy, Kent. Not heavy for you though, right?” Hans asks, staring down at the bag. Still no fucking cabs.
“Going somewhere, Kent?”
“Yes. Red eye flight to Florida. Got some business down there,” I say, though it’s none of his fucking business.
“I used to have a few bags like that. Didn’t pack clothes in them, though,” he says, staring at me with his blue eyes. His blonde hair is perfectly spiked, as always.
“No? What did you pack in them, Hans? Just drugs?” I ask.
“Nah. Nothing like that. Let’s just say I found those bags to be more useful for other pursuits of mine, Kent.” There’s a pause between us, a silence in the moment.
“I’m sure you did, Hans.” I finally see a cab coming and I wave to the driver.
“Well, nice chatting with you, Hans. I’ll be sure to tell Anderson to give you a ring.”
“Sure, Kent. Remember: the super soldier program is open for you. Always, mein Freund."
I hesitate before getting into the cab.
“Hans. There’s something I need from you. If you can get it for me, maybe I’ll join that super soldier program.” I throw the duffle bag in the trunk and walk close to Hans.
“Sure, Kent, sure. Name it. Anything to get you into the program.”
I tell him what I need and he walks away, his hands in his jacket, and I’m relieved to sit in a cab with a dead body in the trunk.

German POV

Mein Freund Kent! Ah, er ist ein interessanter Kerl. Ja, ist er. Ich werde ihm besorgen, was er will, wenn er an meinem Super-Soldder-Programm teilnimmt. Ha! The Fuhrer would accept him even though he is an American. I know he would. Interesting bag he had. Reminds me of my younger days. Yes! Eliminate those who opposed me! And those were glorious times! And now? Now I am selling my women, my thoroughbreds, to all paying customers, as well as giving them a service of any drug they desire. Blacks, Whites, Asians, Spaniards, Russians, my fellow Germans, Ukrainians, Arabs, Jews, all buy from me. Yes, even the Jews buy from me. The Jews are among my highest paying customers. This shouldn't surprise anyone. They love money and power more than anything else in the world. Therefore, they love to show women their money, their power. "Get me some marijuana and coke, Hans" they say, as they drink their alcohol. "And get me a fine thoroughbred, too!" they say, as they see my German Officer's jacket and compliment me on it. Why do people think they are different from Blacks, Whites, or any other race? They are the same. Ha! What fools these Americans have become in this country! I remember from childhood, asking my father how did the Fuhrer convince the Germans to round up the Jews? How did this happen so easily? Was it through the Fuhrer's own voice or through the many films circulating about the degradation of the Jews? My father told me it did not take much convincing, if any. The Jews bought my father's and many Germans' produce at a very low rate, which most Germans could not survive on. Then the swine would raise the prices up to ten times what they paid. The swine owned most banks and if they did give the Germans a loan, the interest was too high, putting most Germans out of business with them having to eventually sign over their land to the Jews. No, it did not take much convincing. And it was even easier to get them on the trains, to round them up. Did you think they would resist and fight like another race would? No! Their fear of death overtook them. Even when there were only one hundred German soldiers to a thousand Jews, they readily walked onto those trains without a fight. And what have they learned in all this time? Nothing! They continue to operate in the shadows, enforcing anything and everything that will make them money. They promote, produce, and

release things that are in opposition to their so-called beliefs. They are the biggest hypocrites of them all! How many Jews marry outside of their race? Yes, they are just as prejudiced as any other ethnicity. Do you ever see Jews surrounded by Blacks, or Asians, or Latinas? No. But you see Whites with Blacks, and Blacks with Asians, and Asians with Latinas in their neighborhoods. But never the Jews. Only if there is a camera present will you see them mingle with other races. Only when it benefits them. They even laugh and speak highly of my German uniforms. They say how cool the uniforms are and I laugh and smile with them, all the while thinking how would your ancestors feel about that, Jew? Do you think anyone with a tattoo and number on their forearm would praise my Germany Officer's jacket or praise the Nazi uniforms? No, I don't think they would but why would this new generation of Jews care? They wouldn't. They've already pushed aside any tragedy their own ancestors suffered. They only care for themselves and their love of money. And what of Germany now? My homeland opened the door to allow immigrants of all races, all creeds, to enter. The result? Rape, assault, murder, all crime has increased to numbers my homeland has never seen. Such a disgrace to undo everything others before them have done. Ha! But do they, the government there, admit they are wrong? Of course not! It is as if Germany and the United States are now one and the same in that regard. I believe in time due action will take its measure to those my homeland deem unfit to serve them. And the Jews? The Jews are paying customers, so perhaps I am a hypocrite for giving them business. Or perhaps not. It does not matter, though. My super soldier program has already begun its initial phase. Yes, my people, with the help of a few Americans, will rise again to superiority never seen. Men like Gizenhower, Herans, and perhaps Kent, will help me achieve my goal. Yes, this will surely happen. It will surely happen as my customers buy merchandise from me and buy my thoroughbreds by the hour. After all, no one seems to want to end their vices, no matter what it does to him or her. And I, and others like me, will always be here to fulfill their every desire. Always.

Brat Kid

I did biceps, triceps, and some ab work at the Heath Club today. Played Baxter in racquetball, then played him in squash. As he explained the rules of squash to me, he counted the points that he scored. That's Baxter for you. It's Tuesday, mid-March, and the weather is warmer than normal. Last night I decided to scalp an escort. She had dark brown hair. I stood in front of my mirror for an hour (I timed it) with the scalp on my head, blood from the scalp dripping down on my face, and tried to decide who I looked like. The answer I came up with was no one. Peterson messaged Anderson, who messaged me that Lankerson died yesterday. Reynolds, Peterson, and Lankerson were having drinks at Schmidt's when Lankerson went into cardiac arrest and died instantly. Of course the bar owner didn't shut the bar down for the day. Peterson said they kept serving drinks as they removed Lankerson's body. That doesn't surprise me. This city has more scum in it than all the other cities in America. Well, there is Los Angeles, too. I got a voice message from the Asian woman at the laundromat. I couldn't understand a fucking thing she said. Standing here now, she's shaking her head with my sheets in her hands, pointing to what looks like, and is, blood stains.
"I thought we had this conversation already?"
"Yes, yes. But sooooooooo much blood. Look it here. See? I try. I really try, but no can do."
"Are you saying you can't clean the sheets?" I grab them from her and bundle them up in my arms. There's a few nosy people looking my way.
"I try. Sooooooooo much blood, though. Where it come from?"
"I told you before. That time of month, you know."
"But sooooooo-"
"Okay, okay. I get the fucking point. What about my clothes?" She nods her head and gives me my suits and shirts, which are all clean.
"I'm sorry. I try to clean but sooooooo much-"
"Yes, yes, I heard you already. Fuck!"
I leave the laundromat and find a trash can where a homeless man with a huge head is laying next to. I throw away the sheets and make a mental note to order more. Admittingly, these particular ones were very bloody. I call Julie to see if there's any appointments necessary for me to attend today.
"There's Robertson at noon. Then you have Villers at two."

“I don’t remember a Villers,” I say, walking in central park. I’m wearing a charcoal wool suit by Givenchy Couture, white cotton button down shirt by Karl Lagerfeld, with a dark grey silk Ferragamo tie, and black leather Oxford cap toe shoes from Tom Ford.
“Villers. Works at Benington. Ring a bell?” she asks.
“No, Julie. It doesn’t ring a bell. Cancel them. I have other things to do today. Oh, if you see Anderson, tell him I’ll be at Schmidt’s around one today,” I say, observing the two homeless derelicts sitting on a bench. The park smells of human feces, dog shit, cat urine, and other unnamed stenches.
“Why don’t you just text him yourself?” she asks.
“Julie. One: I don’t like to use the phone for messaging. Two: I’m your boss, so just do what I fucking tell you to do.” I put my phone in my pocket and glance over at a couple holding hands on a bench laughing. The two homeless bums are less than a hundred feet away. People pretend not to notice the homeless, the vagrants, until they approach you and slice your face or pester you for money. I’d like to pull a handgun out and shoot the woman’s boyfriend in the head then shoot her in the head, just for the heck of it. I remember there is a public urinal here, and as I begin to walk towards it, I curse myself for drinking two protein shakes this morning. However, as I enter, the smell hits me like a punch in the face, so I turn and walk back towards the exit. As I do, a boy, blonde hair, blue eyes, faggot haircut, probably no more than nine or ten, bumps into me. He doesn’t say excuse me. I glance and see no one close so I grab the kid by his neck and smash his face against the marble wall. I hear a crunching sound and blood spurts onto the wall. I walk briskly towards the exit and a moment later I hear the little brat scream. There’s always that delayed reaction when you hit a kid. I know from experience. I definitely broke his nose, maybe even, hopefully, his jaw bone, too. Looking behind, I see a small crowd gathering outside the bathroom. There’s a woman holding her hands to her face. Maybe his bitch mother. I smile as I walk. Last night on the Tic Tac Dough show, a man from Boston defeated a man from Oregon. He lost in the bonus round when he picked square number nine. The Dragon was behind that square. The Rowdy Morton show tonight is titled “Will rats take over New York City?’ My phone buzzes. It’s Julie.
“Canceled your meetings. Anderson said he’ll meet you at Schmidt’s. Anything else, boss?” She says this sarcastically. I don’t need to see her to know.
“No, Julie. Actually, yes there is. What are you wearing?” I ask.
“Wearing? You mean my clothing?”

"Yes, Julie. Your…….*clothing*." I walk across the street towards sixty-first street. There's three homeless gathered next to a bank, each with a plastic cup in his hand. I wave my hand as I walk past them.
"Um, I've got on a navy Milano silk blouse from Ravella, a navy Ponte mini skirt from Karen Millen, a black leather wide belt from Raina, and Alexander Wang black leather high heel shoes."
"What about earrings, Julie?" I ask, looking down at a chalk drawing that says 'Fag'. I hear police sirens. Must be going to the Park to look at that kid.
"Oh, um they're small diamond studs from Bony Levy."
"Very nice. Bracelet? Are you wearing any bracelet?"
"Yeah. A silver bracelet from Kendra Scott."
"Okay. What about your panties, Julie? Thong or bikini?"
"What?"
"Just kidding, Julie." Not really. She's been oddly distant as of late.
"Kristoff, what's this all about anyway?" she asks.
"Just making sure you're dressed appropriately for work, Julie. Wouldn't want to hear you came to work wearing sweatpants and a t-shirt. Those people that do in an office setting don't do shit all day. How you dress defines how you work, Julie. Remember that." I hang up satisfied I've made my point. Peterson messages me about coming over to his apartment on the upper west side tonight to talk about a business plan he has surmised. This will be an opportunity to either kill him and take his suits or kill him and just leave. He's been a slithering slimeball bent on somehow outperforming me for work, as well as trying to look better, dress better, than I do. That ends tonight. His life, his very existence, is in my hands.

Peterson

I walk into Peterson's apartment complex and walk towards the elevator. I'm not impressed. The doorman nodded his head as I entered. He didn't ask me to sign in or ask where I was going. Unacceptable but that's Peterson for you: unacceptable. Instead of messaging him that I'm outside his door (which is on the twenty-fourth floor), I knock. I do this because if he is planning to kill me, he'll be erratic when opening the door, as knocking will befuddle him, catching him unawares. He opens the door within a minute.

“Kent. Nice of you to come over. Come in.” Peterson is wearing a navy Bandolero cotton bathrobe with Kimono sleeves by Etro and navy Kurt Geiger mule slippers. He’s smoking a Marlboro cigarette.
“Mind if I smoke?” he asks as I enter.
“It’s your place, Peterson. What you do here is none of my business.” I hear someone approaching from his bedroom.
“You remember Suzy?” Peterson asks, reaching out to grab her hand.
“Yes. The office party. Dressed as that lesbian whom every guy wanted, at one time, to fuck.”
“Yep! That was me,” she says, doing a twirl. Suzy is wearing a light blue Cairo terry cloth robe from Matouk. No shoes. No jewelry. Her blonde hair is frizzled. Must have just gotten out of the shower a few minutes ago.
“Suzy. Make yourself comfortable in the bedroom, babe. Kent and I have business to discuss.” Peterson kisses Suzy on the cheek and she smiles at me (I’m sure she wants to fuck me) and says, “Ta-da!”, and disappears into the bedroom.
I look around Peterson’s apartment. I’m not impressed. There’s a table from Wrought Studio, white with metal and glass, in the living room. I would have chosen a different table and color.
“Care for a drink, Kent?” Peterson asks as he walks towards his mini bar and pours himself a Stoli rocks.
“Sure, Peterson. But I’ll pour it myself, thanks.” I grab a glass, some ice cubes, and pour a Tito’s soda. Suzy being here throws off my plan a bit, but not much. I’ll just have to kill her, too.
“Think I’m going to poison you or something, Kent?” Peterson asks, drinking his vodka. He sits down on a dark grey sectional couch from Rove Concepts. My Orren Ellis Modular Corner Sectional couch is better.
“Have a seat, Kent.” I sit on the other side, nearest the kitchen, so I can eventually excuse myself, grab a knife, and slash Peterson’s throat.
“Suzy’s breasts. Fake?” I ask, drinking my Tito’s soda.
“Fake as any election result, Kent. Nice and firm, even when they bounce. Wanna check them out?” He motions his hand towards his bedroom.
“Not now, but thanks.” Peterson is as jaded as they come.
“Lankerson, huh? Fucking shame,” Peterson says, puffing smoke.
“Not really. He always was an asshole.”
“True, true,” Peterson says, head looking down. There’s a strange look in his eyes.
“Remember Los Angeles, Kent?”

“What about it?” It’s interesting Peterson would bring that up now, at this particular time.
“What was that girl’s name? Amy?”
“Yes. And you were with Rebecca,” I say, staring him in his eyes. He knows I know what happened and I know he knows what happened.
“Business trip, right?”
“Right, Peterson. Any reason you’re going down memory lane?”
“No, Kent. Just thinking is all.”
“Sometimes it’s best to leave those thoughts behind, Peterson.” He looks away and does not say anything.
“What’s this new business venture, Peterson? Trash collection?” I ask, smirking.
“No, Kent. Wouldn’t want to piss off the Italians, would we? Though they’re definitely not what they used to be, as far as controlling the city. There’s trash everywhere. Reeks of shit as soon as I leave my apartment.”
“Yes, I’ve noticed.”
“My plan is to eventually move to Florida while still working at Craine, while opening a new firm there dealing with prospective clients willing to invest and trade in upwards of at least a million dollars to start, minimum. I have a few people willing to do so already.” He glares at me like an owl. His hair is slicked back, even after his shower. He puts out his cigarette butt in a Versace Gala ashtray.
“You weren’t just down there to score the Dufferson account then. Interesting. What part of Florida? Tampa? And did you run this by Sebastian and Anderson?” I ask, still finding nothing of interest in his apartment. There’s a Duval painting hanging above his Samsung TV (I don’t look to see the size of his television). I’m sure the painting is a fake. Yes, I’m quite sure of that.
“Yes, Tampa. And yes I did. Sebastian said he’ll invest if you go along. He plans on staying in the city till he moves back to the United Kingdom, but will fly down to Tampa for this. Anderson thinks it’s too risky, which is fine by me.”
“And what exactly, other than Sebastian investing, do you need me for?” Peterson finishes his Stoil and gets up to pour another one.
“Simple, Kent. You have the Wellker account. You’re doing well with-”
“Great, Peterson. I’m doing great with the account.”
“Great with the account, and you’ve got contacts in the city who trust you and would invest with you personally. You’re the golden boy, Kent. People trust you. They like you. After Wellker, you can bag any account you want.”
“I assume you think I could throw you a bone with Wellker if I go in with you?” I ask, getting up and pouring myself another Tito’s soda.

“Throw? No. Toss? Yes. Think it over, Kent. We could make more than we ever did and it’d be between us three and some of the investors.” I look over at the knives sitting on the counter. Killing Peterson or perhaps going into business with him, making more money than I am now. This is what goes through my mind.
“Is Klein investing with you? Because if he is-”
“No. I knew if he would, then you wouldn’t even consider the offer.”
“How considerate of you, Peterson. Mind if I use your bathroom?”
“Go right ahead, Kent.”
I asked to use the bathroom not because I need to, but because I want to see Peterson’s hair products. He told me he used Oribe hair cream for his hair. Walking inside his bathroom I see a shelf with a few products on it. There’s Aesop sculpt hair polish and John Masters organic hair spray, as well as Oribe gold lust shampoo. He changed his hair gel from Oribe to Aesop, but still uses their shampoo. Interesting. I use my Android phone and take a picture of his shelf. I open his medicine cabinet and see q-tips and unmarked bottles of pills. Probably for both him and Suzy. I flush the toilet and exit the bathroom. I walk past Peterson without saying a word and into the kitchen and reach for a knife. Peterson walks over.
“Nice knives, eh Kent? Got the set from Wusthof. Cut right through just about anything,” he says, grabbing one.
“Even a bone?” I ask, grabbing one myself.
“I’m sure it will. Check this out.” Peterson opens his refrigerator (which is by Avallon-mine’s better), and brings out a watermelon.
“Didn’t know you ate watermelon.” He places the watermelon on a silver tray (from Harrods), raises his right arm, and slices it in half with one cut.
“Definitely cut through bone, Kent. What’d you have in mind? A t-bone steak?”
“Something like that, Peterson.” We’re both standing in his kitchen with knives in our hands, staring at each other. Peterson places his knife in the sink.
“Petey? Are you almost done with your friend?” Suzy quips. She’s standing at the edge of the kitchen, breasts bulging like two basketballs in her robe.
“Think it over, Kent?” Peterson asks as Suzy wraps her arms around him.
“What’s with the sliced watermelon? And you’re holding a knife. You boys planning to kill someone?” she asks with a smile.
“No, Suzy. I was just showing Kent how these knives can cut through just about anything.” Peterson picks up the knife from the sink.
“I’ll think it over, Peterson.” I put the knife back in the Wusthof holder.
“When are you planning on getting this started?” I ask.

“As soon as I hear if you’re in or not. We’ll have to work out the details on the name, of course”
“Of course.”
“I’ve got a realtor down there with a place on hold. Real beaut of one, too. Marble walls, wide spaces. It even overlooks the Bay. You should check it out sometime. I’ll text you the info.” I nod my head and walk to the door. Suzy waves to me as I open the apartment door.
“Thanks for coming by and listening, Kent.”
“Sure, Peterson.”
Leaving the apartment I start to think that Peterson’s idea is a good one. I could have killed him and Suzy tonight, but thinking clearly as I can, I ask myself ‘what good would that do?’ At least with Peterson I know where I stand. He’s a snake I can’t trust but he’s a snake that I know. Unlike this country’s politicians and the filthy so-called leaders in this city, he doesn’t pretend to be someone he isn’t. If there’s more money to be made, then perhaps I should think the deal over. How long do I truly want to stay in this shit city anyway? But why should I leave? Shouldn’t I continue to change it as I have been? I think the killings have helped. Albeit small, perhaps. But they have helped clean the city of filth and grime one body at a time. No one else seems to do anything. This city used to have people that would fight for their beliefs. Now it just has a bunch of sniveling, entitled fucking cowards. People willing to obey their pathetic leader’s every command on a whim. They actually trust the bastards. If I pause for thought, it’s unbelievable how gullible most people have become. Especially in this city. The blues snap their fingers and the public bows to them, just like they want them to. Fucking cowards. Every. Single. One.

Planning Ahead

I trained back and legs at the Health Club today. Afterwards, played Sebastian in racquetball. I’m wearing a black single-breasted suit from Givenchy Couture, a light grey cotton button down Louis Philippe shirt, a dark grey silk Ferragamo tie, my Patek Philippe watch, and black corteo leather Oxford shoes from Christian Louboutin. The Rowdy Morton show tonight is about people who think they’re entitled to free paychecks based on their ethnicity. It’s called ‘You think you’re entitled? Think again!’ Vanessa messaged me asking me to come to her

brownstone, saying something important was going on there. I don't feel like going into the office today, so I decide to go to Vanessa's. Before going to her place, I decide to purchase a twelve pack of Essentia water. After opening one bottle, I notice the other bottles seem to have their seals broken. I pour all twelve bottles in my sink, go back out, buy another twelve pack, notice the other bottles all have their seals broken, and pour all twelve bottles in the sink, then go back out and purchase another twelve pack, open a bottle, and notice the seals were never broken. The caps are just smaller. Realizing I just wasted twenty four bottles of water, I curse myself for the amount of money I just wasted. In the cab, I see a Lion King broadway musical poster on the side of a bus, ripped in half, with the letters BLM sprayed in-between it. Fare is $32.45. I hand the driver two twenties and walk up the brownstone and knock.

"Come in!" Vanessa yells this, so she isn't in her dining room or foyer. Opening the door, I peer through the dining room. I see no one there. I hear sounds in her living room. Before going in there, I pour myself a Jack rocks from her mini bar. Her cat begins to hiss at me. I make a fist at it and it scampers away.

"Kristoff! Over here!"

I walk into her living room and see her standing, arms spread wide, while a Black man, obviously gay, measures her. There's a woman taking notes on a pad beside him.

"There you are. This is Jamaal and Tina." There's two men standing with drinks in their hands in her kitchen. I have no idea who they are.

"What are you doing, Vanessa?" I ask, confused at what I see.

"Isn't it obvious, Kristoff? I'm getting measured for my wedding dress." I chug down the rest of my Jack.

"What? Wedding dress? What are you talking about, Vanessa?"

"Kristoff, you're such a nincompoop sometimes."

I see various wedding magazines sprawled on her glass end table by Sharooz. The Black man, Jamaal, is yelling out measurements to Tina. Vanessa looks like a human pincushion.

"I'm thinking of Vera Wang because, you know, you just *have to* try a Vera Wang."

"She's right," Jamaal agrees, puts the tape measure around his neck, and extends his hand for me to shake. I decline and walk back towards the mini bar. Vanessa truly lives in her own world.

"I was also thinking about Sarah Nurton and Yumi Katsura. I guess I'll just have to try them all. How about Galliano? You wear him, don't you?"

This almost seems like a dream to me. A hazy, foggy dream that is not real.

"Vanessa, I think we should talk."

“Don’t be silly, Kristoff. I have to stay here and get measured.” I peer into the kitchen and the two men are laughing and drinking.
“Vanessa. We are not getting married. We’ve had this conversation already.”
Vanessa looks away and then back to me and says, “We’re not getting married *yet*. There’s a difference, Kristoff. Oh, do you think I should wear a corset underneath, Jamaal?”
“Whatever you feel best to wear, my dear.”
“See? Jamaal knows what he’s doing, Kristoff. And Tina is making sure the measurements are all written down to perfection. Just like our wedding will be.”
I’ve always believed Vanessa lives in her own dream world, but this confirms this.
“Who are those two guys in your kitchen, Vanessa?”
“Oh, they brought me my new mirror. It’s a beveled center mirror by John Richard. I placed it in the dining room. Didn’t you notice it?”
“No I didn’t.”
“Really? You need to go see it. It’s beautiful, Kristoff.”
“I’m sure it is, Vanessa.” I finish my drink and walk towards her foyer.
“I’m leaving, Vanessa.”
“Kristoff, wait! We still have to decide on the wedding ca-”
Times like this I’d like to inhale fresh air but there isn’t any in this city. Only the stale smell of feces and, as someone walks by me, marijuana. Mixed together, the smell could be considered lethal. Vanessa never listens. She hears, but does not listen. And here I am, wandering through the streets, shaking my head, and wandering and wandering until I find a diner, any diner at this point, on Lexington ave. There’s an open table near the window, and I sit there. No one else is in the diner but me, the waitress, and the cook. The waitress, Russian, ugly, old, baggy eyes, brings me a menu, plops it on the table, and walks away. Hamburger. I’m thinking hamburger and orange juice. No soda. No Coke. Hamburger. Well-done. Freshly squeezed orange juice. Vanessa is crazy.
“Decided?” she asks, without telling me her name.
“Hamburger. Well-done. Orange juice. Freshly squeezed. No coke.”
“Hamburger, well-done. Freshly squeezed orange juice. No coke. No fries? Hey, are you an actor?”
“No, I’m not an actor or model and no I do not want any fries. I don’t want a Coke because I do not agree with their commercials.”
“Um, okay. You look like someone familiar, though,” she says, tapping her Bic pen against her sunken cheek.
“I get that alot.”
“Okay. Should be a few minutes.”

There's a ketchup stain on the table, and the floor is sticky. I turned my phone off to avoid the barrage of messages Vanessa will undoubtedly send my way.
"Here you are." She puts the dish in front of me with the orange juice (not freshly squeezed) and walks away.
I bite into the hamburger and grease comes out the opposite end of the bun. I can taste blood. I know the taste. The hamburger is pink inside. I said well-done.
"Excuse me?" I snap my fingers at the waitress, who is in no hurry to accommodate me.
"Yes?"
"I said no blood. No blood. My hamburger is pink inside. And this orange juice isn't freshly squeezed. I can tell it was poured out of a container into this glass. There isn't any pulp. There would be small traces of pulp, even if it were put through a filter and there isn't any pulp."
The old bitch doesn't say a thing. She grabs my plate and hands it over the counter to the cook, who has long hair and a beard. Probably her husband or some other fucking immigrant. Less than two minutes later (I counted the time, eighty-nine seconds to be exact), she places the dish in front of me with the hamburger, which is the same one I bit into.
"There you are. That should do it. As far as the orange juice, we don't do freshly squeezed."
"Are you fucking serious?" I ask, picking up the burger.
"Excuse me?"
"This is the same burger as before. And why didn't you tell me you didn't squeeze fresh orange juice? See, that's what I've been saying all along. Lack of communication. A complete and total lack of communication in this fucking city. You should have grilled a new burger well-done. Not give me the same fucking burger I took a bite out of."
"Well. why not? It's well-done now, right?" She avoids the question about the orange juice. Typical of her kind.
"Because the right thing to do would be to throw this burger away, or give it to the rats that I'm sure frequent a place like this, and grill me a new one."
"You'll have to take that up with management." She walks away in a dismissive manner.
"Management? Who? That guy with the long hair and beard? That fucking guy?" I stand and point to the man cooking behind the counter. I approach the counter, which has salt, grease, and stains of an alien nature on it.
"Here! Take your fucking burger, you fucking hippie!" I toss the burger towards the cook and he moves away from it.

“Fucking Russian immigrants! You’re all alike! Cheap fucking bastards!”
I walk outside and start yelling, “Fuck you, New York City! Fuck you!”
“Kristoff? Is that you?”
I turn and see a woman dressed in a Katharine Hamnett magdalou black with white silk dress, Steve Madden dark brown luiza pumps, carrying a Kurt Geiger tan leather bag. Her costume jewelry drop earrings are by Giani Bernini. No watch.
“What?”
“Kristoff? That is you. It’s me. Emma, from Concepts. We went on a couple of dates a few years back.”
I vaguely remember her. Something about her. Yes.
“Mole. You have a mole on the left side of your anus cheek, right?” I ask, pointing to her.
“What?”
“I have to go. Call me sometime.” I start jogging around the corner, perspiring, in a daze.
“I don’t have your number!”
“Then text me!”
I jog a few more blocks and see people messaging on their phones and no one is looking up only down some ahead but none up and I wander the streets till I find an alley any alley and I see a bum a black man sitting and I walk up to him and grab him and scream in his face “I don’t want a C3 Corvette! I want a black 1972 Ferrari 365 GTS/4 Daytona Spyder! Not a C3 Corvette! I want a black 1972 Ferrari 365 GTS/4 Daytona Spyder! Not a C3 Corvette! I want a-

Noon Again

“Can you believe it, Kent? She actually wanted bigger tits.” Stephan is wearing an AMI Paris argyle red/white merino wool blend sweater with a AMI Paris striped knit sweater around his neck, ERL brown trousers, and Docucal’s brown suede slip-on loafers. No socks. On his left wrist is a Oris Big Crown Brown Pointer Date Bronze Leather watch. He’s still wearing his RAEN Remmy 52mm polarized slate/vibrant brown sunglasses. He looks like he just stepped off a prized horse playing Polo. His tan is perfect. The Rowdy Morton show tonight is titled ‘Illegal Immigrants coming to America!’

“Yes, I believe it.” Stephan’s blonde hair is a bit longer and wavy than usual. No matter the length, it never seems out of place. We’re having lunch at the Caris Maiylis. Another French restaurant.
“Cost me a small fortune, Kent. Twice! First time she didn’t think they were big enough. I told her they were fine but she said she thought I’d cheat on her if I saw another woman with bigger tits, so she went back and had them removed and replaced one cup size bigger. Insane, right?” Stephan says, drinking Macallan 18 scotch.
“Sounds it and breasts, Stephan. They’re called breasts.” I’m wearing a Brioni double-breasted block wool suit, with a Corneliani grey cotton button down shirt, Brioni black silk tie, and black leather limited edition Brioni wholecut shoes.
“Breasts, tits, what’s the difference, Kent? They butcher you with the price, babe. Animals, Kent. Those plastic surgeons in Beverly Hills are cutthroat animals.” I haven’t gone to lunch with Stephan in a long time and I’m now realizing why. He rambles on like Vanessa does as if no one or nothing else exists but him. In fact, now that I think of it, nothing seems to bother him. I’ve never seen him angry. He goes through life without a care in the world. Craine uses him from time to time for various business deals, though Stephan has always been quiet about the details.
“I told her, ‘Listen, honey. The second time is the last time, alright?’ Women, Kent. Never satisfied with anything, right?”
“Right.” I wave the waiter over to refill my Tito’s soda. He’s a twerp.
“We just got back from the Cayman Islands. We went to one of those topless beaches. You should have seen the look on the faces of those darkies, Kent. It was if they never saw a blonde hair, blue-eyed woman with fake tits.”
“Darkies?”
“Yeah, darkies. You know, the Blacks there that aren’t Black. Darkies.”
If Stephan went to the Cayman Islands, it could’ve been because Craine sent him there on business. Interesting. The Islands are well known for hiding large sums of money, funneling that money though various accounts and banks tax free. I doubt Stephan would talk to me about it if I asked him. There’s been a rumor circling around for awhile that Stephan is one of the biggest opium dealers……*in the world*.
“And the food, Kent. Out of this world!” He says this leaning back on his chair, head swiveling to see if anyone else is in earshot. No one is.
“Octopus, saganaki, prawn. The fish, Kent. The best salmon I ever tasted. Sarah loved the roasted grouper. Absolutely delicious.” He snaps his fingers and the waiter comes over swiftly.

“Macallan 18, neat. And bring Kent whatever he wants.”
“Tito’s soda, rocks.” That’s another thing about Stephan. He’ll pay the tab not out of some perceived friendship, but because he wants you to know that he has the money to do it. No matter how high the tab may be.
“Commodities, Kent. That’s where you can hit. Take oil for example. Remember how low that went some time back? It was a record low. I bought so many shares at almost nothing and sold them when they hit a record high. Paid for my yacht in Florida. Heck, paid for the new home I purchased in Boca Raton.” He’s still looking around to see if anyone is listening to him. That’s Stephan for you.
“I’m paying a fortune in docking fees though, Kent. I mean, are we serious, babe? I felt like killing the bastard when I heard the fees. Why should I pay anyone to clean my yacht when I’m not even there to see if they’re actually doing it? My yacht sits on the water, babe. Sits. Doesn’t move. I'm seriously paying an arm and a leg for that. It’s crazy. babe.” Stephan enjoys hearing himself talk. He could go on and on, nonstop, if you let him.
“Commodities, right? Raw materials, agricultural products like gold, energy, copper, even coffee. But oil and petroleum. That’s where it’s at and where it always will be at. Don’t listen to those energy saving tree huggers, babe. They’re barking up the wrong tree. Get it? Hey, you bagged the Wellker account, right? I had an account like that once a few years back.” Sure, Stephan, sure.
“Sets you up for life, babe” he says, eating his truffle cavatelli. I’m eating the pork tenderloin. I’m sure Stephan ordered roasted halibut, but either he doesn’t care he received the truffle cavatelli or he forgot what he ordered because he was speaking to me as the waiter took our order. Stephan pointed to the dish on the menu he wanted.
“The food here is great, Kent.” I remember Sebastian telling me that he and Stephan went to England to secure a few accounts and everywhere they went, people greeted Stephan like he was their best friend. Sebastian said there wasn’t a place they went that Stephan didn’t know someone or a place they couldn’t get into. Stephan seemingly had a key to England. Maybe it’s because Sebastian said Stephan’s a champion at Polo and Croquet?
“The food’s okay, Stephan.” The French are known for small portions and high prices. It’s how they’ve always made their living in the restaurant business.
“I’m going to buy a bottle of Chateau Pontet-Canet before we split. Sarah loves it.” Restaurants aren’t legally allowed to sell bottles of wine, but Stephan has an ‘in’ with the chef. That doesn’t surprise me.
“I gotta say this city has lost most of its luster, Kent. I won’t be sticking around here much longer. Sarah and I are going to cruise on over to Florida, hang out on

the yacht, and relax for awhile. You should come sometime, babe. Bring Vanessa if you want." I nod my head and think of a reason, any reason, to leave abruptly.
"You never see the stars here, Kent. Sarah loves looking at the sky, but not here. She says all she sees is smog and all she smells is shit. Can you believe it, babe?"
"Yes, I can."
"This city. It's not the place for someone as beautiful as her and me. Gotta get to Florida, Kent. Sooner rather than later. Like I said, come on down with Vanessa anytime you want. I'll even make sure the yacht is stocked with a few bottles of Jack for you, babe."
I nod my head and Stephan snaps his fingers and the twerp waiter brings the bill, which I quickly glance at: $188.54. Pricey for what we drank and ate.
"Hey, Kent. You want to do a little sniff-sniff?" he asks, pointing to his nose.
"No thanks, Stephan."
"Always the golden boy, right?"
"Right."
"Alright. Remember. You ever want to come down and see the yacht, heck you can even use it if you want to, just ask, alright babe?"
"Thanks, Stephan."
"Sure, sure."
The thoughts in my head swirling around are should I go through life like Stephan does, what boat club is Sebastian a member of, does Givenchy Couture ever go on sale, why don't people assassinate worthless leaders now when they assassinated worthy leaders then, should I buy some argyle socks, why doesn't Craine ever attend his meetings, my shoulders are buff since purchasing that rowing machine, does Julie wear thongs, Peterson does look like a snake, I should indulge in a chocolate bar, do I need to buy more duffel bags, does Anderson think no one notices his oily hair, how many different ways are there to dismember a body, is Vanessa still going to a tanning salon, she started an aerobics class, the crime rate keeps rising, how can some people be so stupid, how many yellow cabs are left in the city, I need to buy a new vase, I smell feces wherever I go, my birthday is this month, Vanessa's birthday is a week from mine, we'll go to a stupid French restaurant to 'celebrate', birthdays do not matter because you celebrate that you were born into this world.

Samurai Honor

“C’mon, you fucking cunt! Come at me!” I’m standing naked, no pants, no underwear, no socks, no shirt. My penis is erect, red, and purple and my testicles are bulging. In my hands is a samurai sword I recently purchased. It’s a Katana sword made of tempered steel. The finest you can buy. I’m holding it mid-length, the hilt just below my solid pecs. Sweat is pouring from my head due to my excitement. There’s a girl, brunette, brown eyes, white, naked, crying near the edge of my bed. She has a blue streak in her hair. Blue equals the blues. I picked her up from an escort site, contacting her directly. Her breasts are firm, a bit small, about a handful of a squeeze. She was a decent fuck, nothing too exciting. There are a few dark blemishes on her thigh and calf. Her skin doesn’t look right. I don’t remember her name.
“Please! Why are you doing this?” she asks with tears streaming down her cheeks.
“Why? Because I can, you bitch! Because you’ve got blue dye in your hair! You’re the problem in this city I’m going to eliminate! Now, c’mon! If you run by me, I promise to let you leave. I’ll even give you your clothes.” My biceps are bulging and I look at them and admire my triceps.
“Blue dye? What? You’re crazy! Help! Heeeeellllp!” she screams, panicking, head turning, looking for help.
“Seriously? You think screaming will help? It’s Saturday night in New York City. Do you think any of my neighbors are home? Scream all you want, bitch!” I motion the sword towards her and her arms are braced against the wall.
“Please, please, please. I’ll give you anything you want.”
“Look around, skank. Do you think there’s anything you could possibly give me that I don’t already have or could get?” A thought comes in my head.
“Wait. Would you be able to find me a black 1972 Ferrari 365 GTS/4 Daytona Spyder?”
“What?” She's panicking now.
“Never mind.” I thrust the sword at her and she moves to her side.
“Now c’mon! If you don’t try to go around me I’m just going to kill you right where you are. All you have to do is run by me. That’s it.” She’s shaking, in panic, definitely going to try and run soon. She edges towards me, then backs up, edges again, grabs a pillow (from Luxome), throws it at me (I slice through it) and runs feebly towards the door. I yell ‘Hi-Yah!’ and slice off her left arm in one stroke as she tries fleeing me. Blood spurts out like water from a hydrant. I’m impressed

with my swing. I had turned and sliced her arm off like an actor does in a movie. Very impressed with myself. She drops to the ground, screaming and holding what's left of her bloody left arm.
"Do you know how much that pillow cost, you fucking cunt! Do you?" I raise both arms with the sword in my hands, and slice through her right hand that she had tried to unsuccessfully block the sword with and through the right side of her head, splitting it almost in half. Part of her brain oozes out onto the floor. Her eye is hanging from her skin. I reach down and pull it off and stare at it. I think about eating it to hear that crunchy sound, but decide not to. Instead, I place the eye in my mouth, swish it around, and spit it out on her. Her body is convulsing. After a few seconds, it stops.
"This is a really great sword." The Rowdy Morton show tonight is titled 'Teachers sexualizing your children: They must be stopped!'. I wipe the blade clean, admiring the detail on it. My face has some of her blood on it. I wipe it off with my hand, then rub my hand through my hair. The blood is sticky enough to use as gel, but I doubt it would hold for more than a couple hours, if that. My phone buzzes. It's Sebastian. He messages me to put on the nightly news. Must be something of interest if he's messaging me this late.
"- Giles was found with a glove that had four knives attached to it at the scene of the grisly murder. The woman, twenty-two years old, was dead when authorities arrived. Authorities say the woman's face had four slash marks across it and four puncture wounds in her stomach, presumably from the glove found on Giles' hand. Giles himself called the police and they arrived within minutes. No motive is suggested as to why Giles allegedly killed the woman. More details to-"
Wow. He actually did it. He found a way out of paying child support. Strange that he called the police himself. I guess he decided to throw in the towel. Four knives on a glove. Interesting idea. I'm anxious to get into my Mesa 608A shower and watch the Tic Tac Dough show. I glanced ahead when I finished the last show, and a man from Des Moines, Iowa is playing a man from Little Rock, Arkansas. Should be interesting. First though, I want to try something I've been thinking about. I call down to the Armenian doorman and ask him to bring a ladder up to my apartment. I tell him there's a light bulb I need to change. When he knocks, I open the door, lights all off, and grab the ladder and hand him a bloody twenty dollar bill. He takes the money and leaves. I grab a knife and plunge it into the girl's stomach, ripping away at it. I pull out her intestines and make a noose, tie it around what's left of her neck, and climb the ladder. I have in my hand a sixteen ounce hammer purchased from the Asian hardware store, and four nails. I place the intestines on the ceiling and begin to hammer the nails in it. It starts to split,

but a piece of it holds. Dropping down, I take the noose and make sure it's secure as it can be and step on the fourth ladder step, pulling up her body to hang. The intestines immediately fall apart on top of me and the body drops. I'll have to find a more secure way to do this another time.

Office Talk

I trained biceps and triceps today at The Health Club. Afterwards, I picked up a new suit from my tailor. I'm wearing it now. It's a Jean Paul Gaultier bespoke black wool single-breasted suit. I decided to wear a Ferragamo white cotton button down shirt, with a dark grey silk Gianni Versace tie, and Tom Ford black leather Oxford shoes with it, as well as my Patek Philippe watch. Last night I watched the Tic Tac Dough show as I showered. A man from Chesapeake Bay defeated a man from Lancaster. He went on to the bonus round and lost when he picked square number nine. The Dragon was behind it. On the way to the office I see a woman with a baby stroller. She's waving me over from across the street. I wave back and cross the street.
"Hello? Adleson?" The idiot is confusing me with someone else. She's wearing a Philip Treacy straw hat, a white cotton dress with lace at the sleeves by Nordstrom, and white Hermes Oran sandal shoes. Her nail polish is red, as is her lipstick. She has dark blonde hair and is wearing diamond earrings from Bergdorf's, a Sweet Alhambra watch from Van Cleef and Arpels, and a three carat diamond princess cut wedding ring from Luxe VVS Jewelers.
"I'm sorry. You're confusing me with someone else. It happens."
"Oh, I'm so sorry. You look like someone I know. Are you a model?" she asks, as the baby smiles at me.
"No."
"What's your name? I'm Emily."
"Peterson. My name is Peterson," I lie, as I bend down and touch the baby's hands.
"Just Peterson? No first name?"
"Just…..*Peterson*. Your child. What's his name? He is a 'he', correct? You never know what the sick, deranged parents will call their child now."
"Yes he is a 'he' and his name is Patrick. I was thinking of having him model. You look like a model and you dress like one so I thought I'd ask you about the

industry if you were one." The baby has blue eyes and just stares at me. His smile is gone.
"I'm not a model but I can tell you that if you want to have your baby model, perhaps in advertisements, don't go to California, especially Los Angeles."
"Why not?" Emily asks, gently pushing the stroller.
"Because they sexualize children there. Especially the…..*Jews*. Whites and Blacks do too, but it's mainly the Jews that run things down there."
"Really?"
"Yes. Really. Maybe go to Jersey or some mid-western state. You'd be better off there. There's strange people in those states, but they're just strange. They're not sexualizing children."
"Well, thank you for your advice, Peterson. I appreciate it. Oh, here. Let me give you my number in case you want to go to lunch sometime." I accept her number, which is meaningless to me, as she is slightly attractive, but looks vegan, perhaps a bit boney on her sides. That's a turn-off.
"Thank you. I need to get to the office now to fondle my secretary." I wave to the baby and Emily waves at me with a smile. The Rowdy Morton show tonight is titled 'Rape Victims.' Anderson messaged me about this earlier this morning. He seems to have taken a keen interest in tonight's episode, which feature five brave, young women speaking about their horrid tales of being sexually assaulted (is that the same as raped?) and raped. I look forward to seeing their…….*faces*. I call Julie into the office because I haven't seen her in awhile and I haven't been in my office in quite some time. I grab my Oakley Radar EV Path Polished White with Prizm Sapphire Lens Sunglasses and put them on.
"Yes, Kristoff?" Juile is wearing a Le Suit Fuchsia shawl collar suit jacket and skirt, a white cotton blouse from CeCe, tan leather pumps from Steve Madden, and a Bulova 32mm gold-tone stainless steel watch. Her gold hoop earrings are from Nordstrom.
"Julie, I think we should talk. It's been awhile. We must define our boundaries. You do believe in defining one's boundaries, don't you?" I ask, flipping through a Fortune magazine from two months ago.
"I guess." She stands there, looking like a statue. Her brown hair is up in a bun. It's times like these that I wonder if I should walk towards her, pull her panties off, throw her on my desk, and fuck her.
"Oh, how's what's-his-name from the office party?"
"You mean Ted?"
"Yes, Tom."
"Ted. And we're just friends. He's a really nice guy."

I pause for thought and now understand Julie to be one of those women that ditches the nice, good guy for someone like……*me*. That's not an admirable trait.
"Just a nice guy, huh? Not good enough for my Julie, right?"
"Is there something else you wanted to discuss?" she asks, her arms folded across her chest.
I stand up and place my hands on my Vimercati Empire Luxury desk and say, "Please sit down." Julie walks towards a Herman Miller Aeron chair that I ordered and charged to the firm.
"No, Julie. Here on my lap." She hesitates as she stands before me, but I grab her wrist and place her on my lap.
"There. Just like the old Santa Claus days, right?"
"Kristoff, I really don't understand what's going on here."
"Of course you don't, Julie. I think we've worked together long enough to discuss what is and isn't sexual harassment, don't you?"
"I guess so, but I don't understand why you're-"
"There's a lot you don't understand, Julie. Now, this right here, you sitting on my lap voluntarily isn't sexual harassment. However, if I begin to slide my hand slowly up your skirt, which I'm doing now, that may be considered harassment…… *maybe*." I slide my hand to her thigh and she doesn't stop me. She just looks at me with a face that is…….frazzled?
"Are you nervous, Julie?"
"No. but I don't understand why-"
"Julie, you've been acting different lately. What's happened? I'm concerned for your well-being." I tap my hand on her thigh and smile, my teeth glistening in the sunlight that beams through the window.
"I've just been busy with stuff, Kristoff. I'm thinking about my future and what career I should endeavor and if I want to eventually get married and have a family. You're hardly ever at the office anymore, so I'm surprised you even noticed."
I push Julie off me, spank her butt, and say, "Good girl, Julie. Opening up to someone about one's problems is a start. Remember: a woman's greatest contribution to society is to bear children, Julie. To raise that child in a loving, healthy environment. There is no greater achievement in the world. But only have children if you can afford to. If you can't and you do so, you're fucking them for life."
"I'll think about that, Kristoff."
"And Julie? Perhaps it's time for you to take a vacation to well, I don't really fucking know……*somewhere*," I say, nodding my head.
She walks to the door, turns and says, "Thanks for listening, Kristoff."

“Oh, one more thing: Women don’t wear ties, Julie. Ever.”
“I don’t wear ties, Kristoff.”
“I know.”

Faggot Klein

I told Julie to call that faggot Klein and tell him to meet me outside my apartment building at eight pm for a surprise dinner for Peterson. I told her to tell him it was Peterson’s birthday and I would pay for everything. I knew everything being free would be enough to reel him in. I also know he doesn’t know when Peterson’s birthday is because Klein is a self-absorbed asshole that enjoys hearing himself talk. I’ve heard this from several people he has done business with, notably Julien Baxter. And if a conceited prick like Baxter is saying that, well, that tells me all I need to know about Klien. I’m wearing a dark grey single-breasted wool suit, a light grey button down cotton shirt, a dark grey silk tie, all from Brooks Brothers. My shoes are dark brown leather lace-ups from A. Testoni. I call down to the Albanian doorman and tell him at eight pm to go outside and let Klein into the building and tell him to meet me outside my apartment. He asked me how he would know if it was Klein standing outside and I said just look for a dope standing there with a big nose and curly hair. The Rowdy Morton show tonight is about ‘Women that beat their husbands.’ The Albanian buzzes me and let’s me know the faggot is on his way up. Klein knocks and I wait a full minute before opening.
“Hiya, Kent. Got the message from your secretary. I must admit I was a bit surprised that you invited me to this dinner.” Klein is wearing a double-breasted black wool suit, a white cotton button down shirt, a black silk tie, and black leather lace-up shoes, all from Hugo Boss. He’s wearing a Baume and Mercier Classima black dial 42mm watch on his left wrist.
“Come on in, Klein. We’ll just be a few minutes. Pour yourself a drink at my bar.” He walks over and looks at the various liquor I have. He pours himself a Tito’s soda.
“Sorry I don’t have pina colada mix.”
“Ah, no biggie, Kent. I haven’t drank one of those in awhile anyway,” he says, smirking.
“Do you know Hans, Klein?” I ask, leaning against the wall.

“Hans? The German pimp? Shit, Kent. I think half of New York does.” He starts drinking his Tito’s soda.
“Do you think he dresses cool?”
“I guess so. He does wear some cool jackets.”
“You think he wears *cool* jackets?”
“Yeah, why? What’s the big deal?” Of course Klein could care less that Hans wears World War 2 German Officer’s jackets, sometimes with Nazi insignia. Fucking hypocrite.
“Did Peterson ever mention to you about a business deal he was looking into down in Florida?” This is one of the reasons I wanted Klein here.
“No, no. Is he looking to do some business down there? If he is, then hey, I’m all game. I’ve got some contacts out that way.” Klein pours himself another drink and I grab a 20 oz steel hammer I purchased from the Asian hardware store. Peterson didn’t lie when I asked him about Klein.
“Hey, Kent. Just to let you know I’m not gay, alright? I don’t know how-”
I hit Klein in the head with the back of the hammer, and pull down on his curly hair with it, then yank the hammer out. Blood starts to slowly come out from the top of his head.
“I know you’re not gay, Klein. You’re a faggot. There’s a difference.” I hit him again with the hammer and he falls to the floor.
“Gay can mean happy or you like to fuck men. I guess a faggot could mean you screw men, too. But for me, faggot means you’re a wussy. Part wimp, part-” I smash him in the skull again and again and again. There’s pink and red ooze coming from his skull and blood is pouring out from under his skin. I start to pace the floor as he convulses like an electrified eel.
“What the fuck is wrong with you people? How could you think a guy like Hans wears cool stuff?” I smash his skull in with the hammer five times.
“A fucking Nazi wears cool stuff? And look at what you did to my fucking carpet.” Klein’s head looks like a pumpkin that exploded. His brain is seeping out the top of his head and his skull is partially shattered. I already know he’s a cheap bastard. I’ve heard that he charges everything to his company account, so I don’t look and see if there’s any cash in his wallet. However, his watch will fetch a decent sum on one of those online sites. I’ll give it to Julie to sell. There’s liquor and blood stains on my carpet, so I’ll have a cleaning crew come out in the morning. They won’t ask any questions. They never do.

Family Reunion

I'm off the plane in Kent, Ohio. A bit of turbulence, which was expected, had passengers crying with a look of terror on their faces. I had a smile on my face. Julie booked the flight for me because I asked her to and because she wants me. I'm wearing a black overcoat by Giorgio Armani, white t-shirt by Alexander McQueen, dark blue jeans by Rick Owens, and Nike air max white sneakers, with my Patek Philippe watch. There's three people in front of me in the line for cabs. I conspicuously put on my Oakley wraparound sunglasses not to be noticed. April is my least favorite month. Before flying here, I ordered a Don Johnson Heart Beat sealed vinyl because he looks cool. Come to think of it, Phillip Michael Thomas looks cool, too. I also ordered a sealed Andy Gibb Shadow Dancing vinyl because he also looks cool and I wanted these vinyls delivered for when I am back in New York. After a few minutes, I get a cab and tell the driver (surprisingly American) the address. He doesn't say much, only that it'll cost a lot to go to the destination I told him. I smile, pull out my black palette leather with embroidered stitching Ferragamo wallet, and show him the nine hundred dollars I have in it. He nods his head and drives. I don't want to stay here long. I have business back in New York that I must continue. The city is a filthy melting pot of shit, and I intend to do my best to clean it up. Looking outside the window as we drive through the countryside brings back memories that have been buried for a very long time. Things could have been much different. Much different, if only one piece of the puzzle was taken out a long time ago. After arriving at the destination, I exit the cab (fare was $185.80; $250 makes the driver smile and leave). Standing outside my old home, I look up at the clear blue sky. It always looked as if the clouds were closer out here than anywhere else. Almost as if you could touch them if you leaped high enough in the air. But, there's business to attend to. No time to daydream. Walking up the gravel I see smoke coming from the chimney. I look around. There's no neighbors in sight. Not that there ever really were. Surprisingly, my key still works in the lock. Opening the door, a flood of buried memories hit me. Again, no time to dwell and think. Business comes first.

"Dad?" I ask, looking at the high ceilings and spiral staircase. The chandelier still hangs in place.

"Dad, it's me. I've come home." I walk through the foyer into the living room, where I see my father sitting on a plush, dark brown chair from Raymour and

Flanigan, with a light brown blanket over his legs, staring into the fire. There's pictures on the wall, opening more memories.
Pointing at one picture, I say, "He'd still be alive if it weren't for you. He had to not only move out of here, he had to leave the state to get away from you." I circle my father, who just sits there, staring into the flames.
"Mom, too. She was broken after the accident that killed him. But let's be honest: she was broken before that. You cut her off from all her friends, all her family, so there was no one left but you. You wanted to be her whole world. Total control, right dad? Yes, she allowed you to do so, but that didn't make it right." I slip on my black leather gloves from Nicoletta Rosi, and pull out a plastic bag from my inside jacket pocket. My father still doesn't say anything. I stand in front of him, leaning down so he sees me eye to eye.
"People like you don't deserve to live, dad. Especially not to an old age, as you have. Somehow though, through some strange rule in the universe, you have. In fact, others like you keep on going too, right? How fucked up is that?" I walk behind him, placing the plastic bag in both hands.
"Thankfully, I'm here to break that fucked up rule in the universe. Dad, I want you to know you're nothing but a piece of shit." I place the bag over his head tightly and he starts to gasp. His arms try to touch mine, then try to touch my face, but to no avail. I don't want his filth on my body. His legs start kicking and I hear him trying to speak, but my rage is too great and my strength (which he always underestimated) is at its peak. I grimace and pull harder, smiling as I see the pain on his face, the look in his eyes that says 'this is it'. The old man has some fight left in him, but after a few minutes, the kicking stops, and his arms go limp. I feel nothing. I feel no pain, no sadness, no empathy. I am the absence of love, the absence of emotion. I put the bag back in my pocket and take one last look at a family photo, when times were much different. Exiting the house, I walk what seems like a few miles, till I find a bar. I order a Jacks rocks and as I stare at the few people drinking tonight, Preston Hutley's words come into my mind: 'Only in this city, Kent. Nowhere else.' It would seem he's right, though Los Angeles is definitely a close second in regards to crime, freaks, and filth. The people here though, just look and seem different. They keep to themselves and are mostly quiet when they speak. Leaving, I look at the sky and see the sun setting. Unlike New York City, the sky here is clear, clean, with no haze. I hail a cab outside the bar and go to the airport. There is no worry about killing my father. He had no friends, no family. No one will miss him. No one will do an investigation. After not retrieving his mail for a few days, the police will be called in to check on him and see that he died of an apparent heart attack, respiratory failure, etc . Then they'll

contact the next of kin, which is me, and I'll tell them to do whatever they like to the body, no funeral, make it as quick as possible. Hopefully the flight leaves and lands on time, so I can watch the Rowdy Morton show live. Tonight's episode is titled 'Fat and ugly is still fat and ugly'.

Tic Tac Dough

"And who do we have here? Kristoff Kent from Kent, Ohio. Works at Benjamin Craine. Wall Street man, are you?" asks Wink.
"Yes I am, Wink. And may I add you look fabulous in your light grey Botany 500 suit, with matching light grey polyester tie, white cotton button down shirt, and Botany 500 dark grey shoes. Fabulous," I respond.
"Thank you, Kent. And that's a great Gianfranco Ferre black wool suit, with matching black silk tie, white cotton shirt, leather belt, and black leather lace-up shoes you're wearing." .
"Thank you, Wink. Don't forget about the Seiko watch," I say, showing it with a smile, as the audience laughs.
"Ha, ha, yes indeed, Kent. Now onto our second contestant. Wilma Makerson from San Diego, California. Occupation: housewife."
"Yes, that's me Wink. I-"
"May I add you look enticingly succulent in your Anne Klein silk burgundy dress, with matching Anne Klein burgundy slingbacks," I state.
"Oh, well thank you. I-"
"And let's not forget those diamond earrings and wonderful gold bangle bracelets you're wearing from Littman Jewelers," I say.
Wink turns to the audience, who are laughing, then back to me.
"Are you sure you're a Wall Street trader and not a fashion designer, Kent?" Wink asks, as the audience giggles.
"Ha ha ha, I'm quite sure, Wink. But thank you."
Wink motions to the big board and says, "Okay, let's get going. Categories in tonight's show are: Movies; Comic Books; History; Sports; Presidents; World Leaders; Geography; Models; Poets. Alright, let's shuffle the board."
I hear that famous sound when the board shuffles.
"Okay. Kristoff, what category would you like?"
"I'll take Comic Books for the bottom left corner, Wink."

“Alright. Here we go. What publishing company boasted the best artists and was the first in comics to introduce controversial subjects such as racism, bigotry, adultery, and murder? I’ll give you a few seconds to think it over.”
I hear the music in the background, which normally calms me as I shower. Then I hear it stop.
“Okay. What is your answer, Kent?”
“The publishing company you’re referring to is EC Comics, Wink. EC Comics.”
After a brief pause, Wink says, “That is correct. Place an X in the bottom left corner, please.” Wink walks over to Wilma as the board shuffles.
“Wilma, what category on the board interests you?”
“I’ll take Poets for the center square, Wink.” I smile at her as she say this.
“Okay. This famous poet wrote about everyday life in rural New England. A couple of his most cited poems include Mending Wall and Tree At My Window. Who is he? I’ll give you a few seconds to think about it.” The music ticks till Wilma smiles and says, “Robert Frost, Wink.”
“That is correct! Please place an O in the center square.”
I turn to Wilma and say, “Great job, Wilma,” applauding her. She smiles and nods her head in approval. The audience claps as the board is shuffled.
“Alright. Where would you like to go, Kent?”
“Hmm, let’s try Models for the bottom right corner, Wink.”
“Okay, Models it is. In a poll conducted by Spricer Institute, this model ranked number one for the all-time most beautiful model in the world. Who is she? I’ll give you a few seconds to think about it.” As the music ticks, I think of only a few that it could be, then settle on one.
“Okay, Kent. Who’ll it be?”
“There’s many beautiful models, Wlnk. But I have to go with the one whom I personally find to be the most beautiful and may I add, sexiest of them all: Kate Moss.” Wink looks at his card, then at me and says, “That is correct! Yes, Kate Moss came in number one. Please place an X in the bottom right corner square. Just for kicks, who do you think came in at number two?” Wink asks me.
“I would think Naomi Campbell should be number two, but my guess would be Cindy Crawford since she’s more widely known.”
“And you’d be correct again, Kent,” Wink says, smiling as the audience applauds. I lean over to Wilma and whisper, “Personally, I’d fuck all three of them, preferably at the same time.” Wilma looks aghast, but then turns and grins at the audience. The board shuffles again.
“Okay, Wilma. What’ll it be?” Wink asks.

“Well Wink, I’ll have to take Geography for the block.”
“Okay, Geography for the block in the bottom center square. What country lies in-between Tanzania and Ethiopia? I’ll give you a few seconds to think it over.”
The music ticks away and Wilma looks puzzled at first, then she smiles and says, “Kenya, Wink.”
After a brief pause, Wink says, “Kenya. That is correct! Please place an O in the bottom center square.” The audience applauds, as do I. I lean over to Wilma and ask, “How did you know that?” She puts her hand on my wrist (because she wants me) and says, “I studied History in high school.” I look at the board and see I am now on the defensive. The board shuffles and Wink turns to me and asks, “Which square will it be, Kent?”
“I’ll have to take World Leaders, top center square, for the block, Wink.” I look at the audience and nod. They nod back.
“Okay. For the block: this leader of his country has been compared to Adolf Hitler for his extreme regime of control and oppression, and inciting genocide for the homeless and depressed, thereby stating that they, as human beings, do not matter. Who is he? I’ll give you a few seconds to decide.” As the music ticks, I think of a few that could be the answer. This is a more difficult question, as this answer can have quite a few variables to it.
“Okay, Kent. For the block, what leader is it?”
“I have to tell you Wink, there’s quite a few leaders that this answer could go to. But in the end, I have to go with that faggot up in Canada. Yes, that faggot in Canada is my answer.”
Wink looks at his card, then at the producer to verify my answer, then at me and says, “Correct! Please place an X in the top middle square. Please shuffle the board.” The board shuffles. There’s only four squares left.
“Okay, Wilma. Where would you like to go?”
“Well Wink, I’ll have to say Presidents in the middle left square.”
“Okay, Presidents it is. This President was wrongly accused by the media of outside interference from Russia during his campaign and when elected, was the subject of unjust persecution from the media on a daily basis, even after his term ‘ended’. What President am I referring to?” I roll my eyes at the question, as anyone with half a brain would know this answer.
“Donald Trump, Wink.”
“That’s correct! Please place an O in the middle left square.” I’m put on the defensive again and must take whatever category lands on the middle right square.
“Okay, Kent. What’ll it be?”

“Wink, I’ll have to take Movies for the block.”
“Movies it is. This actress played in such enigmatic and mystifying films such as The Lost Boys, Less Than Zero, and Crossroads. Who is she?” I wave off the music and the audience laughs.
“This one is easy, Wink. Jami Gertz,” I answer while grinning and nodding my head at the audience.
“Jami Gertz it is! Please place an X in the middle right square.” The audience applauds and I turn to Wilma and say, “Total babe she is. Total babe.” Wilma smiles and claps. The board shuffles and Wilma and I think over our next move. I smirk because I put her on the defensive now.
“Okay. What’s your next move, Wilma?”
“Well Wink, I have to take Sports for the block.”
“Alright. For the block in the top right corner: There are currently thirteen forms of play in Middle Eastern Backgammon. For the block, name three of those types of forms. I’ll give you some time to think about it.” The music goes and Wilma looks a bit clueless on this one. The music ends and Wilma looks stumped.
“Okay, Wilma. Can you name three types of Middle Eastern Backgammon?”
“Um, well Wink, I have to take a shot. Um, I’ll say….well-” bzzzzzzzzt!
“I’m sorry WIlma, but time ran out. Fevga, Narde, and Takhteh are three of them. The others are Gul Bara, Gioul, Moultezim, Plakoto, Plakoto Express, Portes, Shesh Besh, Tapa, Tawula, and The Never Finishing Game. Okay, please shuffle the board.” I turn to Wilma and say, “I knew all of them.” Actually, I’m lying. I didn’t know any.
“Okay, Kent. What’ll it be?”
“I’ll take Presidents in the top right corner for the win, Wink.”
“Alright. Presidents for the win. Kristoff, which President is the only one that sat down and communicated with the foreign leaders of North Korea, Russia, Saudi Arabia, and Jerusalem, thereby ensuring peace between all nations during his Presidential term? I’ll give you a couple seconds to think about it.” I smile as the music ticks until ending.
“Kristoff, for the win and $1,100, name that President.”
“Donald Trump.” Wink stares at his card, then says, “Correct! You win, Kent!” the audience applauds and I shake Wilma’s hand and tell her, “Nice try, bitch.” She replies, “Thanks, hunk.” Wink waves me over to him, looks toward the camera and says, “On to the bonus round now, Kent. Time to beat the Dragon.” The music plays as the audience and I clap our hands. I’ve seen this board many times while showering. Standing in front of it however, is a much different experience.

“Okay, Kent. Pick a square and if there’s money behind it, you win that amount. If you find the words Tic and Tac, you automatically win $1,000. The game ends when you win at least $1,000 or if the dreaded Dragon is behind the square you pick. Understand the rules, Kent?” Wink puts the microphone next to me.
“Yes I do, Wink.”
“Okay, let’s get started.” The board shuffles and I look to the audience for guidance. I see a hottie holding her hand signifying the number four. She has blonde hair and blue eyes.
“I’ll go with number four, WInk. That woman right there (I point to her) with the blonde hair, blue eyes, and rocketing breasts is showing me number four.”
“Okay, for the woman with blonde hair, blue eyes, and rocketing breasts! Number four, please.” The word Tic is revealed and the audience claps. I look for guidance again and see number three held up by most of the audience.
“What number will it be, Kent?”
“Wink, I see a lot of people with the number three, so let’s go with that.” I nod my head with a smirk towards the audience.
“Alright. Please reveal what is behind number three.” The square changes from a three to $200. I clap my hands. I look to the audience for a number and there’s a bloody hand with two fingers on it. Just two fingers.
“What’ll your next number be, Kristoff?”
“I have to go with that bloody hand with the two fingers there, Wink. Number two. That’s my number.”
Wink looks at the audience, then at me and says, “Number two for the bloody hand with two fingers.” The square changes and $100 is revealed.
“So far you’ve got Tic, $300 and a total of $1,400. What number would you like now?”
I look at the audience then at Wink and say, “Seven, Wink. I’m taking this one on my own.” Wink smiles and says, “Okay. Seven for Kristoff it is.” The square changes from seven to reveal the word Tac and the music plays, Wink smiles and I clap my hands with the audience.
“Congratulations, Kent! You’ve won a total of $2,400! Now, where was that Dragon tonight?”
The board reveals all the squares. The Dragon was behind square number one.
“Alright. Let’s see what you’ve won as a grand prize tonight, Kent.” I hesitate and listen to the loud speaker and I wonder if it’s a car or a boat, or a trip to Europe that I’ve won.
“Congratulations, Kent! You’ve won a trip to New York City!”

Morning

I wake up in a sweat, knowing that the dream I had has become a nightmare. I look at my hands. They're covered in caked blood. I turn to my right and there's a body without a head laying next to me on my bed. I remove the sheets from me, and jump down from the bed. The legs have been cut off at the knees and the arms have been cut off, as well. I'm not taking any drugs or hallucinogens. There is no reason for me to blackout other than if I'm beginning to lose my discipline and my reasoning in the moment I kill. Getting up, I see various body parts spread on the floor. At first glance, I cannot find the head, but then I see it sitting on one of my end tables with a glass of champagne next to it. It's a woman with brunette hair. Is it an escort? Did I pick her up at a bar? I don't think so, but I don't remember. I see a handsaw next to her sawed off foot. Looks like I already finished cutting her up. She'll fit quite easily in the duffle bag. Pacing in my apartment, I pour a glass of Dom Perignon champagne. I try gathering my thoughts but there aren't any. Instead of trying to force myself to remember where this bitch came from, I gather up her body parts and place them in a duffle bag. It's inconceivable to me that I cannot remember anything. It also isn't even noon yet, which means I have to keep her body in my apartment till late evening. That doesn't bother me much because it isn't the first time I've had to do that. It's Wednesday and I look at my phone to see if there are any voicemails or missed calls. None. There is a message from Vanessa about dinner tonight. She said she'll be ready to be picked up at seven thirty. I don't remember the place and I see we spoke last night briefly from the call log, but again, my mind is blank. I'll message her later about it. I call Julie and see if there are any appointments for the day and she says, "No, but there are some folders I have for you about potential clients Craine wants you to look over." I hang up the phone and walk into my Mesa 608A shower. The steam helps unclog my pores and I hope that it will somehow unclog my memory. I don't watch the Tic Tac Dough show. I try to remember what happened last night. After drying off with a Luxome towel, I notice an almost empty bottle of Jack on the mini bar. Blackout? Possibly, but I pride myself in not letting that happen. I check my email on my phone (an Android), and nothing. Probably deleted any conversation with whoever the girl is. I decide to do one hundred push-ups followed by one hundred sit-ups. Nothing clears my mind. Vanessa called twice and Julie called once. No reason to return their calls. I do vaguely remember slamming the girl into the wall, choking her, then throwing her on my bed. That's all, though. I grab a grey Issey Miyake t-shirt,

Mavi dark blue jeans, blue cotton socks from Nordstrom, Nike black Air Max sneakers, and a black wool Tagliatore trench coat I purchased using a coupon for 15% off (Vanessa gave it to me). The trench has a belted waist, front button fastening, belted cuffs, two front patch pockets, and a straight hem. It's not too heavy or light. It fits perfectly on my stud body. The Rowdy Morton show tonight is titled "They/Them/He-She=What? You're Nuts!' I nod to the Albanian doorman and grab my phone as it buzzes.
"Yes, Vanessa?" I ask, strolling down Park Ave. There's a bum with a sign that reads 'will smile for drugs'.
"Where have you been, Kristoff? I've been calling you all night."
"I slept in, Vanessa. Decided not to go to the Health Club today."
"But why didn't you answer the phone or message me back?"
"Vanessa, you know I do not like messaging or talking on the phone. I really don't enjoy being bothered." I check my pocket for a knife. It's there.
"How else am I supposed to get a hold of you?" asks Vanessa.
"I don't know? FedEx maybe?" I reply.
"Can we go to '21' tonight?" Vanessa.
"Vanessa, '21' is closed." Me.
"Really? How about Le Cirque? I haven't been there in ages."
"Closed, Vanessa. It's been closed. Aren't you aware of anything other than the sale at Bergdorf's?"
"Bergdorf's doesn't have a sale this week, Kristoff."
"You're missing the point, Vanessa. You're always missing the point."
"Kristoff, you wouldn't believe what happened. I went to this wonderful new spa on Lexington with Becky. Well, it's between Lexington and Second ave. Anyway, we signed up for a package for a hot stone massage, facial, and body therapy."
I cross the street and come to a subway entrance. I can smell human feces and urine from where I stand.
"This conversation isn't going anywhere, Vanessa."
"Kristoff, listen! Okay, after we were finished our treatments, guess what?"
"What? Some fat Russian woman fingered Becky's asshole?"
"They charged us extra for a tip. Can you believe it? I mean, we were probably going to tip anyway. I don't know how much, but-"
"Vanessa, I'm entering the subway entrance. No signal."
"Kristoff, wait! Can we go to-"
I walk down the stairs and see a poster for The Lion King on the wall, mostly torn, smells of urine stains on it. There's a Black guy roaming around the turnstiles. I have no desire to ride the filthy train. The spook near the turnstiles is one of

those guys that harasses everyone entering, asking, and moreso demanding, if they want a subway pass, trying to sell them a shit card. As I approach the turnstyle, he walks towards me.
“Hey, man. You need a-”
“Fuck you, you fucking reject, “ I say, stabbing him quickly five times in his chest. I wipe the knife off using his dirty sleeve. Definitely going to throw the knife away before going back to my apartment. I walk briskly up the other stairs and out into the cool air. I’m amazed at how easy that was. I don’t hear any noises as I walk further away. Probably someone is stealing his jacket now. I’m angry that those Black derelicts still exist in this city and because of this, I decide to change someone else’s world today. I make this decision because I can and it’s my choice to do so. My choice to change someone’s world. There’s a woman walking towards me, shaved head, Black, smiling to herself, feeling confident. She’s wearing a Halogen double-breasted black wool coat, Theory black wool suit jacket and pants, with a rose Anna Sui silk blouse, and Stuart Weitzman black pumps. She thinks she’s ‘the shit’. As I walk by her, she smiles and struts towards the stairs of her brownstone. There’s people walking in the street, but they are texting on their phones, looking down. I quietly follow the woman and as she closes her door inside her brownstone, I jam my arm between it.
“Oh! I’m sor-”
I slice her throat with the knife I used to kill the piece of shit in the subway. The look on her face, eyes wide as she grabs her throat, blood coursing down her hands, is priceless. As she drops to the floor, I close the door and walk quickly down the street. There’s no cameras in sight and I choose to blend in with a few people walking in a group of four. There’s no feeling of satisfaction inside of me. There’s no feeling at all. I simply chose the woman because I could and because she seemed to feel happy and confident. If I had any emotion, if I could feel anything, it would be joy to have changed her life. Her death to me is meaningless, as was her life. I drop the knife in a trash can the next street over. In my rush, I forgot to see if there was any blood on my trench coat. There isn’t any. Her family is most likely in another country and the news of her death won’t reach them for a few hours and I hope that wherever it is that it’s very early in the morning so the first thing they hear is the phone ring and the first voice they hear is some beat cop telling them their daughter had her neck sliced and they have zero leads as to who did this horrible crime because they have no witnesses nor have any tips coming in regarding the crime and if only I could somehow listen to the sobbing of the mother and father (if there is a father) and I could interfere in the conversation and speak into the phone, first making loud noises, then

blowing into it, and softly saying "I enjoyed cutting your bitch of a daughter's throat" and then laughing hysterically and hanging up.

Cat Nap

Before leaving Vanessa's last night, I made sure to unlock the window in her bedroom. I'm wearing a Galliano white t-shirt, black jeans from Tom Ford, black Nike sneakers, and my Ferragamo black leather trench coat. I'm carrying a cheap, foldable, dark grey duffle bag I purchased at an Asian store around the corner from her brownstone. Before coming here, I got a haircut at Vicktor's Downtown. I look very cool. I look around, checking the street, and no one is in sight. Opening the window, I climb into her bedroom and immediately her stupid cat starts hissing at me. The Rowdy Morton show tonight is about definitions of crime. It's titled 'Is it really a hate crime? Or is it just a crime?' Instead of riling the little bitch up further, I say "Here, kitty, kitty. Come here." I try grabbing it, but it's too fast for me. It hops on Vanessa's dresser (from Harrods), and hisses at me again. I close her bedroom door to ensure the cat cannot leave. I try to grab her again but she jumps on the floor and goes under Vanessa's bed.
"Cmon, kitty. I have a treat for you. See?" I pull out a piece of flesh from some girl, I don't remember who, and wave it at the cat.
"Doesn't it look like it tastes good? Yummy-yummy." The cat looks at me and slowly approaches me, then stops.
"Look. You've seen me before, right? I came all this way to, ah, show you this food. It's just for you." The cat inches closer, the head almost poking out from under the bed. In my right hand is a small William Henry A-300 3B pocket knife. I grab the cat and quickly slice its neck over the duffel bag.
"Fucking bitch." I carry the bag outside, closing the window behind me. Quickly hailing a cab, I go back to my apartment and begin the process of slicing the fur off from the cat. I watched a few videos of how to do this. I use the pocket knife and slowly peel the skin and fur from around the cat, slicing evenly across, then forward. This takes less than two hours to do. I drink two protein shakes while doing this and randomly drop to the floor and do one hundred push-ups, followed by one hundred sit-ups. There's blood on the fur, mostly underneath it, but I have felt that I staple on it after I have cleaned it up in the sink. The staples don't look

good so I take the fur (with skin and a little dried blood underneath) to an Asian seamstress the woman at the laundromat recommended.
“Hello?” I say, as an old Asian woman comes out from the back room.
“The woman at the laundromat down the street recommended me to you.”
“Yes? Can I help ewe with?” The place is riddled down with workers sewing aimlessly like robots in motion.
“I ah, would like to make this fur piece into a scarf.” I lay the fur on the counter. There’s some blood under my nails.
“Fur is soft.” She smells it and places it back down. “Wat’s this?” she asks.
“That’s ah, staples. See, I was trying to clean the animal that I shot myself, but it didn’t work the way I planned.”
“Ewe want something over this and the blood?” She points to the staples and some flecks of skin and blood seeping out from them.
“Yes. That would be great. Can you sew some felt over it?”
“Yes, yes. Wat animal did ewe shoot?” she asks, looking over the dead cat fur.
“A fox. It was cagey, but I got it.” I lean on the counter and start laughing.
“Ah, yes, yes, so soft. I can do this for you. Ten dolla.”
I nod my head and within a half hour, she brings me the fur with felt sewn over it.
“I make it a scarf for some beautiful woman.”
“Thank you. Looks great.” It actually does look almost professional, perhaps designer, which makes me think of ripping off a label from one of my suit jackets and sewing it on myself, but I don’t want to damage any of them. The Asian woman was right: it is soft.

Calling Around

Hans came through for me. As a result, I’ll probably be hooked up to various machines with doctors speaking German. Or maybe not. I’ll have to make extra time to learn and study what he gave me. I’m wearing white Emporio Armani trunk underwear (the one with the big eagle) and masterbating in the dark to various pictures on the internet. I have my testicles above the trunk hem line, as this increases and steadies the blood being pumped to my penis. This way, if there isn’t a picture that arouses me, I’ll still keep my erection. My phone buzzes. It’s from a private number. Normally I wouldn’t answer but since I’m masterbating

and if it's Vanessa or Julie, then I can coax them on and masterbate to their voice as well as to the pictures on the internet. It's neither.
"Mr. Kent?"
"Yes?"
"It's Detective Verizino. Is this a good time to talk for a few minutes?"
"Actually (no but) sure. What can I help you with?" I'm coming to an orgasm soon. I can feel it.
"I just wanted to make sure there wasn't anything you forgot to tell me during our last conversation. Anything joggle your mind?" he asks, as I stroke my penis faster.
"No, nothing at all. Sorry. Ah, ah, ah, geeeeahhhhhhh."
"You okay, Kent? Sounds like you're out of breath." I pop a load of semen in the air, and most of it goes on a cheap towel (set of ten for $9.95 purchased at a store on Lexington owned by Asians) I have on my lap.
"Yes I'm fine. I was just running in place in my apartment." It's a big load. Too bad it's wasted on a towel and not some whore's mouth.
"Detective. Any leads in the case?" I ask as I wipe my penis with the clean part of the towel.
"We think we may know what happened, but we haven't found any actual evidence to prove our theory." I stand up and I start sweating. My chest becomes red in a matter of seconds.
"Really? What's your theory?"
"I can't discuss that with you, Kent. I can tell you we think it was a client that was stalking Corrine at the dealership. That's all I can say at this moment." I jump up and down two times. Thankfully there are some sick men out there stalking beautiful women.
"Oh, so that leaves me in the clear?"
"Yeah, I suppose it does."
"Why did you ask if I had anything else to say?"
"I was hoping maybe Corrine mentioned a stalker to you."
"No, no she didn't but it doesn't surprise me, Detective. After all, this is New York City and there are some sick and crazy people here. I mean, really sick and crazy. But I don't have to tell you that. I'm sure you already know."
"Trust me, Kent. You don't know the half of it and you wouldn't want to know the other half of it." Actually, I would. Every sick detail.
"I do remember a man licking the window outside the dealership when I left, but I figured that falls into the new mentally ill category. I didn't think much of it. You see that a lot here. That's a thing now, isn't it? Mentally ill people?" I ask.

“Do you remember what he looked like?” asks Verizino.
“White guy. Fat. Ugly and fat. I think he was wearing sweats or something like that. Nothing designer. I don’t recall his face. Only that he was fat and ugly.” Me.
“Okay. That sounds like our guy. Thanks, Kent. You’ve been a real help to us.”
“You’re welcome, Detective. It’s my duty to do the right thing willingly. I hope you catch that sick bastard.”
“I hope so too, Kent.”
He hangs up and I pour some Dom Perignon champagne to celebrate no more phone calls from him hanging over my shoulder like a monkey. I don’t bother to get dressed yet because there should be a small amount of semen trickling out soon and I do not want to get any on my white Emporio Armani trunk underwear (the one with the big eagle), so I leave my penis in an upright position above the hem line of my underwear. Julie calls me and I’m pissed that she has disturbed me.
“Yes, Julie?”
“Just calling to remind you that you have a meeting today at two pm with Lankerson.”
“Lankerson’s dead, Julie.”
“He is? When did that happen?”
“I don’t remember.”
“How? I’m sorry. I didn’t know.”
“Don’t be sorry, Julie. He was vaxxed to the maxx. I suggest you follow up on any meeting I have going forward to ensure the individual or individuals are among the living.”
“I’m sorry, Kristo-”
None of this concerns me. Sebastian is messaging me about a new bar he’s at now. The Brit is drinking early. I decide to call him.
“Kent. Surprised to hear your voice. You never talk on the phone, mate.”
“Very rarely, Sebastian. New bar?” I hear music in the background, sounds like classic rock, and loud voices.
“Yeah, mate. On Forty-third, between fifth and sixth ave. It’s called Aluric’s. Great food, too. Chef is on point, Kent.”
“Bars don’t have chefs, Sebastian. They have cooks. Restaurants have chefs. Bars have cooks.”
“Well, the cook is on point then, Kent. Fuck! What difference does it make, Kent? You coming down here, mate?”
“Sure, Sebastian. I’ll be there in about thirty minutes.”
I call Anderson and he answers after the third ring.

"Kent? You actually have a phone?"
"Yes, Anderson. I rarely, as you know, use it. Sebastian is at a bar called Aluric's. Ever hear of it?"
"Yeah, Midtown I think. Supposed to have better than average food. Drinks aren't watered down like those shit bars Downtown." Anderson starts whispering.
"I'm finishing closing an account with this Jap. You heading on over there?"
"Yes. I told Sebastian I'd be there soon." The Rowdy Morton show tonight is about 'Men competing in Women's Sports'.
"Great. I'll be there when I finish up here." He hangs up and I call Julien Baxter.
"Kent! You're an animal!"
"Baxter, Anderson and I are heading over to a new bar, Aluric's. Sebastian is there now." I'm pacing in my underwear, thinking of what to wear.
"Kent! I said you're an animal!"
Baxter is obviously drunk and it isn't even noon.
"Where are you, Baxter?"
"I'm at Schmidt's, Kent. A couple of the boys are, too. Ha!" I pour myself a Tito's soda, down it in two gulps, and contemplate which bar to visit. Baxter can be a bit uneasy when he's drinking, but Sebastian can, as well. It doesn't really matter either way.
"Alright, Baxter." I hang up and decide to go to Aluric's. Vanessa calls.
"Kristoff. I thought we could check out that new Thai place on Forty-third st. The one where the food is cooked in front of you."
"I'm busy today, Vanessa."
"But I thought we'd-"
"Vanessa. Hold on. I have an important call to take." I lower the phone and I hear Vanessa humming a tune while I pour myself another Tito's soda. Five minutes later, she's still humming a tune.
"Vanessa. I have to go. Business, you know?"
"Kristoff. My cat is missing. Poor Daisy. Where could she be?"
"Maybe she ran away when you opened the door, Vanessa?"
"Oh please, Kristoff. She wouldn't do that."
"I wouldn't be concerned. I'm sure she'll turn up…..*eventually*."
"I hope so. I just don't understand what could have happened to her."
"Maybe one of your designer friends took it? They are a bit *strange*."
"No one would take her, Kristoff. Anyway, I thought we'd-"
I hang up and before going to Aluric's, I finish my drink and pour myself another Tito's soda, down it in two gulps, and sit on my bed. I stare at the ceiling for what seems to be hours, though it's only minutes. I walk towards my Kenwood stereo

and put on a Christopher Cross vinyl record. The song 'Sailing' starts to play and I think of another time where peace was in my life.

Glam Girls

I'm sitting at a table with Anderson and Reynolds in a new glam club that has, supposedly as Anderson says, hot reviews. The music is blasting through the speakers hanging near the ceiling. Faster Pussycat's 'Don't you change that song' is playing. My first initial thought is 'what the fuck am I doing here?'
"Great club, huh Kent?" Anderson is wearing a Brioni black silk and wool single-breasted suit, an Emporio Armani white cotton button down shirt, a Brioni black/white herringbone silk tie, his 'vintage' Vacheron Constantin watch, and Emporio Armani black leather lace-up shoes.
"Sure, Anderson. If you like, you know, this music and women with hair to the ceiling." I'm drinking a Jack rocks and wearing a vintage Gianni Versace dark grey single-breasted suit, with a Tom Ford white cotton button down shirt, a Jean Paul Gautlier black silk tie, my Patek Philippe watch, and Christian Louboutin black Oxford Greggo leather shoes. Anderson is drinking Bulleit bourbon, neat. Reynolds is having a Grey Goose with a dash of soda water.
"I'm digging this place, Kent!" Reynolds shouts. He's wearing a dark grey wool suit from Brooks Brothers, a grey silk tie from Calvin Klein, a Hugo Boss white cotton button down shirt, his Hublot Classic Fusion Alligator Blue with Sapphire Crystal watch, and dark brown leather lace-up shoes from Brooks Brothers.
"Anderson. There's nine people here…..counting us."
"It gets buzzing, Kent. Trust me. Hey. You think Hans is here? I messaged him earlier and he said he'd be here tonight."
"If he is, I'm sure he's downstairs conducting business. This place does have a downstairs…..doesn't it?" I ask, looking for a busboy to get ice for my watered-down drink.
"Yeah. It's down right, past that pole." He points to the end of the club, where a staircase is located. Looks like it's an entrance to a basement. A busboy does come with a bucket of ice, that's actually a bucket of water, because the ice melted on his way over because this club has little to no air conditioning, which equals a cheap fucking owner.

“Anderson. You think Hans knows that thoroughbreds are actually male horses and fillies are females?” Reynolds asks, chuckling.
“I really don’t think Hans gives a shit, Reynolds. C’mon. Let’s see if we can get some coke.” Anderson and Reynolds leave the booth and I walk towards the bar, where no one is currently sitting, and signal to the bartender, a female with tattoos, dried black hair, paisley skin, ugly face, wearing a white bralette from Yandy and black jeans from Theisen’s. Her black faux leather boots are from Temu.
“Hi. Can I get some ice for my drink?” I hand her the drink and she looks at me with disdain. The music is blaring.
“Can I ask you a question?”
“Sure,” she says, scooping what little ice there is into my glass.
“Why is the music so loud if there’s hardly anyone here? Shouldn’t you turn it up as the crowd increases?” I ask, clutching my watered-down (with three ice cubes now) drink in my hand.
“It’s loud because people like it loud.”
“But you have to scream to talk or to hear anyone.”
“What?”
“Forget it. You’re a cunt that I’d enjoy sawing in half with a pair of small scissors.” I smile as I say this and she walks away, maybe hearing me, maybe not. Anderson and Reynolds haven’t returned so I decide to see if Hans is downstairs. The Rowdy Morton show tonight is titled ‘Legalizing drugs: Good or Bad?’. The song ‘Girls, Girls, Girls’ blasts now and I can tell it’s a slightly longer version that will seemingly stretch on forever, because every fucking club nationwide sems to think this is the only Motley Crue song in existence. Why don’t they every play ‘Ten Seconds to Love?’
“Kent! How’s it going?” Hans is wearing a 1941 German Infantry Reserve Hauptmann’s M35 Waffenrock jacket, with a WW2 German Officer’s Luftwaffe white shirt, 1941 German Officer dark green trousers, a 1941 German Army Officer’s leather belt, and 1941 Talisman Marke German black leather Officer’s boots. His watch is a 1941 B-Uhr German Luftwaffe military watch. No tie.
“It’s going, Hans.”
“You’re training has been going very well, mein Freund.” Hans is drinking Rachmaninoff vodka.
The girl sitting on Han’s lap, blonde hair, big breasts, nice legs, is wearing a Wacoal dark blue lace bra, a black wool skirt from Halara, and hazel black leather boots from Rag and Bone. No jewelry.

“Anderson was just here with Reynolds. They bought some merchandise from me. So, Kent. Tell me. How bodes your decision with my super soldier program?”
“I’ve been thinking it over, Hans. Nothing has changed.” Hans really believes he can have an army of ‘super soldiers’, as he calls them. He actually has scientists on his payroll. I’ve…….*seen them*.
“Perhaps you’d like some different merchandise, hmmm? Ida here satisfies all needs, Kent. I’m sure you could ask around. Find a couple of Jews and Blacks that come in here later, and they’ll tell you what I mean.” I see two women, one that looks like Joan Jett, the other, Lita Ford, walking up the stairs. Lita’s hair is spiked blonde, and Joan’s black hair goes to her neck. Even from here, I can see their nails are well-manicured. That surprises me. Britny Fox’s ‘Long Way to Love’ starts playing.
“Maybe another time, Hans. See you soon.”
“Sure, Kent. See you soon, mein Freund.”
I follow the two girls and they seat themselves in a booth next to ours. I decide to slide in next to them.
“Excuse me. Do we know you?” Lita asks. She’s wearing a black leather halter top, black leather pants, and black leather boots, all from Karen Millen. Her white gold hoop earrings are vintage, from Rainbow.
“No.” I look away and chug my drink. “So, ah, what brings you two fine ladies here?” I ask.
Lita looks at Joan, then at me and says, “You’re not a yuppie, are you?”
“Define ‘yuppie’.”
“You work on Wall Street?” Joan asks. Joan is wearing a black lace corset from Ellacci, black leather pants from Maniere De Voir, and black leather Jimmy Choo combat boots. Her pearl stud earrings and ivory bracelet are also from Jimmy Choo.
“Yes. But I don’t think that defines a yuppie.”
“What’s your name?” Lita asks.
“Kent. K-E-N-T. Kent.”
“I can spell Kent. Do you think I’m an idiot, Mr. Wall Street?” Lita asks, her arm around Joan.
“Define ‘idiot’.” The girls smile and Lita leans forward.
“Just Kent? You don’t have a first name?”
“Yes but it doesn’t matter, as your real names do not matter. I’d like to call you Lita and Joan, because, you know, you look like Lita and Joan.” Both girls laugh and Joan says, “Fine by us, Mr. Wall Street.”

I wave a waiter over, a nobody, to get a refill and tell him to get whatever the glam girls want. Both girls order a lemon drop martini.
“You don’t look like you’d like this music,” Lita bemusingly says.
“I doubt they’re going to play Christopher Cross, but this will do.”
Poison’s ‘Talk Dirty to Me’ plays on.
“So, ah, what do you two do for a living?” I ask this, not caring, but doing my best to make a conversation because I’ve already decided I want to fuck these two. And maybe kill them.
“We’re expressionist painters. We own a studio in SoHo.” This makes me think of Denise and of what became of her.
“Nice,” I lie.
“Are you a model in your spare time? Look at his jawline, ‘Joan’.” Lita puts her hand on my jaw gently and brushes it against it.
“It’s so strong. He’s got such great features. Your cheekbones are perfect and so are your eyes and eyebrows. Your eyes look blue, wait, dark brown, or are they maybe green, in this light?” Lita wonders, pointing to a strobe light overhead.
Reynolds stumbles up the stairs with Anderson, and they immediately walk towards the bar where five girls, all dressed in various miniskirts and bralette tops, are sitting. As I look around, I see more people entering. Most of the men coming in are wearing leather or spandex pants, some wear slacks, but no one other than Anderson, Reynolds, and myself are wearing suits.
“I’m thinking of buying a yacht. I’m a member of a yacht club, but I don't own a yacht.” The skinny, nobody waiter brings us our drinks as Cinderella’s ‘Shake Me’ starts to blast.
“How can you be a member of a yacht club and not own a yacht?” asks Joan as she sips her martini.
“Because I can be.”
“And you’re going to buy a boat now?” asks Lita, licking the rim of her martini glass.
“A yacht. I’m thinking of buying a yacht. Not a boat. A yacht.”
Andersona and Reynolds seem to be entertaining the girls at the bar. The girl Anderson is talking to keeps nodding her head. Perhaps he’s discussing stock options with her?
“The Runaways. I remember hearing about that band.”
“What?”
“The band you two must be familiar with: The Runaways.” The girls look at each other and shrug their shoulders. After finishing their drinks, they order another round and start kissing each other on their cheeks. I start rubbing Joan’s thigh

and she responds by straddling my crotch. Lita walks over to my side of the table and starts rubbing my crotch, as well.
“So, Mr. Wall Street. Where do you live?” Lita asks, grabbing the tip of my penis in my pants, which is rock hard.
“Does it matter where I live?” I ask. The girls look at each other and then nod their heads at me.
“Park Ave. I must warn you, though. I enjoy chopping up bodies after I kill women.”
“Really?”
“Yes, Lita. Really.” Lita and Joan start tonguing each other and I join in. To my surprise, a strange sensation is coming over me and I cannot describe it. Unfortunately, Anderson walks over and ruins the moment.
“Kent. See? This place is hopping.” The girls look at him with disgust, I’m surmising, for interrupting us.
“Sure is, Anderson.”
“I’ll leave you three to your business, Kent. Me and Reynolds are having a blast with those girls at the bar.”
“Great, Anderson. Just great.” He walks back towards the bar and sits next to a sloppy-looking girl. The speakers start blasting ‘Sex Action’ from L.A. Guns.
“I think we should get out of here. What do you think?” I ask the girls.
“Fine by us,” Lita says, smiling. There’s a bulge in my pants as I stand up and wave the skinny waiter over to pay my tab. The bill is $120.00. I tell him to charge $135.00 on my platinum AmEx card. As we walk towards the double doors, I can see that my penis, now throbbing, hasn’t gone down. Outside I hail a cab and we kiss and rub each other’s crotches in the seats. Anderson messages me a picture of him holding some twat’s breasts. In the background I see that Reynolds is passed out on the bar counter. Cab fare comes to $35.50. I give him two twenties. The Albanian guy is working, which means the Armenian will be coming in at midnight. When we enter the apartment I tell Lita and Joan to take off their shoes and place them near the door. I’m a little concerned that these girls may have black stains on the bottom of their feet from wearing boots. A definite turn-off for me. They excuse themselves after asking to use the bathroom
“There’s Blue Thunder wipes in there, if you know, you want to use them.”
“Where? Oh, we see them,” Joan says.
“Cool shower,” says Lita.
“That’s the Mesa 608A steam shower. I often watch the Tic Tac Dough show while I shower. It’s the show from the late seventies and early eighties.” The girls come out of the bathroom, both only wearing nude Celine thongs.

"Would you both care for a drink?"
"Sure," Lita says smiling, as they both gaze around my apartment.
"You sure have a lot of cool stuff. A lot of expensive stuff, too. Is that your vinyl collection?"
"Yes, Joan. It is. Please don't touch it." Joan looks at me hesitantly.
"Just kidding. You can browse through the albums. Just…..*be careful*."
Joan gets on her knees and as she thumbs through my collection, I veer to see the bottom of her feet are clean.
"Is that a rowing machine?"
"Yes, Lita. It is. Please don't touch it. And with that particular item. I'm…..*serious*." Joan and Lita walk towards me and I hand them both a glass of Monet champagne. Both their breasts are small and perky. Probably a 34B, but a solid 34B. I pour myself a Jack rocks.
"As I was saying. Last night on the Tic Tac Dough show, which was from 1981, a man from Arlington defeated a woman from Honolulu."
"You don't say?" Joan finishes her glass, as does Lita, and they both hop on my bed. I start to undress as they kiss each other.
"He then went on to lose in the bonus round. He picked the square which had the Dragon behind it. The square was number eight." I strip down to my Emporio Armani black trunk underwear (the one with the big eagle) and join them on the bed. I start fingering inside Joan's anus and inside her vagina.
"The Runaways were formed in nineteen seventy-five and were signed to a record deal in nineteen seventy-six. The original line-up consisted of Sandy West, Joan Jett, and Micki Steele, who was soon replaced by Peggy Foster. Lita, why don't you lay down so Joan can eat your vagina while I lick and finger her anus? Thank you." Joan begins to lick Lita's vagina as I finger and lick her anus. Joan's feet are rubbing my penis, which is now solid and throbbing. There's no need for me to masterbate. She's doing a great job for me. I remove my finger and Joan and Lita both lick it, and then I continue to finger Joan's anus. I decide to remove my underwear.
"Cherie Currie and Jackie Fox were recruited to the band and this was known as their power line-up. Later members included Vicki Blue and Laurie McAllister. Oh, Kim Fowley was their original producer. There were always rumors of…….*lesbianism* in the band. Joan, why don't you sit on Lita's face so she can lick your vagina while I fuck her?" Joan sits on Lita's face and I thrust my penis fast and hard inside Lita as she licks Joan's vagina. I'm surprised the girls don't exhibit any smell of any kind. They aren't wearing any perfume. I guess those wipes work well. Joan turns around and starts kissing me as Lita eats her wet

vagina and I continue to fuck Lita's soaking snatch till she reaches a quivering, screaming orgasm. The girls flip places and I start fucking Joan's anus from behind as she licks Lita's anus and vagina. After ramming into her anus for a few minutes, I pull my hard, throbbing, huge penis out, and put it inside Joan's warm, wet, and inviting, vagina. I spank her and shove her head into Lita's wet snatch. Both girls are moaning and Joan comes to a roaring orgasm on my solid, erect, huge penis. I pull them both up and stand on the bed, masterbating at first, till Joan grabs my penis and begins to suck it. Lita takes it and puts it in her mouth. The girls take turns doing this and I decide to slap their faces with my huge penis as they continue to suck it together. Each takes turns licking and sucking my testicles (which are huge). I stare at the ceiling and wonder if Wellker is going to call with another deal soon. They both continue sucking my penis and I erupt with a blast of semen on their faces and in their mouths. They lick the semen off each other's faces and swallow.

"You're really fucking awesome Kent," says Lita, wiping her mouth. Joan nods in agreement.

"I know." I lay down next to the girls and for the first time, in many months, my desire to kill is sedated. This is until I think of the city and the dirt that inhales it. Are these girls a part of that? Does it even matter? I should just kill them to thin out the numbers. That makes sense but something, and I am not sure what, inside me says to let them pass only because I am deciding this. No one else is. Only me.

"I think the both of you should get dressed and leave," I warn them, as I look upwards at a blank ceiling.

"What? It's like, one a.m."

"I know, Joan. But trust me when I tell you that you should both…..*leave*."

"Are you married or something?" asks Lita, as they both start dressing themselves.

"*Something*."

"Well, you have our number so give us a call some time if you want." They leave my apartment and my mind is blank.

Viewpoint

I'm leaning over a brick wall on top of the roof of a building in Queens. It could be a rooftop in Brooklyn, the Bronx, any of the five boroughs. The buildings are all similar in size and structure, aged and decrepit. This building has no cameras and has been condemned for months. I've scoped out various other ones and this is the safest and fastest one for entry and exit. Just a few flights of stairs gets you to the roof. The Rowdy Morton show tonight is titled 'Fake news or Real news: Where's the truth?' Luckily for me the landlords let this place go to shit (like most buildings in the city now). I'm close to the edge of the roof. It's May and there's a light breeze to the northeast. I'm wearing a black mask, black t-shirt, black sweater, and black sweatpants, all purchased at the Asian hardware store. I have on a pair of black Nike sneakers. Basically, I look like any daily New Yorker. Next to me is a medium size black duffle bag I purchased online. I'm holding a CSR (Concealable Sniper Rifle). Hans assures me that this particular weapon has been wiped clean of all prints. I told him I needed it to go big game hunting. He just nodded his head and smiled. Frankly, Hans could care less if I told him I was going to blow someone's head off with this. It's like I said before: what you see with Hans is what you get and I'd rather deal with someone like him than a fake blue or red for that matter, just waiting to stab me in the back. The gun is quite easy to take apart and put together. It has a fourteen inch barrel and an SR-7 7.62 suppressor to keep the firing quiet. It shoots from a distance up to twelve hundred yards. It's really cool. Hans assisted when I needed a place to practice shooting. For a few months I've been taking target lessons in a cellar owned by some friends of Hans. The cellar is fully soundproof, cushioned with acoustic foam panels, carpeting, and other various materials. The men there have all types of weapons. In fact, it looks like a small army facility. These guys don't fuck around. There's also an app I downloaded that you can use for target practice, using your phone or laptop. It's amazing what they have on the web these days. Virtual invitation to slaughter someone. There's a small crowd forming outside. I'm not here for them. I'm here for the nitwit speaking soon. She hasn't done a fucking thing for the city other than spew lies from her disgusting mouth and she's been a waste as a representative for the city. The naysayers would tell me if I kill her someone will eventually take her place, and they would be correct. However, I say that if I kill her at least this particular bitch is dead and the next bitch or asshole that takes her place will be losing sleep at night wondering if he or she is next. Perhaps that particular individual will do a better

job than this cunt. Doubtful. Probably the same but why not find out? The sheep applaud as she steps to the podium. Looking at her through the scope, my first impression was correct: big eyes, high cheekbones, wide shoulders equals she either looks like an anorexic vegetarian vampire or Gizmo from Gremlins. Either way, she dies today. Her black hair is blowing slightly to her right (my left). I take this into account as I breathe slowly, inhaling and exhaling as I was taught to do by Greinenstein. He's Hans' Lieutenant. I've already mapped out my getaway. The target is sixty yards from me. One clean shot is all it will take. One clean shot. My adrenaline is pumping and my left hand begins to shake. I back off and lower my arm, practicing breathing methods I found online from a few monks. I'm disappointed I won't see the expression of horror on the faces of the onlookers, nor their tears when I shoot her because I'll have to move quickly after I pull the trigger. I'll have to watch the video later on the nightly news or online. I figure there will be more than a few people posting a video of this. I look forward to watching it tonight. There's two security guards behind her. They're both relaxed, standing with their arms folded. I look through the scope again, and aim the crosshairs just below her nose. I do this because when practicing, I noticed there is a small kickback after firing. A very small one but small enough where I have to make the adjustment to aim below the nose and thereby ensuring a head shot (at least a shot to her forehead). I hold my breath and my hands. My arms are still. The time is now. I pull the trigger and it's a direct hit to the forehead. Yes! A half second is all I need to see her brains splatter outwards. I grab the rifle and quickly dismantle it, put it in the duffle bag, and run down the stairs. I'm outside the building in less than a minute. It's a better time than originally thought. My heartbeat is racing and I stand in the street and get into a cab. I can't believe how easy and smooth this is going. I tell the driver, who is oblivious as to what just happened, to drive to Park ave. I told him I forgot the number of the building and I'll point to it when I see it. No use walking around with a duffle bag on another street for cameras to see. There's police cars speeding in the opposite direction. I'm trying to remain calm and practice discipline. I do not make eye contact with the driver nor initiate any conversation. Breathe slowly, remain calm, and have discipline. I tell the driver to make certain turns as I mapped out the area quickest to my apartment (which is better than any driving app). It's better to take different roads rather than the obvious. We're about five minutes away from my apartment when I tell the driver to stop.

"Right here is fine." Total is $62.65. I hand him four twenties and tell him to keep the change.

“Tank you dery much.” He nods and drives off. I walk briskly towards the building and when I enter, I see my luck has increased. The doorman is a temp. The Armenian guy must be on vacation. They’d probably never be able to even track this guy down and talk to him if they wanted to. That is, if I was a suspect, which I’m quite sure I won’t be. In my apartment I strip my clothes away and place them in a duffle bag and throw the gun in there, too. I’m debating whether to throw the bag in the river with the gun or throw the gun away in a separate bag or in various trash cans throughout the city. I definitely will need to put a few extra cylinder blocks in the bag to weigh it down. I zip the bag up and enter my Mesa 608A shower. Instinctively, I put on the Tic Tac Dough show to calm myself. Thoughts are racing through my mind of ‘I can’t believe how easy that was’, and ‘why doesn’t anyone else do what I just did?’. I breathe in deeply and exhale, practicing this five times, stopping, then doing this again for five times. On the show, a man from Miami defeated a man from Deptford. He lost in the bonus round when he picked square nine on his first try. The Dragon was behind it. After drying myself off, I sit on my bed and turn on my Sony Bravia TV. The news shows people crying. A news anchor says they believe there is an active shooter in the area. Fucking idiots. The active shooter is sitting on his bed enjoying the tears and screams coming from the television. I only wish I could see her family’s faces when they heard the news of their daughter getting her head blown off. I’d enjoy being there with them, shaking their hands, hugging her mother and whispering in her ear ‘It was me that killed your cunt of an offspring. And yes, I enjoyed it’. This reminds me to search the internet for a video of the incident. I find it easily. Already over twenty million views. Watching it, I see her brains and blood splatter not just on a security guard, but on some twat female standing next to her (probably a volunteer). I compose myself and am honored I have made a difference in this city today. I’m sure the gentlemen at the Private Club would agree. There is an absence of emotion in me. I thought perhaps accomplishing this task would fulfill me in some way. Nothing. My phone buzzes. Vanessa is calling. I’ll call her back in a few minutes. It’d be good to talk to her just in case an inquiry would be open. She’d lie for me anyway, saying I was with her all night and the morning, as long as I promised her I’d take her to a new Michelin rated restaurant. Her list of priorities is low and vacant.

“You called, Vanessa?”

“Kristoff. You wouldn’t believe what I saw today.”

“Try me, Vanessa.”

“There was a sign for a sale at the new couture store on Madison Ave for ten percent off. Today only, Kristoff! Becky and I were in a cab coming from our

mani/pedi when we saw it. I told the driver to stop right there and then we went into the store and-"

Row Club

Sebastian invited me to the Row Club after playing squash today. He's a member. I'm not. The only way to be a member is to have been on a rowing team of some stature, such as Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard, Princeton, Yale, and New Zealand, among a few others. He can, however, bring a guest on certain occasions. Before arriving, I bought a newspaper from a Hindi man on Madison Ave. We spoke briefly about the woman whom I assassinated. No one yet has been charged.
"Who do you think did it?" I asked.
"Probably some Black guy," Hindi man states.
"Yeah, I think so too. Fucking spooks are dangerous." I'm sitting at a mahogany table, drinking Jack rocks. I'm wearing a three-piece blue lazio wool suit by E. Thomas, a white cotton button down shirt by Brooks Brothers with a brown/blue silk pocket square from Wolf and Badger and light brown suede loafers by E. Thomas with my Patek Philippe watch. No tie. No socks.
"You normally don't wear a pocket square, Kent." Sebastian is drinking Glenlivet 12, neat. He's wearing a Barba Napoli dark checked blue wool single-breasted suit, a Finamore white cotton button down shirt, a Fiori Di Lusso light blue silk pocket square, and brown suede Sutor Mantellassi shoes with his Breitling Navitimer watch. No tie. No socks. The Rowdy Morton show tonight is titled 'The Death Penalty: What happened to it?'
"It fits the occasion, Sebastian."
"And what occasion is that?" he asks.
"This," I say, opening my arms. "The Row Club."
I notice a man that could be Stephan walking up the stairs into the lounge, with someone that looks like Peterson, but definitely isn't Peterson.
"Is that Stephan over there?"
"Hmm? Yeah, mate."
"He was a member of a rowing team?"
"No, but he's an honorary member here."
Somehow that doesn't surprise me.
"Pocket square, Kent? Occasion? You were saying?"

The table we have is brown lacquer, and the bar across from us is lacquer with primavera veneers. Everything looks and is exquisite.
“Yes. Weddings, formal occasions, galas, black tie events, red carpet, and professional gatherings, such as this. That is particularly when you wear a pocket square,” I answer.
Crabtree approaches us, drink in hand, sits down, and asks, “Pocket squares are ‘in’, Kent? Or ‘out’?” He’s wearing a navy blue wool Calvin Klein suit, with a white cotton button down shirt from Hugo Boss, and Chris Venetian brown suede loafers. He’s wearing a Panerai Luminor 44mm stainless steel with tan leather strap watch. No tie. No socks. He was a member of the Oxford rowing team a year after Sebastian.
“Well, they’re certainly not ‘in’ like they were in the 90’s or early 2000’s, Crabtree. I think the disintegrating environment has something to do with that. And the smell of shit when you leave your apartment.”
“Do tell, Kent. Do tell,” Crabtree hums.
“What about suspenders, Kent?”
“Suspenders? I wear them from time to time, Sebastian. They’re usually worn with tailored suits because a belt may show an indentation on your waist line after the suit has been hemmed. Suspenders, as with pocket squares, are generally worn at those same events as I mentioned before. Personally, I prefer to wear them when I’m not wearing my Berluti leather belt. Again though, different time, different era, Sebastian.” I’m satisfied with my answer and finish my Jack rocks. The waiters are wearing formal wear, but remain nameless.
“If someone is a bit, shall we say ‘heftier’, shouldn’t that person wear suspenders?” Crabtree asks.
“Not all fat people can suck in their gut by wearing suspenders, Crabtree. Yes, they help straighten your back and give the viewer a narrower look, but some people are just too fat for them to make a visual difference. Suspenders add versatility to your wardrobe but aren’t a necessity like they once were. When wearing them, remember to smooth them down with your hands to ensure they are running a straight line from your waist to your shoulders. The suspenders should be in contrast, not heavily though, to your shirt, and the colour should not be exceedingly attractive to the eye. I should add that I don’t believe you can strangle a person to death easily with them, either.”
Crabtree orders Knob Creek, neat. Sebastian and I both get refills.
“Edith mentioned that you and Vanessa are getting engaged soon, Kent?”
“No, Sebastian. That is not true. Vanessa runs her mouth with dreams of grandeur. It’s nothing more than that.”

“Don’t all women, Kent?” Crabtree surmises, drinking.
“Yes, most do Crabtree. Not all, but most.”
The news is on a small TV across from us. Looks to be a Toshiba television.
“You see that, Kent? Someone blew that woman’s head off with a sniper gun. At least, that’s what they’re saying, mate.”
“Yes, I saw. Probably some Black guy or White guy that was angry she didn’t do shit for the city or perhaps a jealous ex-lover? Did she have one of those?” I chuckle, asking this.
“If you ask me, she deserved it, Kent. That bitch sat around and made videos on social media all day. She was a disgrace.”
“I agree, Crabtree.”
“What? You guys are harsh, mates. You condone blowing away some woman because she’s on social media?” Sebastian asks, snapping his fingers to the motionless waiter for a refill.
“No. We condone her death because she was a worthless representative of this city who didn’t do shit but take taxpayer’s money while she sat on her ugly ass and made videos all day.” I stare at Sebastian as I say this. I can see he’s thinking about what we just said.
“Come to think of it, you boyos are right in that aspect. No argument there,” he says, grabbing another drink off the tray from the waiter.
“Progress, gentlemen. At least it’s progress.” I say this as I veer at the television.
“Kent. When do you wear Oxford shoes versus Derby shoes?” asks Crabtree.
“Oxford shoes can be worn at work and on formal occasions, but Derby shoes should not be worn at just any formal occasion, but casual occasions. Oxford shoes have closed lacing, a narrow toe, while Derby shoes have open lacing and a rounder and broader toe. You can also get a better shine with Oxford shoes than Derby. Both can be worn with suits, but it is considered proper etiquette to wear Derby shoes with jeans or slacks, though I believe one can get away with wearing Oxfords with slacks. Perhaps not jeans, but definitely with slacks.” I chug a bit of my Jack rocks.
“And Brogue shoes?” Sebastian asks.
“Brogue shoes are the least formal of the three, but nevertheless, can be worn at casual occasions and worn with jeans. Typically, when one wears a Brogue shoe, he is showing his versatility in selecting outfits that match the unique perforations in the Brogue shoe. Oh, I think Peterson is a closet fag.”
Crabtree smiles at this and asks, “What? Why do you say that?”
“Yeah, Kent. Seriously. Have you seen the tits on Suzy?” asks Sebastian, his hands demonstrating the size of Suzy’s breasts.

“Breasts, Sebastian. They’re called breasts. And yes, I’ve noticed them but I think Peterson’s mannerisms show that he is indeed a fag.” Crabtree and Sebastian look at each other.
“Are you going in with him on his business arrangement? I told him I’m in if you are. Sounds like a good plan, Kent.”
“I’m still thinking it over, Sebastian.”
I sip my Jack rocks and contemplate the nothingness in my life.

Private Club

I’m sitting in the Private Club next to Philip Bradley. He’s wearing a black single-breasted wool suit, a white cotton button down shirt, a black silk tie, and black leather lace-up shoes, all from Prada. On his left wrist is his Breguet Tourbillon Platinum 5377PT/12/9WU watch. He’s reading the Wall Street Journal.
“A few interesting events have recently happened in the city. Wouldn’t you agree, Mr. Kent?” Phillip is drinking Glenlivet eighty-year old Gordon and MacPhail scotch. I’m drinking a Jack rocks.
“Yes they have, Phillip.” I’m wearing a single-breasted vintage black wool Gianni Versace suit, a Jean Paul Gautlier white cotton button down shirt and black silk tie, Alexander McQueen black leather lace-up shoes and my Patek Philippe watch. The Rowdy Morton show tonight is titled ‘Real-life Werewolves.’
“Such a shame some things have to be done the way they are to make a change, Mr. Kent. If only people would listen to reason.” We’re sitting in front of the fire, and the sounds of the hearth are quite peaceful to me.
“Violence is the only answer at times, Phillip. As much as people would not like to admit it, violence works because people take notice.”
Lloyd the butler, wearing a vintage 1920 black butler jacket with tails (four buttons on each side, and two buttons in the center clasp), a white butler shirt with high collar, white bowtie, grey vest, and black cap toe lace-up shoes from W H McElwain, refills our drinks, nods his head, and disappears in the darkness. I haven’t seen anyone else here other than Phillip and myself tonight.
“In the old days, we had competent leaders. Now, everywhere you look, all you see if uneducated, intolerable hypocrites making decisions on a grand scale. I cannot believe that people actually vote for these individuals, Mr. Kent,” he says, sipping his drink.

“I’ve come to realize Phillip, that the majority of people, not just in this city or country, but the in world, are scared idiots. They do not want to believe the truth nor can they face the fact that their leaders are essentially, in every form of the word, evil dictators.” The wood crackles and I hear creaking noises upstairs. I stare at the ceiling, looking for movement, which makes no sense. But I do it anyway.
“Evil shows itself in many forms, Mr. Kent. Sometimes it’s not so obvious to people as it is to ones such as ourselves.” I nod my head in agreement and notice someone sitting in the small ray of moonlight that beams through the window near the wall. I only see the shadow of the individual.
“Does it make a difference, though? Removing people from the city?” I ask. Phillip squints his eyes and says to me, “It always makes a difference, Mr. Kent. Perhaps not on the grand scale that you or I would like, but yes, it does make a difference. Do not sell yourself short of your contributions to this city, Mr. Kent.” Phillip lights his Alfred Dunhill pipe and the aroma of the tobacco is soothing to me.
“There will come a time Mr. Kent, when there will be more blood shed on their side than ours. It will be a glorious time indeed.” Phillip inhales his pipe and blows the smoke off to his left.
“Then things will happen like never before. And those deemed responsible for the downfall of this city and country, will finally get their due.” I’m baffled as to how Bradley says this with such conviction, though he has never been wrong with anything he has ever predicted nor spoken to me about.
“I’d enjoy seeing that, Phillip. Very much so.” For a few moments we sit in silence, feeling the heat from the fireplace.
“I have a question for you, Phillip. Do you know who it was that placed the card of this Club on my desk? My secretary Julie, a complete idiot, has know idea. No one seems to know.”
“You’re asking for what reason, Mr. Kent?”
“Because Phillip, I’d like to know the identity of the person that-”
“Mr. Kent. Let me ask you a question.” Phillip places his pipe on a 16th century oak credence end table and leans closer to me.
“If you were to have one million dollars more added to your bank account, with no knowledge of where it came from, would you seek to ask your bank where the funds originated from, thereby creating, by your own hand, a discrepancy? Or would you leave things as they were, and go about your life on a daily basis?”
I think on Phillip’s words for a moment.
“I see your point,” I reply.

“Good. I knew that you would, Mr. Kent.”
I finish my drink and hand it to Lloyd.
“I think I should be going now, Phillip.”
“Take care, Mr. Kent. And do think well upon my words.”
Lloyd walks me to the door and I nod my head as I walk to the steps heading towards the street.
“Lloyd. I heard some creaking noises upstairs. Do people live here?”
Lloyd’s black eyes peer on me as he replies, “Why yes, Mr. Kent. There are quite a few of us that live here. Perhaps you would like to see the upstairs some time?”
“Perhaps.”
“Good night, Mr. Kent.

Talking Head

On the Rowdy Morton show last night, three real-life werewolves showed the audience how they kill their victims by slicing, then eating, a raw deer, pig, and goat. One of them then sat down and answered questions about what he’d do to ensure world peace and end world hunger. I found him to be a very understanding and articulate person. He had blood trickling down his chin as he answered questions from the audience. The Rowdy Morton show tonight is titled ‘History is History! Teach it! Don’t change it! Deal with it!’ I’m sitting on my bed, naked, talking to a girl I picked up last night at a new gala opening Downtown that Baxter invited me to. I don’t remember the girl’s real name, so I call her Veronica. We’ve been having a lovely conversation.
“Kristoff. You’re so hot. You’re perfect,” she says.
“I know.”
“I mean, you’re the hottest guy I know and your teeth are soooooooo white.”
“I know.”
“Would you please fuck me again? I just love your big, rock hard penis.”
“Sure.”
I kiss Veronica and take her head and proceed to face fuck her till I explode with a huge shot of semen in her mouth. The semen, however, drips onto my carpet. This is because after I sawed Veronica’s head off, I cleaned out the inside of her head, taking out her brain, her eyes, her tongue (which incidentally, I stapled to

the side of her head to lick), and anything else inside. Since I gutted her eyes, I placed a pair of those springy eyes glasses on her head.
“Thank you, Kristoff. You really know how to treat a lady,” she says, smiling.
“Yes, I believe I do. Would you like some champagne?” I ask.
“Sure. You’re so sweet.”
I walk to my mini bar and pour a glass of cheat Moet champagne and pour it down Veronica’s head. Most of it comes out through it and onto the carpet.
“I guess you can’t hold your liquor, huh?” I ask, pouring and drinking a glass for myself. I really do enjoy speaking to Veronica. I start stroking her dark, brunette hair. I look down and see my penis is still erected. Standing, I begin to face fuck Veronica again. I can hear her moans and this turms me on and I shoot another huge load of semen into her mouth, this time aiming for the roof of her mouth. Most of it drips onto the floor. Pulling out, I see that my penis is purple and bloody.
“Thank you for fucking me again, Kristoff. You’re very nice and you fulfill all my needs,” she says, smiling.
I place Veronica’s head next to me on my bed as I turn on my Sony Bravia TV.
“What would you like to watch, Veronica?”
“Oh, anything that you want, baby.”
“You really are a good girl. Such a sweet, good girl.” I stroke her hair as we watch The Rowdy Morton Show.

Another Restaurant

“This is the quintessential place to be, Kristoff. The decor is-”
“Old.”
“Rustic and the water fountain looks
“Decrepit.”
“Wonderful. The staff are-”
“Pretentious.”
“Amazing, Kristoff. They’re-”
“Condescending.”
“Polite and-”
“Obnoxious.”
“They smile when they take your order. They’re all-

“Faceless.”
“Attractive, don’t you think? They look-”
“Pompous.”
“Professional and are all probably-”
“Nobody.”
“Models. I can’t wait to try the food. Edith told Becky who told me that the carpaccio is out of this world. Kristoff, are you listening to me?”
I’m wearing a black Bottega Veneta double-breasted with peak collar wool suit, a John Galliano white cotton button down shirt with a black silk Alexander McQueen tie, my Patek Philippe watch, and black leather Ferragamo Gianbattista Oxford shoes. We’re eating at Pierre Lavian’s new French restaurant.
“Something about the food, Vanessa?” Earlier today I drank my urine after reading that there are essential vitamins that may be in there that the body previously, reasons unknown, rejected. After one sip I realized it’s not for me.
“Yes, the food Kristoff. Where is your mine these days? You hardly respond to my text messages and you never return my calls.”
“Perhaps you should take a hint, Vanessa? Would you like me to draw it out for you?” As usual, Vanessa isn’t listening. She's wearing a dark blue Chiara Boni La Petite sleeveless gown with high neckline, black Christian Louboutin leather pumps, Cartier diamond earrings, a Tiffany solitaire diamond pendant necklace, and a Cariter silver diamond bracelet. She has her Sophia Webster black with gold butterfly clutch bag placed on the chair next to her.
“Sometimes you can be so distant, Kristoff.”
We’re drinking a bottle of Pavillon Blanc du Château Margaux Sauvignon blanc wine. We order our entrees with the nobody waiter. Vanessa orders French radish with cucumber carpaccio, and seaweed caviar. I order the Tasmanian sea trout with yuzu rice.
“I mean, it’s like everyone I know is getting married, Kristoff. Everyone,” she gasps. The Rowdy Morton show tonight is about ‘Animals that talk.’
“I told you Becky said Thomas wants a summer wedding, right? I’m going to be her bridesmaid and-”
“I didn’t know they were engaged, Vanessa.”
“You would if you listened to me, Kristoff. I told you last week when we were at that black tie event Downtown. The one where you said-”
“I wanted to shoot everyone in the dining hall and then dismember them, one by one, with my teeth?”
“No. You said you thought the red drapes reminded you of something close to you. You were admiring the drapes.”

Yes, that's right. Close to me. Blood. Warm, hot, sticky blood.
"Is there ever a point in anything you say, Vanessa?" I dip a roll, which is about the size of my pinky, in my wine glass and eat it. Vanessa doesn't even notice this. She doesn't notice or see the emptiness inside me. The nothingness that exists within me.
"I'm just saying that maybe it's time, you know, we started thinking about our wedding."
There's an imaginary world in which Vanessa resides in. A world where you do not work, everything is paid for you, and your most important function for the day is wondering where you are getting your daily massage.
"Vanessa. I thought perhaps my actions when I saw you trying on wedding dresses would give you the idea that I am not interested in marriage. I've only told you this, I don't know, a thousand times already? And why is Edith telling Sebastian we're practically engaged?" Vanessa looks away and our entrees arrive. The food is about what I expected: the size of mothballs.
"The food looks lovely, Kristoff. I'll take a picture and send it to Becky and Edith."
The people eating near us aren't talking. They're fumbling with their food, looking at their plates, not looking at each other. I've come to realize most people just exist. They do not live. They just exist day to day. Vanessa smiles and takes selfies with her food. This is how she 'lives' her life.
"You can invite that guy, Les Wallker and-"
"His name is Lex Wellker, Vanessa."
"Les, and Peterson and Suzy, Sebastian and Edith, Anderson and whoever he's with, and I'll have Layberts come, Dennison, Veronica, and-"
On and on she goes, counting her fingers, completely oblivious to my reaction.
"Werner and his wife, Jenny, Mark, and-"
It's unbearable at times, just hearing her voice.
"And Daddy will be there, and Mother will-"
"I'd enjoy slicing your Mother's throat with a butter knife, because you know, it'll take longer to reach the bone."
"And we have to pick food to accommodate all our guests, so I was thinking-"
"Your Mother is a bitch. And your Daddy? I'd make him watch and then I'd do the same to that ungrateful bastard."
"The food would accommodate anyone that eats vegetarian, as well as you know, meat. Now, for the cake. I was thinking-"
"Of shoving a lit candle up your asshole?"
"That we *must* have a five-tier cake, and the top piece should-"
"Be your cunt sister's eyeballs?"

“Resemble us as closely as possible. And we must have pastries for everyone, cheesecake, and cupcakes. Chocolates. Only Godiva will do. Lots of Godiva chocolates. And Cristal. Bottles of Cristal everywhere. Oh, it’ll be so wonderful!” She claps her hands, a huge smile across her face.
“I’ve been thinking about the ring, Kristoff. I may settle for five carats. *May*.” She leans over the table towards me when she says this.
“And the wedding should be in the Hamptons or that new banquet hall on Park Ave. It has to be somewhere with chandeliers and beautiful orchestral music. And a carriage ride. Everyone *must* get a carriage ride after the festivities.”
She grabs my wrist, touching my Patek Philippe watch. I grab her hand and…… *gently* push it off my wrist.
“When are you going to ask me, Kristoff? We’re in our thirties now. We’re not getting any younger. In fact, I think I see a grey hair strand on your head,” she gasps.
“What bra size are you, Vanessa?”
“I’m a 34D. You know that, Kristoff.”
“But you *could* be a 36C, right?”
“What are you talking about? No, I’m a 34D.”
“If you bought a bra from an Asian or Japanese company. One of those expensive ones. You’d be a 36C, *right*?”
“Kristoff, you don’t know what you’re talking about.” I enjoy rustling Vanessa’s feathers, watching her nerves squirm on her face. Vanessa picks up a straw and starts chewing on it.
“I do know, Vanessa. Asian and Japanese companies make their bras and underwear a size smaller than companies based in Sri Lanka, India, etc. Even the Italian companies do the same. If you bought a bra from one of them, you’d probably be a 36C and have to wear a *medium* panty, not extra small or small.”
I know all of Vanessa’s panty sizes because I rummage through her drawers when she’s sleeping.
“We’re not having this conversation, Kristoff.” She gulps down her wine and grabs the bottle, pours another glass, and starts drinking.
“And we shouldn’t have any conversation regarding marriage, Vanessa. As for Thomas, I’m sure he sees dollar signs when he looks at Becky. She comes from a very affluent background.”
“But they’re in love, Kristoff.”
“Vanessa, you cannot believe that. Even you’re not that delusional……*are you*?”
“I'm wearing those panties you like. The crotchless ones,” she whispers.

We finish what was considered our entrees and the waiter, thin and desolate looking, gives me the bill. $535.92. The amount is near what I thought it would be.
"I almost forgot, Vanessa. Here. A present, just for you." I grab my Brunello Cucinelli black calfskin leather briefcase and pull out what's left of her Persian cat Daisy.
"Oh, a scarf! It's beautiful, Kristoff. And it's so soft." Vanessa presses Daisy's fur close to her skin.
"It's designer, but this particular designer doesn't put a label on his merchandise. He's very…..*secretive*."
"It's lovely, Kristoff. And such a vibrant white. Oh, look. It's….*shedding*."
"All those types of scarves do that from time to time, Vanessa."
"I love it. Thank you, honey."
Since she's wearing the crotchless panties, I decide to go back to her brownstone and fuck her. After sex, Vanessa goes in her shower. Her constant babbling has annoyed me to the point that I think I have to kill her. I could make it look like a burglary. There's certainly a lot of shit I can carry out of here. I grab a Masu Seizo knife and slowly walk towards her shower. I can hear her singing gently. There's nothing I can do about casting my shadow on her shower curtain as I near it. My hand is shaking and I think about her feet, how perfect they are. Her breasts, too. But hearing her voice makes me approach the curtain and open it.
"Ah! Kristoff! Really! Have you been watching those horror movies again? What was the one with the shower scene?"
"Psycho, Vanessa." I'm shaking and my teeth are grimacing.
"I've told you before about watching those before you sleep. Why don't you come in the shower, Kristoff? We can play a game together."
I stare at her for what feels like minutes and I drop the knife.

Night Visitor II

I'm walking back from the wharf when I see a man in the moonlight. I just dropped an escort's body in the river. She was no one. I hear footsteps and I think I see someone lurking in the shadows.
"Hey. Stop right there, homey." The man, Hispanic it seems, is wearing a black hoodie, black sweatpants and black sneakers. The gun pointed at me is a Glock 19 with suppressor.

“I know who you are, motherfucker.” I stop and put my arms in the air. I’m wearing a black Halston t-shirt, dark blue Cremieux jeans, and black Nike air max sneakers. It’s June and humid.
“I’m sorry? Who do you think I am?”
“Yeah, I’ve been keeping tabs on you. That’s right. Where’s my sister? What did you do to my sister?” I make sure I stand in the moonlight so if someone drives by, they may stop and interfere. Highly unlikely, though. The interfering part.
“Your sister?”
He walks closer towards me, away from the moonlight and near a dumpster.
“Yeah, that’s right. Corrine. Works at Ferrari? Remember now?”
Yes, I remember but I do not know how this spik found me. I’m unlisted everywhere. The Rowdy Morton show tonight is titled ‘Electric cars? No way!’
“Yes. She was looking into getting a certain car for me. The police contacted me and said she has gone missing.”
“Yeah, well those White fucking cops could care less about a missing Cuban girl. They ain’t done shit to find her.”
“Why are you pointing a gun at me?”
“Because you were the last one to see her.”
“The police said they suspected a stalker has something to do with her disappearance. That’s the last I heard.” He starts waving the gun, walking left and right, visibly pissed off.
“Man, there ain’t no stalker. That’s just some shit they made up for their files. I know it was you, man. I know you were the last one to see her.”
At this distance, there’s not much I can do but stall for time.
“I still don’t-”
“Look, motherfucker! She texted me she was at dinner with you the night she went missing.” That means Corrine lied to me. She said she was texting a client.
“The last message I got from her was that she was leaving dinner with you.”
“Yes, we had dinner and then we both left in separate cabs. I went home alone. I don’t know where she went.”
“Bullshit!”
He can’t prove for sure she went home with me. If he knew for certain, I’d already be dead. I start walking closer to him, an inch at a time.
“Listen. I know you want answers. Heck, so do I. But shooting me isn’t going to get you those answers. I’m telling you-”
“You’re lying, man! I know you are.” The gun is pointed directly at my face.
“I’m not lying. If you kill me, you’re killing an innocent man. Do you really want that on your conscience?” Saying this makes him look away. This is my only

chance. I lunge towards him, grabbing his arm. He fires a shot in the air and tries to knee my midsection but I step to my left side, blocking it. Instead of trying to shoot me, he does something unexpected: he drops the gun and claws at my eyes. I back off and he tries to tackle me, but I grab the ledge on the side of the dumpster and start hitting him on his back with my left arm. He tries to take me down, but I block the attempt, and knee him in his stomach. Letting go momentarily, he backs off a few steps and I tackle him to the ground, my left forearm across his throat, my right leg between his crotch and my left leg hooked around his right leg. I use my right hand and dig my fingers into his eyes, doing my best to push his sockets in. He starts yelling, trying to push me off him. Surprisingly, he succeeds. There's blood coming from his eyes and I grab a piece of wood and stand up.

"You're right, you fucking wetback. I did kill your sister."

He lunges at me and I swing the wood and hit him on his head. Somehow he manages to still come at me and grabs me and tries to bite my face. I knee him in his crotch and ram the piece of wood into the side of his head, hitting his left ear. Getting him off balance, I tackle him to the ground again and begin to choke him. For reasons I never understood, people have always underestimated my strength. This man, whatever his name, is no different. My legs are on his arms and he spits at me while I choke him. To no avail, he tries to knee my back. He can't break free. I squeeze his neck as hard as I can, and within three minutes, he's dead. I look around to see if any vagrant has wandered here. There's no one in sight. The task I have now is to carry the body away from the river, drop it a few blocks from here, and make it look like a robbery. I take his wallet, look at his identification, and throw it in the river. Corrine is definitely his sister. This poses a problem if the police identify him. Why is her relative found dead and she has gone missing? Could be a massive problem, actually. Only one thing to do: make sure the body isn't found. There's heavy rope inside the docking area and I grab it and tie four cylinder blocks around his body. With the rope and blocks, he must weigh well over three hundred pounds. Dragging his body to the edge of the dock, I push him over and watch him drop instantly to, hopefully, the bottom. I decide to walk a block and look for a cab. I hear voices in an alley across the street. One voice is familiar.

"Du verdammter Spuk! Wo ist mein Geld?"

Hans is wearing a 1942 German Officer's jacket, with 1942 German Officer pants, a white 1941 M41 German Officer's shirt, and 1944 German Panzer black boots. His watch is a 1943 German Luftwaffe Onda watch. No tie. He's choking a Black man against the wall.

“Hans?”
“What? Who? Kent? That you?”
“Yes. Happenstance, huh?” I say.
“See this fucking spook?” He slaps the man across his face.
“He didn’t want to pay one of my thoroughbreds. In fact, he even roughed her up a bit, didn’t you?” Hans punches the man, shirtless, wearing black pants, not designer, no shoes, in the stomach.
“He says he doesn’t have my money, Kent. Fucking negroes. They’re like the kikes. They can’t be trusted.”
Hans pulls out a German WW2 M33 SS Service dagger and stabs the man in the gut. He pulls the dagger upward, then out, then stabs him again. I’m surprised he does this in front of me. Perhaps it’s because he may have a faint idea as to what I used the sniper weapon he gave me for.
“He’s no longer a problem, Kent.” Hans kicks the dead man in his stomach.
“What brings you to this side of town, Kent? Another red eye flight, mein Freund?”
“No. Just going for a walk, Hans.”
“Sure Kent, sure. You ever get to go hunting with that sniper?” He wipes the blade on a small rag, then throws the rag in a trash can. He’s panting, catching his breath.
“Yes, I did.”
“Get the results you wanted? Bag some big game, did you”
“Yes, I did.”
“Good, good. Glad to hear. You’re a good man, Kent. About this negro….”
“Didn’t see a thing, Hans. Way I look at it, you’re doing this city a favor by ridding it of scum like him.”
“Sure Kent, sure.” For a moment Hans stares at me and I wonder if he will try to cut me with his dagger, but he approaches me and says, “Remember, Kent. Super soldier program,” and walks away. I turn the opposite direction and jog four blocks then get into a cab and go to my apartment. A flurry of thoughts race through my mind as I sit on the floor. All these months, all these killings. What difference have I truly made? Any at all? I have to believe I have, and yet, perhaps I’ve strayed from my path a bit. Does it matter? Does anything matter anymore?

Communication

I'm awakened to knocking on my door. Someone has managed to come up here without the doorman buzzing me. Only one person could do this: Vanessa.
"Kristoff. Are you there?"
I look at my phone and see five missed calls, all from Vanessa, and a bevy of text messages, mainly from her. The Rowdy Morton show tonight is titled 'Sexual harassment in the workplace? Get real!'
"Vanessa. You should leave."
"Kristoff. Aren't you forgetting something? We have a reservation for one at that new Italian restaurant between Fifth and Madison."
I sit in silence, wishing her away. It doesn't work. Last night on the Tic Tac Dough show, a man from Tennessee defeated a man from Kentucky. He then went on to defeat the Dragon and win $2,250. The Dragon was revealed behind square number five.
"Kristoff. Would you open the door?"
Realizing she will not go away unless I kill her, I open the door.
"Really, Kristoff. You need to get dressed." She takes her Jimmy Choo Saeda 100 black satin shoes off and places them to the right of the door. She's wearing a Valentino embroidered crepe black couture dress, Tiffany diamond earrings, no bracelet, and carrying a Valentino one stud lambskin nappa leather black clutch. Her breasts look remarkable and her finger and toe nails are painted…..*black*. I stare at them.
"You should hurry and get dressed, Kristoff. We have less than an hour to-"
"It takes an hour for me to shower, Vanessa. Perhaps you should change or cancel the reservation?"
"Cancel? Are you serious? It took me two days to make the reservation, Kristoff. And didn't you shower last night?"
"Yes, but I want to shower again."
I take off my white Emporio Armani trunk underwear (the one with the big eagle) and walk into my Mesa 608A shower. I do not watch the Tic Tac Dough show. An hour later, I'm listening to Vanessa ramble on about a new dress she purchased from a couture store Downtown. I decide to wear my black Valentino couture wool suit, with a white cotton button down Gianni Versace shirt, Tom Ford black silk tie, and Ferragamo black leather Oxford shoes.
"Oh, look at us. Matching designer wear. How cute," she says, placing her hand on my face. "Now, if we hurry-"

“Vanessa. You never listen. You hear what I say, but you never listen. I told you to either change or cancel the reservation, and you did neither.”
“But I thought-”
“What? What could you possibly think I said other than what I did?” I say this, teeth clenched, fists closed, my face reddening.
“Kristoff, there’s no need to get-”
“See, that’s the problem, Vanessa.” I wave my finger at her. “You’re a part of the problem with this city. No one ever listens. There’s always a lack of communication. Always. But I’ve fixed some of that. I’ve fixed some of the problems this city has.”
“Kristoff, can we talk about this another time? We’re going to-” I restrain myself from hitting her. She backs away slightly from me.
“Do you have any idea what I’ve been doing the past year, Vanessa? Any?”
“Other than racquetball at the Health Club and going out for drinks with your friends?”
“I’ve told you before that they’re not my friends. I’ve killed women, Vanessa. Lots of women. Some guys, too. Mainly bums. The women were mostly blues. Mostly. Some were illegal immigrants. Some weren’t. I guess it doesn’t matter now.” Vanessa stares at me with a blank look.
“I chopped them up and threw their bodies in the Hudson river. Can you believe it? And no one knows a fucking thing. All this time, nothing on the news, nothing in the newspapers. It’s like it never happened.” I start smiling, nodding my head, and surprisingly, I fight back tears from my eyes, perhaps from the anger or realization of the things I’ve done.
“Well, what do you think of that?” I ask, approaching her.
“I think you’ve been watching too many of those damn horror movies, Kristoff. I mean, really. Chopping up women?” She goes to my bar and pours herself a glass of Cristal champagne. I wish she poured something cheap.
“Vanessa, I’m serious. Why don’t you think I ever answer your phone calls or messages in the evening? Sure, I’d rather not be bothered and you do annoy me, but did you ever think there was another reason?” I’m pacing back and forth now.
“Not really.”
“Well, that’s the reason, Vanessa. There you have it. Still want to eat Italian?” She’s actually silent for a few seconds. It’s unbelievable that her mouth isn’t running nonsense.
“Look, Kristoff. Let’s just say you’re telling me the truth and I really think you’re just remembering some horror flick, but if you *were* telling me the truth, who

cares?" She finishes drinking her glass of Cristal and places it on top of the lacquered mini bar.
"Seriously, Kristoff. Who cares if you killed some illegal immigrants? They're not supposed to be here anyway. And the other women and men? I'm sure they deserved it, too. You're helping this city get back to the way it was, the way it's supposed to be, honey. There's nothing wrong with that." She kisses me softly on my lips and brushes the side of my face with her hand.
"Vanessa, you're hearing me but you're not listening."
"No, Kristoff. You're wrong. For the first time, I *am* listening to you. You're handsome, rich, and you work on Wall Street, and you dress great. You're worth a million of those people you've…….gotten rid of."
"I'd say I'm worth a bit more than a million of *them*, Vanessa."
"You know what I mean, Kristoff." I think to myself 'why did I tell her this?' but the thought quickly dissolves. It's all meaningless: my words, my thoughts, my movements, being here…..everything.
"Well, we'd better get going, darling."
We're both silent in the elevator and when we stand on the street waiting for a cab, I have the distinct feeling to leave Vanessa there, not wanting to go to a restaurant, not feeling the urge to eat anything. I start to walk away from her and she asks, "Kristoff! Where are you going?"
"I forgot I have an appointment at Wall Street, Vanessa. I'll, uh, call you later….or something like that." I start jogging in the heat and Vanessa yells, "Wait! Does this mean I have to pay for a cab myself?"

Cab Ride

I'm jogging outside in the heat with no direction as to where to go when I hear a horn. I turn and see Preston Hutley sitting inside a cab.
"Kent! What are you doing jogging in this heat? Get in here! C'mon, I'll give you a lift." Preston Hutley opens the door and I get into the cab. He's wearing a Pal Zileri black double-breasted wool suit, a white cotton button down shirt from Roberto Cavalli, a Dunhill black silk tie, and black leather lace-up shoes from Dunhill. His watch is his IWC Schaffhausen Portofino.

“Fucking unbelievable, Kent. I got my luggage in the trunk. Going to JFK. Flying out of this shithole of a city today.” Hutley’s hair is slicked back. No noticeable strands out of place. It looks perfect.
“Florida, right?”
“Right. Where else? Last free state left, Kent. Cab’s got A/C, Kent. You’re sweating, Kent.” He opens his Smythson black leather briefcase and thumbs through a few papers.
“Well, it is over one hundred degrees ou-”
“Yeah, yeah right. Can you believe the fucking idiots voted those morons back in office? I mean, fucking crime wave is non-stop, Kent. Fucking non-stop.”
“Sure is.”
“See my shoulders, Kent? Fucking round and solid. Round and solid, my man. Yours don’t look too bad yourself. You been doing some shoulder presses?”
“Yes and I have a rowing machine that I-”
“Yeah, me too. Hey, can you drive any faster? I’ve got a plane to catch in two hours. Even the drivers suck now, Kent. Even the fucking drivers. Say, where’d you say you were going?”
“A steakhouse in Midtown. It’s a few blocks more. Just have to make a right at-”
“I mean, what’s it going to take for people to wake the fuck up? A million more deaths? More stupid mandates? At least someone had the balls to shoot that cunt awhile back. Blew her fucking head off, Kent. Her brains splattered all over the place. It was great!” The driver glances at Hutley, narrowing his eyes at him as Hutley’s arms make a gesture above his head, dramatizing brains being scattered.
“That was actually me. I used a-”
“Sure, sure. I mean, Irene says I need to be more sympathetic towards her needs. You believe that shit, Kent? I told her she needs to stop watching those commercials with those faggot men. Not just the ones with the gays, I mean the faggots, Kent. The wimpy guys. What happened to masculinity, Kent? Women love a masculine man, Kent. Just look at me. Look at my fucking biceps.” Preston flexes beneath his jacket.
“It’s all part of the liberal agenda to-”
“Fucking pansies, Kent. Pansies wearing jeans, these liberal bastards. Hey, driver. Can you put your foot on the pedal? How’s what’s her name? Veronica?”
“Vanessa. I left her standing back at-”
“Mergers, acquisitions, same shit every day of the week, Kent.” We drive past the street for the steakhouse, which means Hutley is being dropped off at the airport and will be stiffing me with the fare.

“You believe this shit, Kent? I gotta get a fucking subscription to the Wall Street Journal online to read it. A fucking subscription for free news.”
“Nothing’s for free, Preston. You know that.”
“Just look at this shit.” Hutley leans over and shows me his phone (an Android). “Man with baseball bat hits pedestrian and flees; man jumps in front of subway and kills himself; woman jumps thirty floors to her death; a tourist, the fucking few that are left Kent, flees from would-be attacker with machete. I mean, what the fuck is wrong with people, Kent? I swear, you could say a barrage of missiles were going to hit this city, and these dumb fucks would still stay here and vote the same blue bastards in office.”
“They’re idiots, Pres-”
“Look at this guy walking, still wearing a mask.” Preston rolls down the window, leans out, and says, “Take off the mask, asshole!” The driver looks unamused. “Fucking sheep, Kent. Sheep. Baaaahhhh! Feed them shit all day and they’ll eat it right up. Irene refuses to come here. She’s been in Florida for months. Says she thinks if she steps foot in this city again, her skin will get destroyed by the shit floating in the air out here. I told her I don’t blame her. I mean, look at all the trash piled up on the streets and sidewalks. Shit’s spilling out onto the streets, Kent. But the skies are fucked up in Florida, too. Spraying shit everywhere, Kent. Everywhere!”
The driver, Black, but not that Black, probably Dominican, turns the radio higher. He’s listening to the news.
“I mean, take little Lisa and Timmy to the beach for some clear blue skies and sunshine and voila! Fucking jets spraying chem trails everywhere, Kent! Blue skies turn cloudy. I mean, how can a weatherman say ‘clear skies today’ when every day is fucking cloudy? Can you explain that to me, Kent?”
“Because they’re liars.”
“Yeah, yeah, sure, right. Your skin’s looking smooth these days, Kent. What have you been using?”
“I use a-”
“Yeah, me too. I mean, my skin is fucking impeccable, Kent. Impeccable. This city is one big fucking disease, Kent. Guess what? It’s uncurable. East Village? Irrelevant. Soho? Home to drug addicts, derelicts, and fentanyl addicts. Even Nazis live here now. How crazy is that?” Preston veers his eyes towards the driver.
“I actually know-”
“Yeah, me too. Hey, what the fuck is the hold up?” There’s two buses, side by side, both trying to make a right turn.

“Traffic with the buses, mon. Nuthin’ I can do.”
“Yeah, yeah, sure. Fucking homeless are multiplying, Kent. They’re like fucking cockroaches. Everywhere you look, you see a bum. Everywhere. And the news? Who are we kidding? Mom drowns her children, woman kills herself jumping off a building, man shoots his wife then himself, multiple murders, serial killers, stabbings, beheadings, baseball bat attacks, subway killings, more vaccine deaths, kids born with learning disorders multiplying, it’s everywhere here, Kent.”
“And across the US and the wor-”
“Yeah, you’re telling me? Put a fucking needle in your shoulder, drop dead of a heart attack a year later. Insurance companies are scratching their heads and going bankrupt over this shit, Kent. About time we’re moving.” The driver shakes his head.
“This city is one big melting pot of shit being stirred, Kent. It’s like putting a ton of shit in a barrel, stirring it, and coming up with diarrhea. That’s the amount of immigrants that are here, Kent. Fucking diarrhea of immigrants. That’s New York City.”
“Doesn’t Florida have a Cuban population down in Miami?”
“Sure, Kent, sure. You should ask Stephan about Cubans sometime. But they came from socialism, Kent. They don’t want to go back to that shit. That’s why they vote red and stay in Florida. How many Cubans you know want to come to New York, Kent? Answer: none.”
“I did meet a-”
I’m this city’s biggest asset Kent, and I’m leaving. Presto! Gone! Look outside. What do you see, Kent?”
“Two dykes walking, a-”
“Dykes, queers, transvestites. One big fucking freak show is what it is, Kent. A fucking freak show. Buy a ticket for little Tommy and Sally to New York City and see the freaks!” The cabbie starts driving faster. Preston looks at him and says, “About time you’re driving fast. I mean, I’m paying you, right? Right. Where’d all the good cabbies go? I’ll tell you where, Kent. Out of New York! Back home to the Dominican Republic or Florida, or who knows where else, but they fucking left, Kent. Presto! Nada! Gone!” The driver honks his horn as a bit of traffic builds on the Belt Parkway.
“C’mon! Kent, your hair looks great. Still using the same product?”
“Yes. What I do is first-”
“Yeah, me too. I mean, my hair glistens like a fucking star, Kent. A fucking star. Look at the shine on my head. Fucking sparkles, it does. Look at these assholes. Five guys watching another asshole drilling a hole. Construction that never ends,

Kent." Preston leans his head out the window and shouts, "Hey assholes! Working hard?" One of the workers yells something indecipherable.
"I mean, it's everywhere here, Kent. Everywhere. Fucking pothole city that never gets cleaned up. The smell of shit lingering in the air. Forty-five homeless bums I counted *before* picking you up. This city is a fucking menace, Kent. A fucking menace. You gotta see my calves, Kent. They're like footballs. Just like fucking footballs." Hutley rolls up his pant leg to expose his calf, which is round and solid. We're almost at the airport departure area.
"Touch it. Right here, Kent. Feel that fucking thing?" Hutley hits his fist against his right calf muscle.
"I've been working on my cal-"
"Yeah, same here. About fucking time we got here." Hutley gets out the cab and knocks on the trunk to get his Sterling Pacific travel case luggage.
"This is it, Kent. Last time I'll ever be in this fucking shithole of a city. Listen. If you're ever near Palm Springs, look me up. You can stay with me." The cars behind us are honking their horns. Preston gives them the finger.
"Kent. Seriously. Get the fuck out of this city. You're rich, just like me. You can afford it. Ask yourself: why the fuck am I still here?" The drivers are honking and yelling obscenities at Preston.
"Yeah, yeah, fuck you! You hear me, Kent?"
"Yes, I do and yes, I have to agree with you." Preston taps the top of the cab and walks away and the driver peels out.
"Your friend got a lot of opinions, mon," he says. I look at him and then I squint and look at the cab fare. Preston stiffed me again. I give him the address to the steakhouse and pull out my phone (an Android) and see Vanessa called me twice and messaged me five times. She also sent me a money request on a site for $43.50. Must be the cab fare.

Steakhouse

After paying the cab fare ($258.60. I threw the cabbie three one hundred dollar bills) I walk into the steakhouse and I start sweating, not truly comprehending why i told Vanessa the things I did. It seems busier than usual but that's because one of the bathrooms is blocked off and urine is flooding out onto the floor. I see

Peterson, Sebastian, Anderson, and Julien Baxter sitting at a table across from the bar.
"Hey, Sebastian! Long live the King!" Julien Baxter is wearing a dark blue Lavin single-breasted Buffalo horn cotton suit, with a white linen button down shirt by Orlebar Brown, a Kiton floral jacquard blue silk tie, and John Lobb black leather lace-up shoes. His watch is his Slim D'Hermes 39.5mm H1950 steel, matte black alligator watch.
"The Queen's gone, mate. Yes, long live the King." Sebastian and Baxter raise their glasses and drink. Sebastian is wearing a Peter Millar Flynn blue wool suit, a Ted Baker white cotton button down shirt with a dark blue silk tie from Eton, and Ted Baker dark brown leather Derby shoes. His watch is his Breitling Navitimer. The afternoon news is playing on a 32 inch Toshiba, which hangs above our table.
"You believe this piece of shit we got for our 'world leader', Kent? He can't even string together a fucking sentence," Anderson says. Anderson is wearing a black wool single-breasted suit from Emporio Armani, a white Sandro cotton button down shirt, with a dark grey silk tie from Canali, and black Derby plain toe leather Canali shoes. His watch is his…..*vintage* Vacheron Constantin.
"Old, degenerate, and dementia….those are his *good* qualities," I say.
"He's a disgrace, mate. Back in England, we laugh at him and the people who believe in him. Fucking circus act to us, gents." Sebastian downs his Glenlivet and raises his glass for another.
"With Trump, Nasdaq was at an all-time high, so was the Dow. Heck most stocks were. Now look at who we have to deal with. I'd shoot the bastard if I could," Anderson says, with much conviction.
"Not to mention terrorists were in check. You didn't hear shit from any of them. But who wants a safe, prospering country? Certainly not liberals." Peterson says as he swirls his Stoli vodka. Peterson is wearing a Stefano Ricci blue wool suit with notch lapels, a Thom Browne white cotton button down shirt, a Bolvaint dark blue silk Tabit Autumn stripe tie, and Stefano Ricci dark brown calfskin Oxford shoes.
"You decide if you're going in with me in Florida, Kent?"
"No, Peterson. Not yet."
"Haven't seen you at the office in awhile, Kent. Julie looks lonely," Anderson chides, grinning.
"I've been busy with other……*things*." I tell the waitress, a dumb looking brunette, I want a Tito's soda, rocks. She's back within two minutes with my drink.
"Would you just look at this asshole? Who in their right mind would vote for this guy?" Anderson asks.

“Easy, Anderson. The same idiots voting for those other fools that are just like him,” Baxter intercedes.
“Kent. The opportunity in Florida is a good one, mate. The three of us can branch out on our own there while still working up here.”
“I thought you were going back to Great Britain, Sebastian.”
“I am, Kent. But Peterson’s idea and plan is solid, mate.”
“As solid as it is shallow, Sebastian.”
“C’mon, Kent. I told you what was involved, straight up,” Peterson states, before drinking.
“Yes, Peterson. You seemingly did. But I’m sure there are a few rough edges to be sawn through. I mean, hewn out. Excuse me. I ah, have to go outside for a moment.” I’m sweating, thinking of the city, the smell of feces and urine, the stupid people here, the never-ending crime, the stench of death, Vanessa’s yapping mouth. I pass the bar and hear conversations of yuppies drinking.
“Where’s Klein been?”
“I don’t know, but I heard he really is a fag.”
“Drunk girls are disgusting.”
“Is Wellker really in trouble?”
“Remember what happened to Gordon.”
“I’m telling you, that wasn’t Nicholas Hammond in The Powers of Matthew Star. He just looks like the guy.”
“Hey! Did you hear? B.E.E. is back!”
“He never left, you *idiot*.”
“No, no. Rod Serling was against what the government is doing. He was for freedom of speech and expression, you nitwit.”
“Hey, Kent! Where are your glasses? Get it?” someone asks, tapping me on the shoulder. I do not recognize the man. I push the double doors open and the stench of a homeless man sleeping outside hits me. This is who I am. Kristoff Kent. Void of emotion. Void of sensation. Numb inside. Why not just move to Florida? Everyone I know seems to be doing that. It doesn’t matter. Florida doesn’t matter. Nowhere matters. This is who I am. This is who I always have been. No matter where I go, I am the same. Nothing can change that. There is nowhere safe. I begin to jog down a road, but a sign says ‘Wrong Way’, so I turn around and jog down another street and stop, look up, and see a sign that reads ‘Dead End.’